THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

George Weston — Mary Roberts Rinehart — Cipriano Andrade, Jr. — Rob Wagner
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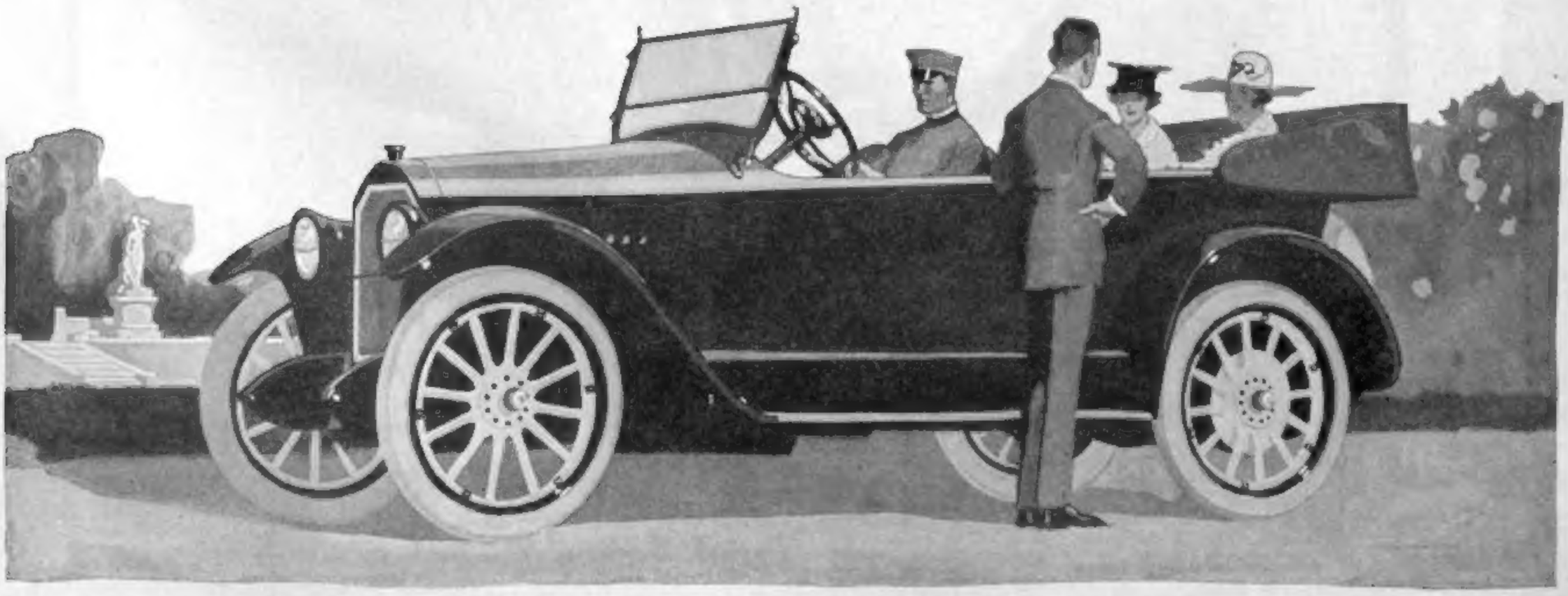

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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THE MEDAL OF M. MOULIN

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS just before the luncheon hour. Mademoiselle was seated at the desk of the Restaurant Moulin, and M. Moulin, her uncle, was moodily staring out of the window at an aëroplane that was gliding its way up the slopes of the Vosges.

I was sitting at the little table by the side of mademoiselle's desk—— But of that I will tell you later. Before the war Bains-en-Vosges had been a fashionable health resort—a favorite lounging place for kings, potentates and many other persons. They came attracted by the fame of the baths, but after their first visit to the castellated restaurant on the Avenue des Ambassadeurs I think they stayed because of the genius of M. Moulin.

But war had changed all that.

The larger hotels of Les Bains were filled with the wounded. The Pavillon des Princes, situated across the avenue from the Restaurant Moulin, and once dedicated to the mysteries of *rouge et noir* and baccarat, was now used as the headquarters of the general staff of the Vosges sector. The smaller hotels and *pensions* alone preserved some measure of the former gayety of the place—a gayety tempered by the presence of many a veteran of that affair of 1870 who had come to be as near to the war as possible; and also by the presence of mothers and wives who had come to be near the bedsides of those they loved. But even anxiety and grief must have their moments of relief, and there were times and places, especially in the evening at the Restaurant Moulin, and particularly if the wind was blowing from the south, when the war seemed temporarily forgotten, and Love and Pleasure walked hand in hand in the immemorial manner.

My story, however, doesn't start in the evening, and the breezes were coming from the north. It was just before the luncheon hour, and M. Moulin, his enormous figure looking like a statue of dejection, was staring out of the window down the slopes of the Vosges. From the distance, like never-ending thunder, sounded the guns of the firing line.

Suddenly M. Moulin gave expression to a wide, deep sigh—a sigh that matched his person—a sound of sorrow that, for the moment, quite drowned the distant guns.

"*La la la!*" said Mademoiselle Gabrielle under her breath. "He is at it again. He will give himself a seeckness. I can feel it in my bone."

I was sitting, as I have said, by Gabrielle's desk—a mark of honor reserved for me, I think, because I happened to be the only American doctor and the only American *blessé* in Les Bains, my *blessure* consisting of nothing more dangerous than a fractured elbow, which interfered not at all with my health. Indeed, that week, being on night duty at the Hotel des Invalides, I had passed many of my daylight hours in learning from Gabrielle some of the more delicate nuances of the French language, while in return I had been teaching her, at her earnest request, a few American twists of the English tongue.

"What's the matter with m'sieur?" I whispered, as another remarkable sigh came floating from the window.

"Poor Oncle Victor!" murmured Gabrielle. "Leesten, m'sieur! Why don't you go over and speak with him?"

"He isn't mad, is he, because I sit here so long talking to you?"

"For Forty Years I Have Foreseen This Day—and for Forty Years I Have Prepared Myself to be the Man of Destiny"

"It is to worry!" she gently scoffed. "If a leetle thing like that should make him mad he would have been off his handles more years than I can tell you. No, no, m'sieur! Leesten! I want you to go right up to him, and say: 'Well, well, m'sieur! *Bonjour, m'sieur!* When are you going to the Front?' Say it just like that, as if you were not at all afraid of him—and I bet you that you get it good and plentee!"

"Get it good and plenty, will I?"

"Oh, not the way you mean! Leesten! Onless I miss my guesses he will take you in a quiet corner and tell you all about it. An earful, m'sieur! And when he is finish', I want to ask you a favor. Cheer him up if you can. Give him the ha ha—what you call the bull-bull! Make him feel he is a hero, a fine fellow, a regular Napoleon, an' all those things. And when you have finish', I want you to come and tell me about it. I will save your place for you till you get back."

Mademoiselle, I should judge, is at least five years younger than I, and I am not as old as I shall be some day. She has rosy cheeks and a tipped-up nose—which doesn't sound exactly formidable. And yet, when she finished speaking and turned her back as though to add up her cash book, it speaks for the force of her character that I rose from my chair and with growing trepidation at every step made my way across the room to where the enormous figure of M. Moulin was standing against the window, still staring out.

"Well, well, m'sieur ——" I said.

"M'sieur! M'sieur!" he responded, turning, frowning and bowing, all in the same moment.

"*Bonjour, m'sieur!* ——"

"*Bonjour! Bonjour, m'sieur!*"

That wasn't so hard to give him, but now came the big pill. "I—I see you looking down——" I began. "Do you—do you ——" Obviously this wouldn't do, so I brought it out plump. "When do you expect to go to the Front?" I suddenly asked.

M. Moulin gave me a terrible look and a wise look, and the next moment he had me by the arm. "This way, if you please," was all he said.

He led me across the room to his office behind the *comptoir*, and frowning in a manner that was far from reassuring he drew a sword from the wall and laid it across his desk.

II

THE private office of M. Moulin was a small room, yet I doubt if a more warlike apartment ever existed outside the realms of romance. A steel engraving of the Little Corporal faced a lithograph of *Les Dernières Cartouches*. Joffre's picture hung over the mantel, its frame draped with the tricolor. On the shelf below stood a line of military textbooks, and a huge war map covered one wall of the room.

All this, as you may imagine, was impressive enough. And when I add that another sword leaned in the corner; that a cartridge belt and revolver hung on the hatrack; that the desk was nearly covered with shell cases of various sizes—why then, perhaps, you will begin to understand the stern, the martial manner of M. Moulin as he waved me to the chair by the side of his desk and stiffly saluted me before he, too, sat down.

"You've certainly got some room in here!" I remarked at last, keeping one eye, nevertheless, upon his sword.

He said nothing. Indeed his frown deepened, but I noticed that he breathed with a proud noise through his nose.

"I don't believe I ever saw a better collection of shells," I continued.

Still the portly proprietor of the Restaurant Moulin said nothing, but I couldn't help noticing that he breathed a little more proudly through his nose.

"And as for that map ——!" I concluded in open admiration.

For the next few moments the breathing of M. Moulin became so stertorous that I feared apoplexy, and was relieved when at last he burst into speech.

"You are a *médecin*," he began, frowning more than ever, "and a what you call a gentleman—ees it not so?"

I told him I hoped he wasn't far wrong.

"And what is more, you are *un Américain*, a man of perceptions—a quick on the wit and discerning; ees it not so? *Eh bien!* No need to tell. I have lived too long in the world to be mistooken. I have a brain, m'sieur, a shrewdness which would surprise you, even as sometimes it surprises me—even me!—to the point of a hiccup! For fortee years, *par exemple*, I have foreseen this day—this day when France, my countree, would be overrun with her enemies. And for fortee years I have prepared myself to be the man of destiny. But—*jarnibleu!*—a man must live, and while I waited for the hour to strike I became a chef. Genius—*mon Dieu!*—you cannot strangle her! Ees it not so?"

I told him that in my opinion he wasn't far from being right.

"The *Cheecken Moulin*, for instance," he grandly continued, making a flourish with his sword, "you have heard of him even in that far-off *Amérique*—stuff' with truffles, half broiled, and then cook' to a ravishing brown! Eet is to water the mouths. And the *Escalopes Moulin*—that too is me! And the *Salad Dressing Moulin*, of a fragrance, of a delicacy, and yet of a spice—like a fascinating woman who leads you ever on, and on, and on! And the *Asperge Moulin*," he continued in rising enthusiasm, "that too is me! And the *Sauce Moulin*, and the *Gâteaux Moulin*—leetle cakes, m'sieur—*confiserie*—adorn' with confections—by which I try with all my soul to translate the poetry of Victor Hugo—'like jewels studded in the gates of paradise.' All these, and many more, are me—Victor Moulin—me, and no other!"

In his excitement he had risen. I had never seen him so close before, and I perceived with only half an eye that emotion was shaking his gigantic diaphragm as though it were a big bass drum being beaten by a passionate drummer. He was in truth a whale of a man, shaped like an enormous pear. His eyes were set deep in his cheeks, his jowls pushed up the lobes of his ears till they stood out horizontally, and, like nearly all the fat men I have known, he had at times—and he had at that moment, for instance—an expression of wistfulness that I can never quite hope to define—the look of a child who is beginning to doubt the existence of fairies, the look of a devotee who is beginning to doubt the efficacy of prayer.

But even as I glanced at him this engaging expression vanished, and I saw M. Moulin as I had nearly always seen him, wise, somber, an Atlaslike figure weary with the weight of the world, as though he had been intrusted with secrets so important that they were beginning to tell upon his mind.

"But enough of that," he continued with another flourish of his sword. "I became a chef only that I might live to be the man of destiny. And while I worked I studied. I study the fence, I practice the shoots, and the tactics of the generals; they are all fresh air to me. Slowly, but surely, I evolve new methods of warfare. Of these I cannot tell you yet—oh, grand military secrets, I assure you. But a hint, perhaps—between the sister republics—as one man of honor to another ——" He lowered his voice and put his mouth to my ear. "As the army advances," he whispered, "a beeg iron pipe is laid, like a water pipe; and through this pipe—you onderstand?—hot soup is pumped three times a day!"

He took his mouth from my ear long enough to give me another of his wistful glances, and remembering Gabrielle's injunction I shook him warmly by the hand. His mouth was back at my ear again in no time.

"In front of the trenches," he whispered, "a powerful seestem of magnets is buried in the earth. The enemy shoots. My magnets draw his bullets from the sky!"

Again he gave me one of his wistful glances, and again remembering the injunction of mademoiselle I shook him warmly by the hand.

"Oh, but I have a brain, m'sieur!" he earnestly assured me. "Only this morning, as I watch an aëroplane, I conceived a truly tremendous thought. Oh, truly! We capture a German aëroplane—you onderstand?—and in the German uniform we place a flyer of our own—a man perhaps from your own countree, skilled in the use of the long las-soo, like your admirable Buffalo Bull. He flies behind the German lines to where the Kaiser reviews his troops, and no one shoots him. Because of his machine and uniform, they think he is one of them."

The voice of m'sieur began to rise to a stirring crescendo.

"Oui, Oui, Mam'selle! He Was Telling the Young Monsieur of a Plan to Fly Over Germany"

"And when he sees the Kaiser on his beeg black horse," he continued, "my aviator suddenly swoops and swings his long las-soo! You onderstand? The ver' next moment, Kaiser Beel is dangling in the beeg fresh air, and no one dares to shoot at my gallant flyer, for fear they hit their Emperor instead. Half an hour later we have the Kaiser a prisoner back of our lines—the war is over, and I—I—I who conceived the plan—it is I at last who am the man of destiny! It is I who wear the medals on my chest!"

In his emphasis he smote the desk such a blow that the shells shook, and for the second time the beating of his heart became a demonstrable affair. He pressed his hand against his side and sat down, gasping a little but trying to hide it. For the last few minutes I had been wavering between amusement and admiration, but I wavered no longer. "M'sieur," I said, "you shouldn't get excited."

"*Que diable!*" he half exclaimed, half groaned. "How can I halp it? I spik of my plans to the officers of the general staff across the avenue and they—they wait till I go away and then they wink their heye and make me a joke with themselves, even as once they made a joke of the Little Corporal. Especially one, with his detestable remarks about my seestem of magnets—I will live to put the mustard on his nose, and on the nose of all his clique!—I swear eet! I go to join my regiment, but the *docteur* he shakes his empty head and can spik of nothing but my heart, even as once they spoke of the heart of De Lesseps."

He sorrowfully laid down his sword, as one who relinquishes a symbol. "And I," he concluded, "I, who all my life have lived for this, I can do nothing—no medal on my chest—treated like a child who cries for the moon."

Two fat tears, indeed, stood in his eyes for a moment and then rolled down his cheeks until they disappeared in his fiercely spiked mustache. For the next ten minutes I did my best to cheer him, as a doctor must sometimes try to put courage in a patient, and when I returned to the table by Gabrielle's desk M. Moulin was importantly moving round among his arriving customers with that wise, that somber look which at last I was beginning to understand.

"My poor oncle!" said mademoiselle when I had made my report. "He will surely give himself a seeckness if something isn't done—though how to get him a medal is a thing I cannot tell. Everything he knows, he whispers it to all the world. So the officers tell him nothing—or they tell him foolish stories with a visage straight, and he swells with so much pride that he has to tell the secret to all his friends who meet him—that or burst! *Eh bien!* Some day, perhaps, the war it will be over and everybody in their senses once again. But meantime—*la la!*—what is all the noise outside?"

An aëroplane was descending on the lawn by the side of the restaurant—one of the new French fighting machines—and from the rocky manner of its control it was evident that it had been in action. M. Moulin hurried outside and over the grass with an agility surprising in a man of his avoirdupois.

At the time I thought he was simply going out in his eagerness to hear the news.

But, looking back at it now, I can see that Fate was guiding him, and that M. Moulin was hurrying over the lawn—a man of destiny—to earn that coveted medal for his chest.

III

HE RETURNED to the dining room with a man in aviator's costume. The latter was a tall young man with a fresh color and a hawklike face, having one of those noses that are commonly associated with royalty. They seated themselves at a little table overlooking the view, but suddenly m'sieur came to the desk with the air of a man who is bursting with news.

"*Que diable!*" he began at once. "What an adventure! He will surely get a medal for this day's work!"

"Who is he, and what has he done?" asked Gabrielle. And to me she gave a glance that seemed to say "Medals again! You hear him? He has them on the brain!"

"He is Lieutenant Thiers," replied m'sieur, looking at the card in his hand, "attached to General Poli's division. Last night he and nine others crossed the German lines on a bombing expedition. Flying low the lieutenant blew up a large ammunition depot near Metz, the explosion bringing his own machine to the ground, though fortunately in a meadow surrounded by woods. All night he worked on his damaged machine—all night and all morning. Two hours ago he left his place of concealment, but instead of returning direct to his own division he was forced to descend here because of the overheating of his engine. A grand adventure, truly! I will introduce him to you before he goes."

With increasing importance he returned to the lieutenant's table, and a moment later we heard him calling Jean-Baptiste, the dean of waiters. Meantime the dining room was rapidly filling, and for the next few minutes my attention was on the arriving guests.

"Look!" suddenly whispered Gabrielle. "I wonder what it is my oncle is telling him!"

M. Moulin was leaning over the little table, as far as his *embonpoint* would allow him, and from time to time he lifted his hand above his head and made strange circular flourishes. The young lieutenant was watching him intently, and it seemed to me that he had lost some of his color. From another table one of the guests spoke to m'sieur, and when the proprietor turned to answer him I saw the young aviator give his host that look of enmity which is generally reserved for poison ivy in a picnic grove or a flock of crows in a cornfield.

I looked at Gabrielle to see if she had observed it, and in the same moment she turned to me, her eyes round with wonder.

"Did you see eet too?" she breathed. "He is the first man I ever knew to hate my oncle at such a leetle notice. Wait! I will call Jean-Baptiste."

She rang the bell on her desk three times, and Jean-Baptiste the Imperturbable, with a face like a tragedy actor of old men's parts, came hurrying over to the desk. Jean, I had learned, was one of the institutions of the restaurant, and Gabrielle could remember him, just as he was, ever since she had been a baby.

"Jean," she said, "you are waiting on m'sieur and that young man who sits at the table with him. Is it not so?"

"*Oui, oui, mam'selle!*"

"Then tell me what m'sieur has just been telling him. Could you hear?"

"*Oui, oui, mam'selle!* He was telling the young monsieur of a plan to fly over Germany and catch the Kaiser in a sort of a hangman's noose—slipped over his head, mam'selle, when he wasn't looking," continued Jean-Baptiste with his imperturbable expression, "and brought to France."

"What you know about that!" mused Gabrielle when the waiter had disappeared. "And the way he looked at oncle, just for such! One would think that our yo'ng friend was a German in disguise and had come over the lines to swing a rope round one of us!"

Lieutenant Thiers was again engaged in earnest conversation with M. Moulin—their heads nearly touching over the table, in the immemorial attitude of those who have secrets to tell and to hear. Again I looked up at Gabrielle, and again I found her looking down at me.

"I do not like it," she said, shaking her head and thoughtfully tapping the bell. "Though all the world knows well what oncle knows, I do not like that yo'ng man's face. . . . Well, Jean, what are they talking about now—m'sieur and the young man with the Roman nose?"

For a moment a glance that was almost significant flashed from under the heavily lidded eyes of Jean-Baptiste.

"I cannot hear it all, mam'selle. They speak so low. But the young man is asking many questions about the general staff here at Les Bains; and once I heard him ask m'sieur whether the soldiers in this sector really think they are going to win the war."

Jean slithered away, the jerk of excitement in his rheumatic old knees, and Gabrielle looked over at the unsuspecting aviator, who was still in earnest conversation with m'sieur.

"You are a fonny fellow, Meester Roman Nose," she thoughtfully remarked; "but perhaps you push it forward on a dangerous beesiness, and perhaps you get it caught in the door. 'Lieutenant Thiers'—isn't that what he calls himself?"

"Of General Poli's division," I nodded.

Gabrielle's lips suddenly tightened. "Then wait!" she said, slipping off her stool. "To telephone to General Poli's headquarters, it will not take them long. If you will mind the desk, m'sieur, till I return, and ask the customers to kindly wait a minute ——"

Through the window I saw her crossing the lawn toward the gray stone pavilion on the other side of the avenue—that pavilion which served the Vosges general staff as headquarters. She was back in a few minutes, rather breathless and rather pale as well.

"Well?" I asked, as she began to straighten the pens on her desk.

"Well, m'sieur?" she asked with her innocent look.

"What did you find out about Lieutenant Thiers?"

"Lieutenant Thiers? O-ah, yes! Well, we got General Poli's division on the telephone, and they report that Lieutenant Thiers went on a bombing expedition behind the German lines last night, and has not yet returned ——"

"Then it's him, all right," I said with a fine disregard of grammar.

"Exactly what I thought," nodded Gabrielle; but it seemed to me that her bright eyes hardened as she looked over at the table where the young aviator was sitting. "Yet when I remembered how he looked at oncle," she continued, "I asked them to describe him. They said he was thin, fresh-colored, and long in the leg ——"

"Oh, it's him, all right," I repeated.

"Long in the leg," repeated Gabrielle, straightening her pens for the third time. "And then they say that ever since he was wounded in the knee last summer"—she paused a little after each word—"he—walks—with—a—ver'—ver'—noticeable—limp!"

"But this one doesn't," I remarked after a thoughtful pause.

"No, m'sieur! This one doesn't limp; and I tell you the reason why. They take his uniform from poor Lieutenant Thiers, and they give it to that one over there. And they fix Lieutenant Thiers' machine till it flies once more, and they find his cards in his pocket, and his identification photograph, and they take his name and ever'thing else so fine and clever. But he, the real Lieutenant Thiers, lying there so still wherever he is, it seems to me that he smiles, and if the dead can think—to amuse themselves in the long silences—I imagine he thinks to himself "How rich it is—this thing that they do! They can find a man who resembles me till none can tell us apart—but how can they know that I limp in the knee when they never will see me walk?"

IV

AS THOUGH by common consent Gabrielle and I turned our eyes to the young lieutenant, who was more deeply engrossed than ever in his conversation with M. Moulin.

"What do you suppose they'll do with him?" I whispered from the corner of my mouth. "Pinch him?"

Gabrielle's gaze returned to me, her chin resting on the backs of her interlaced fingers. "You mean to give him a leetle nip?" she asked. "You think it would be sufficient?"

I explained the American meaning of the verb to pinch. "To arrest him," I concluded; "to march him off with a soldier on each side. To back him up against a wall at sunrise—or do you hang your spies over here?"

She shuddered, and the roses in her cheeks gave place to lilies.

"Poor man!" she sighed. "When I think of that I am sorry I did it. Yet when I think of poor Lieutenant Thiers, lying so still wherever he is—but smiling in secret because they do not know he limped! *Ma foi!*" she suddenly broke off. "Look who comes!"

From the gray building across the avenue a group of officers came slowly over the lawn. They were old men, for the most part, with faces deeply marked, and I recognized them as belonging to the general staff. As they approached the broad steps that lead to the restaurant, Gabrielle told me their names.

"They generally have their lonch with themselves," she said. "But perhaps to-day they have news of a famous victory, and they come to celebrate."

At sight of his visitors M. Moulin stiffly rose and drew out the chairs from the table of honor near the great bay window. One chair was left unoccupied. As they took their places the officers tried to joke and chat with the proprietor; but as for M. Moulin, I noticed that he held himself with a certain dignity, and something told me that this was the clique—that clique of whom m'sieur had sworn that he would put the mustard on their nose! So when Jean-Baptiste approached to take the order of the

(Continued on Page 37)

"M'sieur Moulin," Said the Maréchal, Smilingly Choosing His Words, "the Other Day You Served Your Country Better Perhaps Than You Will Ever Know"

FOR THE GREAT ADVENTURE

PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Learning How to Blow Up Railroads and to Hide in the Long Grass When the Enemy is After You

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

IN A PREVIOUS article I took up the Candidate-officer, his camp, his work and play, his friends and his enemies, and his chances for coming through.

In this article I am going to take my life in my hands and discuss the system itself, with its strengths and its weaknesses, as they appear to an outsider who is vitally interested.

It is only fair to say here that the strengths are many and the weaknesses few, at least from the outsider's viewpoint.

I shall disarm criticism at the beginning by granting that I am a woman. I shall go further and admit that I am so lost when it comes to military rank that I frequently address a major as a colonel—without serious offense, however; and that I now and then call a colonel a major—which is much more of a diplomatic error. I have had to look up the way to spell "maneuver" in the dictionary, and I had never even heard of close-order formations until I went to the European war—where, by the way, they are not highly thought of.

So, wending my alternately warm and shivering way from camp to camp, I, too, was studying. I carried that wretched green-backed literary torture, Studies in Minor Tactics, on trains and steamboats, so that after a time I felt almost capable, being a Red—and a novice—of sending out a battalion and rounding up the Blue army on the Hanover road near Brushtown. I could start at a steady double for Crossroads 609 and end up with a headache, but the enemy in sight. And I could, book in hand, mentally force that enemy, which had taken up a strategic position behind a barn, indicated by barking dogs and an early milkman, to battle and defeat.

I learned to spell "reconnaissance" with two *s*'s, which it clearly does not need, and I learned that war is a lot more than shooting a gun. But I gave up fancying myself as a military expert when, one day, a friend of mine, who is an officer in the British Army and a close student of military affairs, remarked that he had been struggling with the new warfare for months and he didn't pretend to know one-tenth of it.

Making American Officers

"AND even then," he added, "I have only got that tenth salted down when something new comes up, and all I had learned is thrown into the discard. They rewrite the textbooks at the Front every six months."

It is like learning statutory law in a state where the legislature is quite likely to meet and change the statutes every two years, and so wipe out all the law one knows.

Certain things passed away automatically with the checking of the German invasion and the beginning of the present trench warfare. Serried ranks went out of fashion when the machine gun came in—although the Germans gave it up reluctantly. It appealed to their Teutonic sense of order and military precision. It was Von Moltke's scheme for keeping the line straight, as well as the old British idea of "Feel the touch."

Near where I am writing this General Braddock fell amid a stricken army, a victim to that fetish of close order. Strange to think now of those days, when to take shelter even from a skulking enemy was cowardice, and the brave man was one who died for his country, clad in the brilliant panoply of war and being a mark like a bonfire at night, rather than the man who saved himself to fight another day.

So the American, who has fought Indians and learned to take shelter from them, faces nothing so very strange in the open order of the fighting abroad—indeed, is very probably the parent of it, just as the sniper is our old friend the sharpshooter under a new name.

But there is a very distinct question, beyond his natural aptitude, as to how best to prepare the new American officer, and through him the men he is to train so soon, for the new conditions of warfare abroad. That he must be specially trained there is no doubt. Onto the foundation of the technical service manuals there must be built, sometime, somewhere, before he leads his men into action, the superstructure of the new warfare—the modern division of that complete infantry unit, the platoon, into its specialists; the construction and uses of the various trenches; the new tactics of the charge from the trenches, with its successive waves. Men walk to the charge in Europe to-day, at three miles an hour, walk five yards apart, keeping their alignment, walk in platoons of two lines each, sixteen men and an officer to a line. Bombers and bayonet men constitute the first line, behind them four emergency men, runners, messengers, and so on. In the second line are the Lewis gunners with their guns, and the rifle grenadiers. Two platoons head each company's advance, the Lewis gunners so placed as to protect the flanks.

So each company goes forward in waves. The first and second platoons lead, the third and fourth follow, all with the same formation. The reserves are behind them, with the company commander, ready to go forward when the time comes. This is the present arrangement, very roughly blocked out. It is not complicated in itself, but it must be taught. Later on we shall have to develop an army of specialists, but now we must train officers in the handling of those specialists. That is the new warfare.

PHOTO. BY TRACY HATHERSON AND WALTER WINN

Mrs. Rinehart and Some Candidate-Officers at One of the Training Camps

Trench Work Versus Theory and Tactics

FRANKLY, the experimental schedule of the first camps, one hundred per cent old tactics, did not meet the requirements. It was good, but it did not go far enough. There was not enough in it to tie it up with actual combat under the new conditions. We had to go through our experimental stage. Every nation in the war has had it, and that ours has been so short is to the eternal credit of our American ability to acknowledge we were wrong. Our second camps, beginning this month, are to profit by what we have learned to do and not to do.

Canada had our experience, almost exactly. She tried at first the conference-theory system, and ended by giving it up. To-day she gives her officers in training eight hours' work in the field, and two of theory and study. We almost reversed those figures in some of the camps at first.

In our second officers' training camps we are to have instructors brought over from Europe for the purpose, men acquainted with field conditions there and able to reproduce them here for training purposes, men who will work in close association with the commanding officers of the officers' camps and with the National Guard and the National Army.

In no possible way do I intend to reflect on the splendid officers of these early camps. Their hands tied by the experimental schedule, they had neither time allowance nor the special instructors necessary to take their men that one step further which now these first student officers must learn with the new army that they are to command.

But the big thing is going to be done. We are going to take that extra step here in America. It is both wise and humane.

Here and not in France is our logical training ground. We have ground in plenty; France is intensively cultivated even to the last fence corner. We have food in abundance; France has not.

So we have learned early what to do and what not to do. And soon, I dare say, we shall be adapting the very organization of our army to the new condition. That means, I am told, increasing the size of the company from one hundred and fifty men to two hundred and fifty men, approximately, and of the battalion in proportion, because in the new warfare from thirty to forty per cent are always on detached service. If we do not do this, which the armies at war have always done, a lieutenant in charge of a platoon may find himself only nominally with his thirty-two men and two sergeants, while he has really hardly more than a squad. In other words, our paper strength and our real strength may have a difference of forty per cent.

If we do both these things, move forward the training of our new officers, under men from Europe, so that they will get their training under modern combat conditions—and provision is already being made to do this—and if we enlarge our infantry unit, the platoon, also to meet new combat conditions, we shall have removed the last handicaps that our long peace has left us. If for any reason we should not, if we are driven to sending men forward without the best of preparation, the results will be horrible beyond words.

I happened to be near Neuve Chapelle when the new Canadian troops went forward, many of them to the first trenches they had ever seen. It was an emergency, and they were needed. And very, very many of them never came back.

So Canada adopted a practical working schedule at home. I have a copy of one before me. It eliminates much of the paper work, almost all the flag-signaling and old tactics, and it makes much of such things as systems of billeting; discipline of the line of march; duties of platoon and section commanders in the trenches and in the attack, as carried out by the lately adopted platoon formation. It teaches trench orders and organization; modern trench defense; telling off and distributing of working parties and listening posts; sapping; sniping; the use of grenades, bombs and bombers; system of supply and lines of communication; billet life and sanitation. All new, all invaluable, all tying up what we are teaching with actual conditions at the Front.

French Lessons

PRACTICALLY none of this was included in our early schedule. Yet that it can be done, and with the loss of nothing of value, is shown by the experience of Harvard University.

The Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, consisting not only of Harvard men but of men from many of the large universities, has had the advantage of a modern schedule of training from the beginning. Five French officers—not cripples, not derelicts who have come to America because their usefulness had ended abroad, but the very best men France could send us—have been training these men, under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel Azan, who was taken from his work as commanding officer of the French Officers' Training Camps, and sent here by his government to help us out with our new problem. Day after day these officers spend out on the combat ground, blue prints in their hands and the love of France in their hearts. Rain and shine, cold and heat, they have been carrying the war into America.

That the extra step I speak of does not mean either the necessity for extra time or the abandoning of anything of importance on the regular schedule is shown by the fact that the course at Cambridge includes everything that was taught at our first camps, plus a first-hand knowledge of actual fighting conditions such as cannot be taught except by men who have had, as these French officers have had, a long experience of trench fighting.

Only the Bayonet Will Serve at Close Quarters

Keeping Count of the Hits and Misses

The Harvard unit, working directly under these experienced officers from the Front, gives eight hours a day to practical work and two hours to theory. The result of this practical training, with its one day each week given over entirely to sham battles under actual combat conditions, is that these men are being taught to take out their companies and platoons and place them properly in the trenches; to send out scouting parties and patrols; to build machine-gun emplacements and operate the machine guns; to throw bombs, and to teach others how to throw them; to sketch plans of defense; to learn of the occupation, duties and plans for counter attack of trench warfare; of the *liaisons* between their platoons and the ones to their right, left and behind them, and also with their artillery.

The fact is, of course, that this, which sounds so complicated, is really rather simple. It is the modern adaptation of the principles our men are studying in the camps to-day. It is physical. But simple as it is, it must be taught, and taught by those who know.

We are not a military people. So it is hard for us to learn that old tactics are of little value now; that flag-signaling is either a special art or nothing; that indeed every single condition of warfare save the fundamentals of discipline has altered, and that little we have learned in the past will help us now. Yet—we must learn all this.

Duties at the Front

THESE French officers at Cambridge know these things. They are working fast, because time enters so vitally into this strange new problem of ours. So they have taught their students to build a series of trenches showing first, second and third line trenches, with connecting *boyaux*, machine-gun emplacements, listening posts, barbed-wire entanglements, and so on, exactly as they are built on the Western Front. They also work out problems with aëroplane reconnaissance and reconnoitering parties. The different special arms, hand grenades, automatic rifles, rifle grenades and bayonets are represented in these combat problems. At the end of each exercise all the men are assembled and the French officer in charge gives a *critique*, explaining in detail what was done right and what mistakes were made.

As an example of the practical nature of this training and its possibility in the other camps, these men were being taught, when I was at Cambridge, first the formation of a company for the attack, and then the actual delivery of the attack as done on the Western Front, with every detail represented; the approach to and organization of a new position, the men first arriving at the new line digging themselves in individually, and finally extending the trench and fully organizing the new position; then the work of small parties between the lines, such as locating an enemy's machine-gun position, the patrols as they leave the trenches, and the attack and capture of a machine-gun position; then the preparation for the counter attack, with all that that implies. And they were having theory and minor tactics also, but in concentrated form.

Earlier in these articles I tried to give, in my feeble civilian way, some idea of the duties of a platoon commander. Perhaps you have already looked up the word "platoon" in the dictionary to answer your small boy's questions about it. I did.

Well, a platoon consists of thirty-two men, or four squads of eight each, with two sergeants and a leader, generally a lieutenant.

Perhaps you have an idea that the platoon leader only has to march his men about, saying in a loud and vibrant voice "Fall in!" "Count off!" "Right—dress!" "Front!" and other cryptic commands. I, too, at one time —— However, I know better now.

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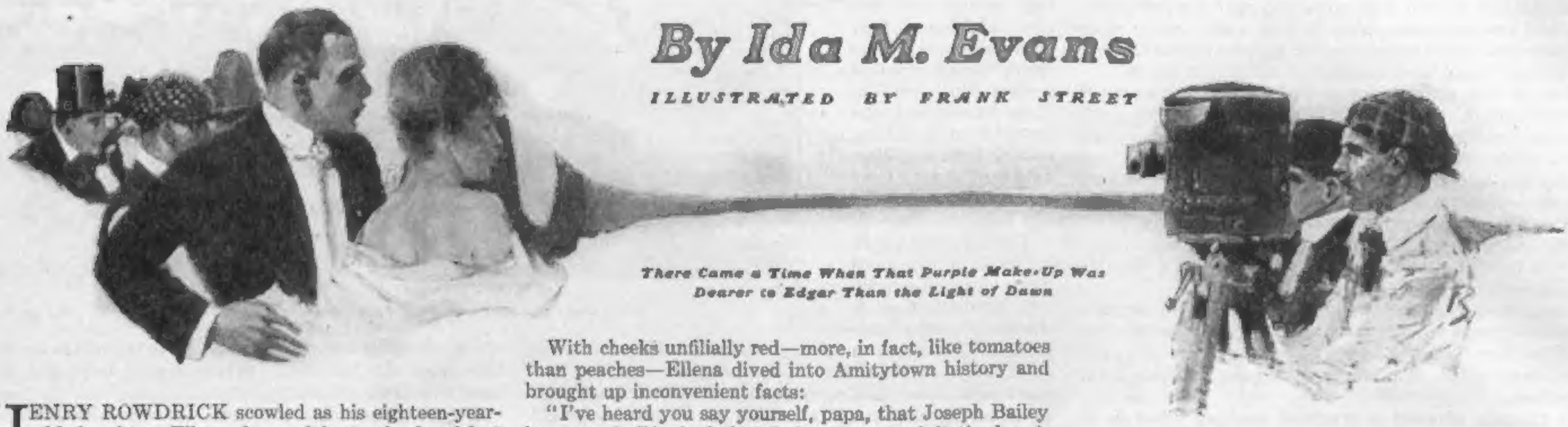
PHOTO. FROM ARMAS BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Target Practice Without Firing at Fort Niagara

YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT A MINISTER'S SON WILL DO

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET



There Came a Time When That Purple Make-Up Was Dearer to Edgar Than the Light of Dawn

HENRY ROWDRICK scowled as his eighteen-year-old daughter, Ellena, breezed in to the breakfast table, a plump rose in rose-pink gingham morning negligee. He was out of temper. He had three reasons—perfectly justifiable reasons, any other paterfamilias would instantly admit. The day before, his older daughter, Laura, with her two children, aged four and six respectively, had arrived home for her usual annual seven months' visit while her husband looked round for a better position.

The week before, in the trim back yard overlooked by the trim breakfast room, he had planted three pecks of seed potatoes, only to behold every morning since that the yard was covered with a smug taunt of glistening frost.

While, the evening before, Ellena and Edgar Anderson, the good-looking, curly-haired son of the Reverend Anderson, of the Baptist Church, had sat on the Rowdrick front porch till two A. M., an hour unseemly in Amitytown, as in other towns, and communed with each other in a low cheerful murmur annoyingly audible to Henry Rowdrick, who, with Ellena's mother, occupied the three-windowed bedroom directly over the hydrangea-bordered porch. Henry disliked having his night's repose interfered with.

He was an indulgent father, and a fortnight before had readily given Ellena eighty-five dollars to buy pink-cretonned wicker furniture for that porch. And he did not at all dislike having Laura and her clean comely children round the house. And if the entire potato crop of the world froze and rotted blackly, the Rowdrick coal-and-feed yards, situated just off the main corner of Amitytown's Main Street, was doing well enough to insure the Rowdrick family some excellent starchy substitute for many years to come. But it was the principle he objected to—the three principles, rather.

He could not say anything to Laura. She would burst into tears and threaten to leave the house. He could not say anything to the potatoes. But he could say plenty to Ellena—a pretty girl, by the way, with round peachy cheeks and bright blue eyes.

And so, over toast and eggs, he remarked tartly that he would be just as well pleased if she ceased to regard young Anderson as a favorable husband prospect.

"I'm sure, papa, I don't know what you've got against Edgar!" cried Ellena coldly, helping herself to scrambled egg as her mother passed the platter.

"Haven't time to tell you all I've got against him," said her father, quite as coldly. "But the main thing is a hunch that if you marry him I'll have to keep on supporting you."

"The idea!" said Ellena offendedly. "I guess Edgar might be allowed to show what he can do! He has only ——"

"He has only held five jobs since he graduated from high school, two years ago," cut in Henry tartly. "Joe Bailey told me he couldn't learn law in a thousand years; and Judge Freeman said he was a darned sight more ornament than use round the Amity County Bank; and Dave Brann said he took no exciting interest in dry goods; and Sam Tonner said ——"

Sheepishly, Running a Nervous Hand Through His Upstanding Black Front Hair, Harvey Brann Came Forth

With cheeks unfilially red—more, in fact, like tomatoes than peaches—Ellena dived into Amitytown history and brought up inconvenient facts:

"I've heard you say yourself, papa, that Joseph Bailey is a numskull! And that Judge Freeman left the bench and started a bank because he'd have been put off if he hadn't left! And everyone knows Sam Tonner furnished his real-estate office with his wife's money! And he's so stingy —— That's why he won't keep an assistant, except half the year!"

Her father ignored her outburst as ancient history and trivial, and glumly eyed the beautiful but ruinous iridescence of frost outside.

"Dog-gone it! Dave Brann told me I'd better wait another week or so before planting."

"Maybe they're not all spoiled," soothingly suggested Mrs. Rowdrick, a stout placid woman, as she replenished his coffee cup.

Pessimistically the planter refused to be soothed.

"Maybe they all are!" And again the vials of his glum humor were opened toward pretty Ellena. "Why on earth don't you take up with Dave Brann's Harvey? There's a young fellow that's worth while! Steady and reliable and smart. Dave's always bragging to me about him. And Brann's Dry Goods and Furnishings, let me tell you, young woman, is about as solid a retail proposition as this part of the state can show. It's conservative, money-making ——"

"Oh—money!" scornfully sighed Ellena as she reached for a third portion of egg. "What's money?"

"Oh, nothing much!" snapped Henry. "Just a trifling little thing that pays for wars and dry goods and church roofs and beefsteak and shoes, and medicine when you're sick, and"—the sarcasm became acidulous—"and seed potatoes."

Ellena shrugged round pink-clad shoulders, with the fine scorn of a young thing who, having never yet lacked beefsteak or potatoes, or medicine at her few and light illnesses, naturally was incapable of visioning herself lacking them.

And that evening at the I. U. U. V. monthly dance she was most mannerly to tall athletic Edgar Anderson, with his curly brown hair and gay gray eyes, and most unmannerly to square-built, square-jawed Harvey Brann, with his stiff, straight, shoebrushlike black pompadour and glowering gray eyes. This merely by way of teaching a presumptuous father the futility of giving advice; an act of tutelage to be expected from a true-to-type American daughter.

It was a great pity her father was not present to get the benefit of the lesson. But he was at home, snoring hard, oblivious of spoiled potatoes and spoiled daughters; though subconsciously thankful that Ellena, in her pale blue crêpe de Chine gown, was away at the I. U. U. V. hall and not down on the porch below his windows.

Only Harvey Brann suffered. And he suffered sulkily, as Adella Thomas learned the next day when, buying ciel blue silk chiffon for sleeves for the next dance, she teasingly giggled across the counter at him because he had been heard to ask four times for a fox trot and was four times refused. Adella was twenty-nine years old and sharp of bones as well as of tongue and nose.

"I'd advise you, Adella, to get something thicker for sleeves," snapped Harvey Brann, though the square-visaged Branns, father and son, were noted through five counties for courtesy to customers.

"I asked for chiffon—not advice!" snapped the thin-armed Adella.

But a year later Ellena Rowdrick and Edgar Anderson admitted ruefully to each other that they were not likely to marry for a while. Quite a while!

They loved each other. Absolutely! Love so intense as theirs seldom happened. But existence in civilized communities is exacting. Folks must live in houses. If you don't happen to own a house you have to rent one. And with a house go lots of other things—furniture, food, insurance, and so on.

To be sure, plenty of newly-weds have evaded the demands and the urgencies of their own roof by going to live with his or her folks. But Ellena and Edgar did not care to do anything like that.

In the first place, they were independent. Edgar said he was.

And Ellena said she was too.

In the second place, Ellena's sister, Laura, and her children, now three, had lengthened their annual visit from seven months to ten, and Ellena feared that her affectionate but sarcastic father might wax ill-bredly jocose over another resident married daughter. The things he might say to Edgar! While, at the Baptist parsonage, a cramped house of six small rooms, Edgar's older brother, Laurence, had already installed a pretty, peevish wife and their two children.

Ellena frankly admitted that she did not love Edgar well enough to live under the same roof—and that a very small one—with his sister-in-law, Ethel. The Reverend Edward Anderson had tired gray-browed eyes. When he delivered his bi-yearly sermon on Efficiency, the Crying Need of the Age, they were inexpressibly mournful eyes. But it was his most effective sermon, Amitytown commented.

So far, Edgar had not found any work that yielded him over ten dollars weekly and the future promised nothing more. Together he and Ellena sorrowed and sulked over the flat industrial condition of their home town. Ten dollars! A few months later Edgar packed his clothes and went to Chicago to try his luck. He departed cheerfully enough.

"Nothing doing here; so I might as well hike," he told Ellena.

"I guess so," she sighed sadly. "Anyway"—with a fair degree of brightness—"I'd like very much to live in Chicago."

Before leaving Amitytown he had a dozen cabinet photographs taken of himself—three-quarters left profile. Ellena, too, got some pictures of her pretty self—watch size. Edgar took one away in his silver-plated watch. Coming home from the depot after seeing him off, Ellena stopped in at Stampson the jeweler's and bought a silver-plated frame for Edgar's likeness for her bird's-eye-maple bureau. She set it there tearfully; and on the evening of the next I. U. U. V. dance, though a brand-new pale pink crêpe de Chine gown, unworn as yet, hung temptingly in her closet, she sat pensively on the front porch with her mother and Laura and Laura's children, and, till it grew

too dark, diligently embroidered monogrammed E-A's on two new linen towels.

In Chicago—some bustle of a place! he wrote—Edgar found a position right away; four or five, in fact. And not at ten dollars a week, either. At twelve or fifteen. Easy work too. Department store or wholesale house—he could take his choice. Several of each offered openings. His first five or six letters to Ellena were radiant. She planned to join him soon and bought more towels to monogram.

And when, buying more linen thread for this monogramming one afternoon, she was asked respectfully but insistently by Harvey Brann, while he wrapped it, to attend the next I. U. U. V. dance in his company, she assumed one of the how-dare-you-est expressions ever assumed in Amitytown.

"Aw—that's all right!" grumped Harvey, nervously running a hand through his shoebrushy black pompadour. "But I betcha Edgar isn't spending his evenings all by his lonely in Chicago!"

"Never mind what Edgar is doing," said Ellena haughtily. "Give me that thread!"

"Here it is!" sulked Harvey.

Edgar's next four or five letters, though as loving, were not so radiant. But they were fairly optimistic. He had changed positions, though. Same line - haberdashery.

Presently he wrote soberly that fifteen dollars a week did not go perceptibly further in Chicago than ten in Amitytown. And some fellows who seemed to know had told him bitterly that the department stores and the wholesale houses of the windy city began you and ended you at fifteen dollars. But he hardly believed all he heard. And he was sending Ellena a box of candy; and he hoped—this was underlined—that she was treating right that square-faced nervy Harv Brann! Ellena giggled to herself at this.

Then came some newsy notes. Then—a depressed, fiercely loving letter. After reading it Ellena turned pink-rimmed, reproachful eyes upon her father. But that gentleman was engrossed that week with his own affairs; the coming year there promised to be a nation-wide shortage of coal, which is nothing for a coal man to hear lightly, and the love affairs of his younger daughter occupied just then a very small niche in his mind.

But Laura, darning small white socks, commented tartly anent the pink eyelids:

"Mercy, Ellena, you don't know when you're well off!"

"Indeed!" sniffed Ellena, going to her own room to write a fiercely loving reply; also to polish the silver-plated picture frame and embroider another towel.

But his next few letters were more cheerful. Also newsy. He had changed positions again. And between positions he had had a lark. Another fellow had taken him out to a motion-picture studio to supe for three days. It was great fun—interesting too.

This last letter was so cheerful that Ellena was a little bit piqued. Also she was dull, bored, lonely and cross. Motion pictures—that had been her chief amusement now for several weeks, barring a sociable or two and a poky girls' luncheon. Also there was the new pale pink crêpe de Chine gown hanging wastefully. It was a shame to let it go out of style and not wear it. But it was strictly and unmistakably a dance gown. Nothing to be appropriately worn to church sociable or to movie.

Ellena liked to dance, mightily. It was hard, after the first few weeks of Edgar's absence, to sit on the quiet porch and monogram table linen or towels while the rest of the town, in pale silk stockings and slippers, flitted by to the I. U. U. V. hall, or some such place. Anyway, as she was a swift embroiderer, she soon had a great heap of stuff embellished with a sprawly intertwined E-A—enough, her mother commented, to last at least ten years!

So in the eighth month of his absence Ellena put on the pink gown and went to a dance, in perfectly proper and faithful fashion, with Adella Thomas as escort. Adella had to go home early; so Ellena allowed Wilbur Wenson, who was only seventeen and stuttered, and so didn't count, to see her pink-gowned self to the hydrangea-bordered Rowdrick residence. And she felt perfectly true to Edgar afterward and slept the sleep of the conscience-easy.

Thereafter Ellena kept on attending the Amitytown dances. Why not? As the eight months slipped into ten, twelve, fifteen, the stuttering Wilbur was not always the one to see her home. Why be sillily ostentatious in one's faithfulness to the absent? Ellena saw no reason why she should not have a good time, with the rest of the Amitytown young crowd, by taking safety in attentions from a number of young men. She was careful to tell that she wrote to Edgar twice a week, and she never strolled home with the same young man two successive evenings.

As her round cheeks, in spite of any pining for an absent one, did not lose their usual peachy-pink aspect, plenty of Amitytown young men and a few commercial travelers were right on hand to offer the attentions—in spite of her frequent mention of her letter writing and receiving.

And among the steady offerers was Harvey Brann, of course—pugnaciously among them. Sometimes Ellena snubbed him. Sometimes she let him see her home.

Ellena drew a fine line in regard to her conduct. Some folks might term it splitting a hair. No young man might escort her to a dance. That would be disloyal to the absent Edgar. But going home she felt that she was justified in accepting—not attendance, but protection.

"Don't see the difference," grunted Harvey Brann once.

"I do," said Ellena stoutly. "And don't hang onto my arm, Harv Brann, as though I were falling over a precipice. No one's going to grab me here on Main Street."

Sulkily Harv let his hold of her pink arm relax slightly.

"Heard from Edgar lately?"—with cold interest.

"Day before yesterday and to-day"—brightly.

"Well, I wish, Ellena, you'd forget him ——"

"Now, Harvey," spoke Ellena very kindly and nicely, "I wish you'd forget that idea! And there are lots of girls in Amitytown who'd make you a worthy wife ——"

"I don't want a worthy wife," grumped Harvey. "I want you."

"What?" demanded Ellena sharply.

"I s'pose you think," sneered Harvey, "that some day you'll get a letter from him saying he's landed a job at about seventy-five dollars a week?"

"I expect it 'most any day," said Ellena carelessly. "Good night, Harvey. Thank you for seeing me home"—nicely.

Harvey's good night was a cross between a grunt and a growl. He stamped down the hydrangea-bordered path with a loudness of heel unseemly in quiet Amitytown at that quiet hour.

In his bed Ellena's father turned over and growled too. But Ellena giggled gently as she went softly up to her room, where she tenderly polished the silver-plated frame and decided to start another scalloped linen lunch cloth the next day.

That three-quarters view of Edgar's clear-cut good-looking profile always turned Ellena's thoughts monogramward.

But three days later linen cloth and thread and needle slipped from her fingers unnoticed, and her bright blue eyes popped in an astounded way that belied her careless confident assertion to Harvey. Edgar wrote her that he was on the pay roll of the Wallawoollograph Motion-Picture Company, at seventy-five dollars a week.

His letter was brief. He was starting for Los Angeles that day.

"Ellena! You're Just as Pretty as When I Went Away!"

II

A GENTLEMAN named Pope once explained tersely but completely that loathing is often but the reverse side of deepest, devoutest devotion.

Scoffingly, sniggeringly, feeling like an overgrown boy carrying water to the elephant, Edgar Anderson went out to the Wallawoollograph Studio to supe. He remained to pray—for steady work.

He had not confided even to Ellena that the first day's pay, three dollars and a half, dropped into his pocket like manna to a hungry throat. He had not told Ellena just how often he had changed positions, or that at every change the intervening days of no income pressed more heavily on him.

This three days' pay was like a boat to tide him from one shore to another. Cheap work! Certainly; he was ashamed of himself for doing it. But—some fun at that. And—somehow—when he got back to more dignified work—selling neckties—he felt a bit more bored than ever before.

The virus had been injected. He hung round the studio for another chance to get wedged into a picture. Wasn't it easy money?

At first he loathed the purple, green, mauve or gray daub that he had to make of his clean young countenance, and sincerely hoped that Amitytown would never hear anything about it. He could imagine Henry Rowdrick's sarcastic comments. He felt like a fool when, as ordered, he leaned solemnly against a papier-mâché oak tree in an attitude of Fate, I defy thee! Or when, as one of an awe-struck mob of onlookers, he simulated a groaning expression while a fake murder took place in a fake ghetto, while a little fat, sweating, shirtsleeved director bawled in a tone of anguish: "I wish I could murder you all! You're looking at a crime—not at a new tunnel!"

Edgar was glad his reverend father was away in Amitytown, out of hearing and seeing. Great fuss that silly little director made. One would think a picture was more important than the fate of Belgium.

And the leading woman! At first, Edgar Anderson was divided between dislike of her and mirth over her; also between contempt for her and wonder. She had bleached straw hair, hard gray eyes, a strident voice and a slim waist; and she quarreled with Burhap, the director, as intimately

as if she had been married to him ten years. And the way she howled over trifles and wrung her hands! Gee-whizz! As if it were of world-wide importance whether her profile came sweetly clear or milkishly blurred in a close-up!

All this at first. But —

There came a time when that purple—or green, or mauve, or gray—make-up was dearer to Edgar than the light of dawn. His face a daub! Perish the word in connection with his art!

There came a time when that little chunky director's sweatdrops seemed more reasonable than statesmen's or great generals' ardor. There came a time when he stood beside that bleached, athletic, strident-voiced leading woman and, with her, registered bitter wonder as to why, in the name of all that was holy and wise and just, Burhap couldn't hire a camera man who knew how to use a camera! There came a time when the world war, and the face of his mother, and the memory of Ellena and of his home town were pale things beside the fact that on the morrow his latest picture would be released to a waiting, impatient public.

For Edgar made good—rather, was good. In the film business the verb is different. There is little making. You are—or you are not. It was almost at once discovered that he had the shapely adorable three-quarters profile that lends itself to a tender close-up like sirup to batter cakes; the large, winning, charming eyes that can fade away before a loving camera like little Eva to heaven; the straight, filmable, beautiful nose that any audience can perfectly understand either society girl or working girl leaving home for; the full, mobile, shapely lips that can instantly express love, passion, gentility, hope, pain, blue blood, red blood, wistfulness, ardor, manly vigor, innate nobility of soul, candor, sad serenity amid persecutions, noble dignity amid splendor, and all the other qualities of lip that the great American nation demands in its heroes of the silent stage.

Furthermore, he had muscles and tendons; also, inches. Back in Amitytown he had been the star on more than one field day of his four high-school years. Also, he could wear evening clothes as nicely as his father could wear the sedate ministerial black. The Wallawoollograph or any other company could ask no more.

When he left home the Amitytown Weekly Herald gave him six patronizing lines of comment. And four of these were inserted out of respect for his father.

There came a time when the Associated Press recorded the fact that he was leaving Los Angeles, and hundreds of city dailies grabbed at the item.

And the picture that Ellena kept in the silver-plated frame on her pretty bureau —— There came a time when Edgar Anderson collected twenty-five cents apiece—minus the dealers' commission—for many thousand replicas of that smiling three-quarters pose; and many thousands of maiden fans bought frames and set them round where their faithful eyes could frequently look deep into those gay gray ones.

Edgar was well on the way to fame when he wrote Ellena of that remarkable seventy-five-dollar wage, though at the time he was still too unsophisticated to know it positively. Even an acrid leading man, met at Los Angeles, and later a servile press agent at San Diego, hardly enlightened him. Presently news of his success dropped onto his home town like a bomb from a Zeppelin.

Several people in Amitytown had calmly disdained to believe in the seventy-five; among them Harv Brann, Henry Rowdrick, and Ellena's sister, Laura. And Edgar's own sister-in-law, meeting Ellena at church, had said pointedly: "We certainly hope he's making all that money!" So Ellena, for one, at least, was effervescently triumphant when Ab Lawson, the young-old spectacled bookkeeper in the Brann Store, returned rather excitedly from a week-end in Chicago to report that he had actually seen a picture with Edgar in it!

"And, believe me," said Ab with a grin, "it was some picture! Say, you'd think the fellow had been born with a valet!"

That night the I. U. U. V. orchestra found its best hesitation disregarded while erstwhile dancers busily discussed Edgar. Ellena was one of the busiest discussers there; and her cheeks were as pink as her crêpe de Chine gown, while her chin was uptilted at an angle that was forty-five degrees pride and forty-four degrees I-told-you-all-so! She had Edgar's last letter with her. Ostentatiously she pulled it from the V-bodice that was like a pink calyx to her round white shoulders, and read news extracts.

Had anyone been noticing Harv Brann—but no one was—it could have been seen that his square face seemed to get squarer. And the curve, you know, is the line of beauty.

But finally Ellena replaced the letter and the crowd called to the orchestra to go on. Ellena hummed happily while she danced.

"Please don't!" peevishly requested Harv Brann at last. "When you hum you get me out of step."

"Dear me!" said she coldly.

It was several weeks before Cy Bernstein, who owned the only moving-picture theater in Amitytown, got a five-reeler containing Edgar.

But the day it came Amitytown came on the run; so long a waiting line had never been seen, even when an expurgated, denatured, dethrilled Is This Your Daughter? was shown.

And Amitytown sat through The Wronged Husband—the same picture Ab Lawson had seen in Chicago some weeks before—rather solemnly, its first anticipatory amusement having vanished. It was positively uncanny at first—this watching one of its own people moving round nonchalantly in strange surroundings and alien and dramatic environment. Lifelike, familiar as Main Street itself, was Edgar. Everyone involuntarily gasped more or less distinctly as, smiling, debonair, perfectly at his ease in a sumptuously furnished little villa, he strolled into view. The house, of course, was dark; so no one knew just what expression Ellena Rowdrick wore while he was kissing lingeringly the pretty face and hair of the dainty little girl who was his wronging wife. Everyone, as well as Ellena, leaned forward breathlessly when a close-up brought his laughing face and curly hair down closer—closer—till he actually seemed to be there in the flesh, laughing gayly at every one of them!

"My goodness gracious!" gasped Adella Thomas; and it was conceded that Adella expressed everyone's sentiment as aptly as it could be expressed.

The Reverend and Mrs. Anderson both wiped their glasses carefully and stayed to see the picture the three runs. So did nearly everyone else, for that matter, including Harv Brann. Cy Bernstein made all—except Edgar's parents—pay three times, though. He went right through the house and collected the extra dimes. Cy was not a sentimental person.

Henry Rowdrick did not stay for the three runs. But he saw the first; and when his younger daughter breezed home, her eyes glowing with excitement, he admitted good-naturedly to her that he hadn't realized how good-looking the boy was. He didn't know as he blamed her for cottoning to him. However ——

"Oh, yes!" ironically and unfilially sniffed his daughter. "Now that Edgar has made good, you are ready enough to recognize his worth! Such is the way of the world!"

"Well, I never denied that I'm a terrible sight more partial to folks that make good than to them that don't," retorted Henry Rowdrick mildly. "And I was about to say this: That I dunno but what that young man is a lot slicker at kissing than I'd really like a son-in-law of mine to be. That fourth reel ——"

But Ellena did not stay to hear what he thought of the fourth reel. She skipped upstairs and sat down to look carefully at Edgar's picture on her bureau. She decided that it could have been taken from one of the night's reels. He hadn't, it was evident, changed a bit. Before she went to bed she wrote twenty long, enthusiastic pages to him. As for the kissing—Ellena was wise enough and broad-minded enough to know that Edgar couldn't be a film star and not have to kiss a few folk. And she tolerantly told Adella Thomas so when, a day or so later, that young woman cattily asked her whether such scenes didn't annoy her.

A few weeks later Cy produced another picture containing Edgar. Cy did so unwillingly. He did not at all care to pay the price asked for a picture so recently released. But he surlily yielded to popular demand. Some of the boys who had gone to high school with Edgar threatened, if he didn't, to club together and open another movie theater.

This second picture was a Western drama. Edgar appeared, in jaunty leather leggings and a becoming wide-brimmed sombrero, as Handsome Ned Dana, of Dana's Ranch. With him was associated a slim, pretty little person in tattered gingham gown, tangled curls, a Kansas sunbonnet and a Broadway smile. In a close-up Edgar's lips and hers, pressed together, came down to wide Amitytown eyes closer—closer—closer—until actually it seemed as if the two smiling faces were right there in the flesh. Of course Amitytownites had seen many other close-up kisses, but never one in which one of themselves participated. As Adella Thomas said afterward: "It certainly seemed queer to watch it!"

And during it a great many heads turned curiously toward Ellena, sitting in the sixth row with her sister, Laura. But, of course, it was not possible in the dim theater to see her expression. Anyway, immediately afterward everyone forgot her; for just then Edgar, in the person of Handsome Ned, was surrounded by Indians, who proceeded to tie him in a bunch. And as what was supposedly his helpless body went hurtling down a horrible precipice his mother sprang up from her seat and screamed till Cy had to turn on the lights and turn off the film, while people sitting round her composed her. Ellena joined in the furtive irrepressible laughter that followed—laughter that almost spoiled the effect of the picture. And she joined in the applause that followed the last scene—a pretty little domestic fadeaway, wherein Edgar and the little lady of tangled curls cooked and ate their first meal in their own little sod cabin.

"Nice picture!" observed Harv Brann later when he, uninvited, attached himself to her side as she walked home.

"Wasn't it just fine!" enthused Ellena.

"Huh!" said Harv, rather contradictorily, considering his former observation.

"What?" said Ellena sharply.

"I said it was a hot night"—defiantly. "Want a peach-and-marshmallow sundae?"

Ellena hesitated, but finally consented to consume a cooling dish at his expense.

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That Night the Orchestra Found its Best Hesitation Disregarded While Erstwhile Dancers Busily Discussed Edgar

PIGS AND VICTORY

By Carl W. Ackerman

PIGS started the war—and pigs may end it! It was a question of import and export duties on pork that caused the political disputes between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. The Magyar farmers and the Serbian peasants were competitors in the pig business. The Hungarians wanted to keep the foreign product on the other side of the Danube. The Serbs insisted upon selling their livestock in Bosnia and Herzegovina cheaper than the Magyars. Quite often pigs were smuggled across the border. So between Belgrade, Budapest and Vienna there was always a dispute. Pigs were at the bottom of the whole controversy.

Intermingled and confused with this economic problem was the question of influence in the Balkan states. There were business jealousy, court intrigue and political hatred. Count Stefan Tisza, working through the late Emperor Francis Joseph, and the former Czar Nicholas were the chief players at this little international chessboard, while the other Great Powers looked on. Serbia was the pawn. An international quarrel could be stirred up at almost any time. The assassination of the Austrian heir and his consort in June, 1914, brought the dispute between Serbia and Hungary to a head.

Thus the war began.

Pigs have caused trouble in Germany during the war too. At the beginning of the war and for nearly a year afterward Germany had sufficient pork for all her food needs; but Herr Delbrück, who was then the Minister of Interior and Vice Chancellor, made one of the biggest economic blunders of the war. What he did seems incredible, but he did it; and when the people saw his mistake the Kaiser had to ask him to resign.

Two years ago Delbrück read in his reports from all parts of Germany that there was a shortage of fodder. He saw that without food the cattle and pigs would die. At that time there was an abundance of sugar and potatoes. Germany had so much sugar she was exporting it to Rumania in an effort to keep up her international exchange. The mark was on the toboggan in all money markets. Potatoes were so plentiful that they were being used to make a substitute gasoline for automobiles. With this abundance of sugar and potatoes Delbrück ordered the farmers to feed some of it to the pigs as a substitute for fodder.

The pork that came on the German markets in the summer and fall of 1915 was indeed sugar-cured. But this policy of fattening pigs was proving expensive, and the supplies of potatoes and sugar were being depleted. After this blunder there was only one thing for Delbrück to do if he wished to save the remaining stock of sugar and potatoes. He had to order the farmers to kill the pigs. And he did!

There are, of course, many other reasons for the food shortage in Germany to-day, but these mistakes of Herr Delbrück were so colossal and stupid that Germany has not been able to overcome them.

German Officials Living in Luxury

IF IT were not for the food blunders of Germany it is very doubtful whether that country would to-day be faced by the greatest economic crisis in modern history. The so-called marvelous organization of food supplies that has been boasted about throughout the world has, as a matter of fact, been crippled by two evils that the government has not been able to prevent: First, there was no effort on behalf of the authorities to stop hoarding, until there were no supplies to hoard; and, second, the government has not succeeded in harvesting the big crops, of potatoes and fruit especially, that the fields and trees have produced. And in cases where these foods have been gathered they have not been preserved.

The hoarding of food began in Germany with the invasion of Belgium. Many families with sufficient funds to buy stocks of food filled their cellars and pantries. Even some of the cities hoarded food.

Cologne, for instance, which is one of the chief fortresses on the Rhine, stored enough supplies for the entire civil and military population for two years. But over a year ago, when food became so scarce that the city could not purchase supplies enough for the people, the storehouses were opened, and to the amazement of the authorities much of the food was spoiled.

Street Commissioner Schmidt, of Cologne, who was placed in charge of the food kitchens feeding eighty thousand people daily, told foreign correspondents, when they were in the city last October, that thirty per cent of the potatoes stored in 1915 rotted in the bins because no provision had been made for the potatoes to breathe. Potatoes, in order to keep, must have fresh air; but, in the fall of 1915, when the potatoes were gathered and stored in the basements of the forts in the city they were piled from six to ten feet high on the floor, and all the potatoes on the bottom spoiled.

Though there is a scarcity of food in all large cities of Germany to-day, there seems to be plenty in the small towns and on the farms. This is because the farmers and the owners of large estates have been hoarding food. German officials of prominence, high army and naval officers, have estates that supply them with food. In August, 1916, I was invited to the summer home of General von Kluck, who, before he was wounded, was in command of the German First Army, on the Western Front. Von Kluck lives on the Von Caro estate of Wilkensdorf in Brandenburg. These lands cover eleven hundred acres. There were seven hundred head of deer and roebuck in the forest. There were four cows, hundreds of chickens and a score of pigs. This estate supplies six people—the Von Klucks and the servants. The former chancellor, Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg, and former chief of the general staff, Herr von Falkenhayn, have large country places outside Berlin that supply them with all the food they and their families need. People who have land have food, and because these people are the government they are not compelled to share with others.

I know of families living in Berlin apartment houses who have as much as a year's supply of food stored in closets and rooms. Many families have worked together in gathering supplies. The members of one church in Berlin have coöperated to hoard food. One of the members had a large canning factory where he made marmalade and jams. Though the government forbade him to sell in great quantities to private individuals, he "gave" marmalade to members of his church in exchange for other varieties of food that any other member might have. Marmalade was exchanged for geese, chickens, eggs, coffee, flour and other supplies. Because no money changed hands there was no violation of the governmental order!

The potato crop in Germany last year was a normal one before the government began to collect the potatoes. Because of a shortage of farm labor the potatoes could not be harvested before an early frost, and thousands of bushels of potatoes froze in the ground. Last year's fruit crop at Werder, the big fruit center outside Berlin, was enormous. The trees were burdened with fruit, but there was no sugar and no tin. The canning factories were engaged in making war munitions, and the fruit spoiled that could not be dried or eaten.

That was the case last year. That will be true this year. If Germany did not have the means of preserving the fruit in 1916 it will be impossible in 1917, because there is less sugar to-day than a year ago, and now every available factory is making some war supply. That was one of Von Hindenburg's first orders when he became the military dictator.

It is true that Germany has a larger acreage at her disposal this year than she had last, but this does not mean that the food problem is solved. Last year one could read advertisements in German newspapers offering typewriters or household furniture in exchange for hams! This year there are no such advertisements because there are no hams.

Rumania, which is an agricultural country, lost millions of dollars' worth of food to Germany when its army collapsed. But this did not help the German citizen because Germany could not transport this food from the Rumanian fields and storehouses to Germany. I was in Rumania when the German Army invaded the country, and one of the commanding generals declared that none of this food would reach the German people because there was only a one-track railway line in Rumania. This route, he stated, was needed to transport military supplies.

Long-Continued Food Shortage

I SAW in the fields thousands of head of sheep. But when I asked General Krafft von Delmingsingen whether this livestock would be sent to Germany he replied that because Constantinople needed mutton probably none of it would reach Berlin. Practically no Rumanian food has reached Germany. Some of it was sent to Austria via the Danube, because food conditions in that country are much worse than those in Germany. After Rumania was conquered the Berlin papers printed long lists of food found there, and the public rightly inferred that at last they would have all the food they wanted. But Herr Adolph von Batocki, president of the Food Department, announced officially that though great quantities of food had been seized this would not improve living conditions in Germany "immediately."

Germany has tried to use Russian prisoners of war in the fields, but with little success. It was often stated in Berlin that it takes four Russians to do the work of one experienced farmer.

It is very difficult to state whether economic pressure or military operations will be the first to compel Germany to make peace. Certainly both are necessary in order to win. Food is what keeps the hand in Germany's mailed glove able to strike. After visiting the German Front in the West six times, and after living in Germany two years before diplomatic relations were broken, I believe the deciding factors will be the economic pressure, the stopping of leaks through neutral countries, and the emphasis on the part of the United States and the Allies that the German people cannot have peace until they take the government into their own hands.

Germany will not be starved into submission, but through economic pressure she will be compelled to make peace sooner than her military leaders may wish, and she will have to make a different kind of peace from what she would if she had all the food she wanted. Germany's food crisis is not past. It is not essentially a problem of to-day. Germany's food dangers are ahead.

This is being emphasized to-day by all German writers. The new Imperial Chancellor, Dr. Georg Michaelis, in an article contributed to the Neueste Nachrichten, of Zurich, when he was Under Secretary of State in charge of the national food supply wrote, under the title The Empire's Grain Now and Later, as follows:

"Probably everyone hopes that when peace comes all unnatural conditions will be abolished, that the shortage of rations will disappear and that everyone again will be able to buy and consume whatever he desires.

"Unfortunately this hope is a deceptive one. We must reckon that for a considerable time, perhaps for a number of years, we shall have to get along with a continued restriction in consumption and with a rationing of things most important to life.

"Even in the peaceful years to come Germany will have at first to rely almost exclusively upon the necessities that are produced within her own territories. We shall have to lay the blame for this primarily upon our trade and exchange relations.

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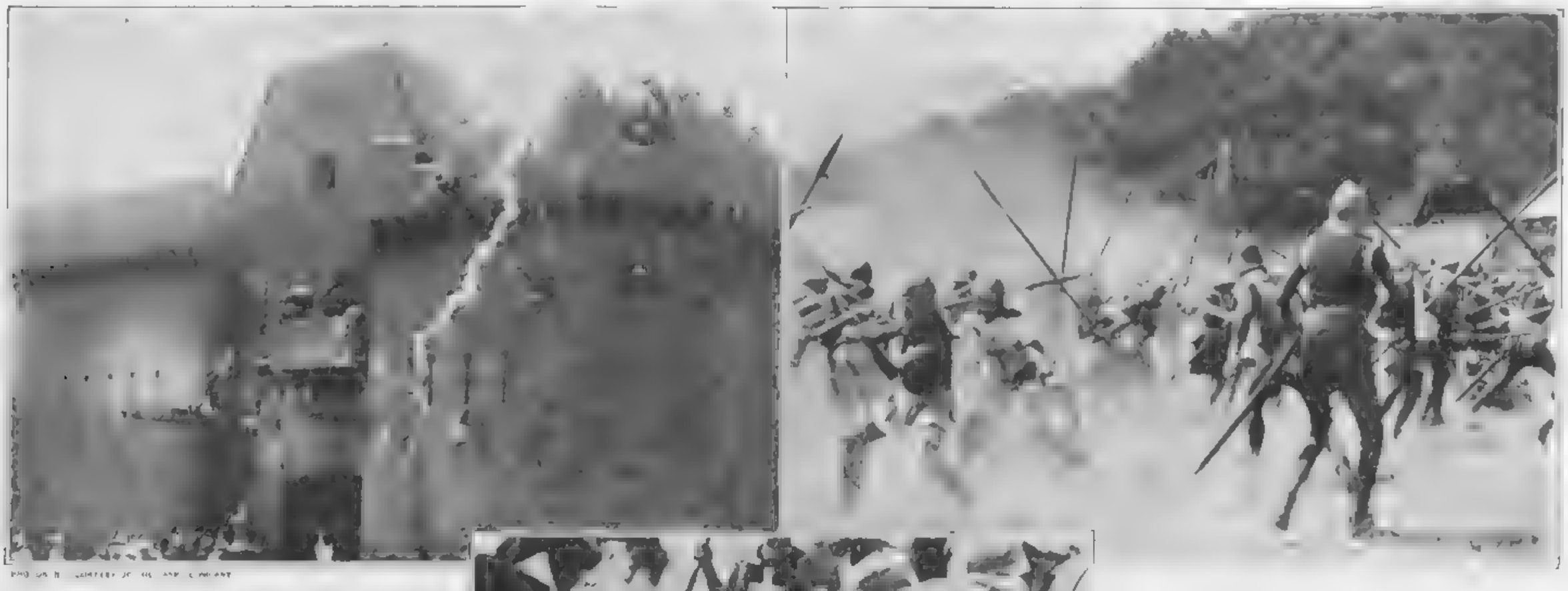
FILM FIGHTERS — By Rob Wagner



Medieval Fighting is by Far the Most Dangerous. The Armor is Heavy and Awkward, the Weapons Cruel—Even When They are Blunted—and the Fighting is All Hand-to-Hand

I WANT six or eight men to work in this scene, but I'm not one of those directors who will ask extras to do dangerous stuff without warning them. This is a retake of that scene yesterday—the rottenest fight picture that ever reached the cutting room; but to-day I'm doubling Bull Brown for the bartender—so there is a real battle coming to some of you. I've told Bull to clean up on every son of a gun that comes in the room; and if he can't handle six or eight of you fellows—well, there is another fighting man at the Mammoth who would like to horn in at this studio. Now how many are willing to mix it?"

Thus were sixty men invited to play red flag opposite Bull Brown, the most ferocious man in the movies; and with one accord up shot sixty hands, while at the same time Bull smiled wanly at the threat of sending for a rival rough buck.

To get the real point of this unanimous acceptance of the battle gage it is necessary that one should have seen—or, better still, felt—Bull in action. Even the sight of him is enough to make the most belligerent prefer the altitudes of a giant redwood, for the fellow is built like a socialist cartoonist's symbol of Capitalism. From his great torso depend arms like those of a gorilla. If it were not for his undershot blue jowl and cauliflower ears, a collar to fit his tremendous neck would slip easily over his small head.

There is no survival in Nature so sinister in appearance as Bull Brown, yet he has the heart of a gentleman and the disposition of a little child. Had it been otherwise it would have been necessary to kill him as a social menace. Though gentle and protecting, Bull knows exactly what is expected of him in the pictures, and the sixty heroes who were invited to the slaughter appreciated his artistic sincerity. Yet every man raised his hand, and each of the eight victims chosen for the sacrifice earned every cent of his five-dollar "ticket" and full pay during convalescence.

I hate mottoes—especially those on post cards—but I have one over my desk that I cherish, because it isn't so. The text and sentiment are German, but its spirit is shared by some of our most bellicose citizens. Freely translated it reads: "A people that does not to war go, its fighting spirit loses."

Fighting Under General Hunger

IF SOME of these corrugated philosophers would wander round the world and pick a few quarrels they would find that every man has a fight in him if you get him right. I don't believe the coal operators of Colorado will subscribe to that motto, and the allied generals in the relief to Peking found that twenty centuries of Chinified peace had not made mollycoddles of the Boxers. General Hunger is more stimulating to the fighting spirit than either Hindenburg or Haig.

A good healthy appetite for beans has made no end of trouble in Mexico.

I remember once reading a magazine article by a spectacled highbrow who set out to show that the Jews are not a militant race. The fact remains that a good many of our leading prize fighters are of Jewish blood. I once took the count myself from a softy named Mike Cohn.

These literary warriors are now expressing surprise at the fighting qualities of "England's contemptible little army." I'm not. I saw that bunch of shopkeepers in action in South Africa. Even a pacifist is that only in spots. We have a little laboratory chap here whose opinion of war is something too awful to repeat; but when Hawkes, an extra man, called Satoff a coward he got his right lamp beautifully trimmed in absolute disproof of that statement.

No, sir-ree—if I hadn't learned, from biting my way round the world, that war hasn't a thing to do with the fighting spirit I should have learned it in the pictures. If any Junker motto maker doubts this fact let him come out and see the mushy men we have been breeding for forty years in this peaceful old land of ours.

The quick comeback now is to blurt: "But all the fighting in the pictures is faked—nobody is ever really killed." As to the faking and the element of chance, I will only say that I went through South Africa and Cuba, and spent a year with Madero in Mexico, and came out without any serious injury. It took the Battle of Vicksburg in an eight reeler to put me on the pension list. Our fatalities are not staggering—still I have been in battles in Mexico where the mortality was less than ours.

I am not minimizing the dangers of real warfare, but if I were gambling in chances I'd take the trenches. In actual war perhaps the *Boches* will get you and perhaps they won't; but in the pictures, though death may not be so imminent you are sure in for a fight.

I came into the game in the early days when good riding furnished the punches. Fighting was mostly between Indians and cowboys, and the great danger of those scenes came from making falls. The battle stuff consisted largely of maneuvers or charging in close formation or in extended order. It was spectacular, full of action and smoke, but not particularly dangerous. Occasionally some fellow broke his leg, or was burned when a bomb exploded under his feet, but that was all. It was nothing like so dangerous as the impact of several hundred horsemen in heavy armor ripping right into you. That is the kind of stuff that is demanded now.

My first job was with the Mammoth. Six hundred of us worked for a dollar and a half a day—and carfare. The latter, however, was just a play on words, for the cars stopped three miles this side of the studio, and the rest of the way had to be made by hand. We were cowboys all morning, riding our fool heads off; and Indians all afternoon, doing the same heartbreaking work. At noon they would give us a sandwich and coffee made of frijoles, without any sugar.

To double for the Indian stuff we had to peel off to our birthday clothes and then file by a couple of calcimineres with whitewash brushes and a barrel of bole Armenia. With a few grand swashes they would give us magnificent copper skins. Next, an exterior decorator would stencil on the war paint. A breechclout, a bunch of feathers, and behold Dan Macy as Man-Ashamed-of-His-Name! Real Indians were used for the close-ups; we were nothing but atmosphere in the afternoon.

After three days of this stuff some of the boys were so sunburned they could hardly get into their clothes. A big Swede named Gus turned up after the massacre looking like a leper, for his hide had peeled off in sheets, revealing his nice blond skin beneath. He looked like the wall of an abandoned tenement.

How the Dangerous Scenes are Staged

EVEN the Indians had it softer than we did, for they got five dollars a week, board and a tepee to sleep in right on the lot. Besides they had to work only as Indians, while we had to appear as cow waddies, cavalry and Indians too. Some of the boys got five dollars a day for making falls, but a lot of us made falls without extra pay or intention.

Hawkeye, one of these same Indians, has since become famous as a daredevil, and he sure has earned his celebrity, for while riding a lay-down horse in one scene out there he threw the beast into a bed of cactus; and that fellow lay there full of stickers for fifteen minutes, playing dead! When the battle was over the other Indians began pulling the things out of him, and when I tell you that six hundred cactus stickers are just like that many fishhooks, you may guess that there was some pain in the operation. But Hawkeye was well named—he never batted it once.

There is one point on which the sexes will never get together, and that is their attitude toward a good prize fight. How two perfectly good fellows can get in and wallop each other for sheer sport is utterly beyond a woman. Even when it is shown that they are good friends, that nobody is forcing them in, and that they may stop at any time, the women refuse to see the point. I remember once when I was a lad in the Navy I had won the heavyweight championship of my ship and fought it out with a fellow on the West Virginia. After the bout I was called before the admiral.

"Dan Macy," said he, "you are hereby officially reprimanded for engaging in a prize fight."

"What's the idea?" said I; "you were there yourself, clapping as loud as any of them."

"Yes," he replied; "and I congratulate you. You did splendidly. But some day some old woman is going to get

up in Congress and say that we officially sanction such brutality—and you can see for yourself that it isn't so."

No, girls; fighting without hate is just good sport. Curiously enough you love it in the pictures, and it is this same sporting instinct that permits us to get such good fights in film stories. The fellow who won't take a good wallop for the sake of the picture won't last long in this business—he would be too lonesome.

I often hear the leads roasted for permitting a double for dangerous scenes; but it is not always their fault. The directors won't let them go on—they are too valuable. If a scene absolutely demands that a lead take great risks it is always made last, so that in case he gets a black eye or breaks a leg the picture will be finished. It would be foolish to put the lead in the hospital in the second reel and then have to hold the cast together and the sets in place until he got well.

A director having the responsibility of a big feature picture on his shoulders will spend many a sleepless night worrying over the safety and welfare of his cast. After the last scene in a big production he feels like the forest rangers when the first rain comes in the fall and the great danger is over.

The curious thing about real fighting is that sometimes the veritable truth looks more faked than bad acting. I recall one scene in which Tom Sand struck Arthur Gritworth a fearful blow on the chin, and instead of falling he just stood there looking foolishly into space beyond the camera.

"Rotten, Arthur. This is not supposed to be a drunken brawl!" shouted the director. But alas, the poor man heard nothing, for the blow had turned out his lights. When he came to he received another jolt, for he was told that a retake was necessary.

On the legitimate stage actual combat is impossible, for no two men could do actual fighting night after night without wearing each other out. That is why the technic of stage fighting is so very bad. With us, however, we do it only once, so we can afford to loosen up and do it right. When we are staging a regular roughhouse, special furniture is used, but to be hit on the head with a breakaway table is no love tap. Rehearsals are rarely attempted in the fight pictures. The director will simply say: "Here is your location, boys, and there are your camera lines. Figure it out to suit yourselves. I'll call out your footage; when you have gone a hundred feet, finish down here."

A Star Who Never Fakes or Doubles

TOM BOXER is perhaps the greatest athletic star in America. It is his boast that he never fakes a fall or doubles a fight. In order to keep fit he has in his employ two famous professional athletes. He gets even with their physical culture by training them in dramatics, with the result that these cavemen often appear with Tom in his strenuous scenes.

On the other hand, we have stars who have no business to subject themselves to excessive physical strain. Take Gritworth, for instance; he is fifty years old and came to California with t. b., yet he is so sincere an artist that his directors have to edit his physical enthusiasm for his part. He will take a beating or swim the icy rapids of the Sierras unless forbidden.

Many of the extra men who have worked with Gritworth think he is unnecessarily rough, and sometimes they plan revenge to get even with him. One time when he had been tipped off that they were going to beat him up in a certain scene he said: "I've been pretty rough with you boys at times and I know that some of you have been waiting for a chance to get even. Well, here it is. But remember this: There are five of you—all young. I am an old man and I've only one pump, so have a heart and let me last out the footage."

A Popular Star Keeping in Physical Trim for His Athletic Stunts

Four of the men were properly touched by this modest appeal, but the fifth had a thicker skin—and it was fortunate for him that he had, for when the others found him trying to choke the wind out of Gritworth they turned to and gave him the beating of his life. The scene wasn't at all according to script, but it was a peach.

Naturally the rough-and-tumble fighting sometimes stirs men up a bit, but it is my job to see that all feelings stop with the word "Cut." It is a well understood thing among all movie men that what goes on before the camera is entirely apart from their other lives. Now and then some outsider who doesn't understand art will try to carry his fighting beyond the picture, but he is usually shown the light in the way he seems to understand best.

In the early days, before we developed an etiquette of hard but impersonal fighting, the real thing was often encouraged. Barton used deliberately to dig up personal enemies and stick them in a picture together. One time he called Bud for a Western story, and Bud was sore because he had so little to do; but near the end of the story Barton took him aside and said: "Bud, you remember Miller? Well, the big stiff is working in this picture, and he says he's going to get you in the dance-hall scene. Now if he starts anythin', you just kick in and knock the lights outa him, and I'll give you ten dollars."

I grieve to state that Barton had shamelessly made Miller that identical offer right in my presence only one hour before. I am further grieved to state that each of them was most inadequately paid for his dramatic effort. Ten dollars wouldn't have bought court-plaster for either.

A real fight, with bad feelings, is, however, more likely to spoil a picture than to make one, so they are not encouraged. If a director sees any rough stuff that looks suspiciously sincere he will cut, lest the action be spoiled or the set wrecked.

It isn't very often that a woman is called upon to fight, but if such an occasion arises we have a girl who asks no favors because of her sex. One who can throw a steer by the horns doesn't need to.

Nancy and the Real Fireworks

NANCY DARING has fought her way in this world from the time she was a little kid in the early and awful days of Goldfield and Tonopah. Her wild exploits in riding and shooting brought her the fabulous fame that went with the name of The Tonopah Kid. Small of hips and straight as an arrow, she has the figure of the ideal Greek god, and notwithstanding her rough training there is something fine and splendid in the girl's nature.

When Nancy plants herself for a battle and smilingly says "Now come on!" every fellow that accepts her challenge knows he is in for the real fireworks. Several rooster-minded men have had to revise all their notions about the female of the species, after doing a few scenes with this happy, buoyant young lady.

So proud was her director of her prowess that he one day bet a friend that there wasn't a fellow of her weight in his athletic club that could stay in the same room with her if she was told to get him out. The bet was accepted, and a lightweight wrestler of undoubted scientific skill was chosen for the scene. Someone tipped the girl off that the fellow she was to go on with was a ringer, but she smiled happily.

When everything was ready the director gave his instructions. "Nancy," said he, "this 'Mexican' is to try and overpower you and carry you into the other room, and it is up to you to defend yourself. Register fear until he makes a lunge at you—then go to it! I'll give you twenty-five dollars if you throw him out the door, minus a dollar for every minute he stays."

I was in my office when the scene was shot. I heard the big noise as the tables and chairs went flooey, and then the cheering; but I didn't know what it was all about until Nancy came running up to my door. She was all out of breath, and tears were running down her face.

"Dan," she cried, "come over quick! I've hurt a fellow. He was a nice boy too; and I wouldn't have done it for the world if they hadn't framed the fight. It wasn't fair to ring in an outsider—they don't understand. If that boy is really injured I'm going to nurse him through, and you'll have to fix it with the boss." And so you see, on the other hand a long training in war will not breed the tenderness out of a woman. I learned later that Nancy had refused the twenty-three dollars she had earned.

Her remark about outsiders is very pertinent. There is a certain sporting understanding among the regulars of the business in regard to the fight stuff. The men who get the worst of it to-day may to-morrow have the

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The Director and Camera Men, Armed With Masks for a Bear and a Beehive Scene

APPLIED HYDRAULICS

By Cipriano Andrade, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THIS thing happened along in the spring of 1915. The German official reports are silent about it, because when the Grand Board of Strategy at Berlin heard of it they promptly broke the Prussian division commander who had permitted the trenches to be dug there. It was a sore point with the whole Higher Command, until Verdun wiped out the recollection of all earlier, lesser reverses. The rank and file of the Germans who were concerned never told about it, for reasons that will appear if your patience permits you to wander through to the end.

The French records likewise are silent, but for somewhat different reasons. The fact is, the French division commander on whose sector the thing developed had rather large discretionary powers, and never said a word about it until it was an accomplished fact; and then Joffre gave him telephone orders to keep the story out of the files, for the sound military reason that the thing was too valuable to become common property. If the proper topographical conditions ever should develop again it might mean a holocaust one way or the other. In such matters Joffre trusted largely to his own memory and to the memories of a few trusted aides—these memories being repositories into which the ingenuity of the German spy system has as yet found no method of prying.

With this cryptic beginning, you are now invited to return to your native shores and contemplate a senior at Boston Tech. in the graduating class of 1914.

This particular senior will be an object of more or less interest in our story; so we may as well look him over with a little care right now, before things start moving so fast that we haven't time for it.

The young man in question was indigenous to the state of Louisiana. His name was Caldwell Smithers. He stood six feet four in his stockings and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Whenever he went in to buy a pair of shoes at a strange store, the routine was for the salesman to scratch the back of his head and say that that size wasn't kept on the shelves as a regular thing—maybe it might be down among the stock in the cellar. Sometimes young Smithers had to go to three or four stores before they could dig up anything big enough. The glove question, too, would have bothered him—only he didn't wear any. His hair was somewhere between the color of faded alfalfa and well-dried cornstalks; also he wore it considerably longer than on the pictures of the crack polo players in the illustrated papers. Indeed, a certain well-known and well-beloved pianist had very little on Smithers in the matter of hair.

Besides his feet, hands and hair, he had one other outstanding attribute—an intuitive, congenital ability to solve the abstruse problems of applied hydraulics. Instead of resting on his natural gift in the matter, he eagerly availed himself of every opportunity afforded by his Alma Mater to broaden and deepen his knowledge of the subject.

His natural gift, plus his hard work, won him the highest honors in that somewhat exacting cradle of learning, Boston Tech. Indeed, when the international authority who held the chair of that particular subject finished reading Smithers' graduation thesis on The Irrigation Systems of China as Related to the Canals of Ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, With a Few Cognate Considerations Touching the Dikes of Holland, the Culebra Cut and the Niagara Power Stations, the authority in question leaned back in his chair and remarked to the opposite wall: "Genius—just sheer genius!"

A few weeks before graduation Smithers received a flattering offer to take charge of the technical work on an important irrigation and hydroelectric development in New Mexico, and went there immediately after he received his degree.

He was just getting into his stride on this job when midsummer of 1914 arrived and Germany loosed her thunderbolt against France.

Having no home ties and being a lover of adventure, Smithers hit the high spots for Paris, arriving late in August. He carried his diploma and a few certificates of special excellence with him, and they put him into a company of French engineers. He had picked up some of the language round New Orleans in his boyhood, and got along very well. He managed to last until the early spring of 1915 without being shot or mined or gassed or burned or poisoned or otherwise strafed. By that time he had worked up to a lieutenancy. He was then transferred to a new point toward the southern end of the great line that stood from Switzerland to the North Sea. He reported there after dark one night—at a point about a mile to the rear of the first trenches.

Bright and early the following morning he set out for the Front and, as required by his duties, began a minute inspection of the first-line trenches, beginning at the extreme northern end of the part his report was to cover and working carefully south. He reached the southern end of his territory about luncheon time and was invited to mess with the junior officers stationed there.

About halfway through the meal Smithers suddenly laid down his knife and fork and cocked his ear, like a setter dog flushing a bevy of partridges.

"Is it that this is the sound of water that falls?"

But certainly! Could it be that Lieutenant Smithers had not heard of the picturesque Falls of the N—— River, which lay between the German and the French trenches just to the south of them?

No; Lieutenant Smithers had not heard of them.

Was Lieutenant Smithers interested in waterfalls?

Most assuredly! Then clearly it was the social duty of the junior officers to afford Lieutenant Smithers the opportunity to felicitate himself in regarding those Falls. It should happen at once. To that end one of those junior officers rose at the conclusion of the meal and, with the suave courtesy of his race, guided Smithers to the object of his desire.

They had well called it picturesque. It was indeed a sight to delight the eye of the poet and artist, whether his medium of expression was the written word or painted canvas or so dry and prosaic a thing as hydrodynamics and the higher mathematics.

On the southern horizon, far in the hazy distance, were dim mountains; and the middle ground was filled with gently rolling foothills.

At the point of the Falls the river bed took a sheer drop of thirty feet down the face of a rocky precipice. The banks on both sides of the stream followed the contour level of the river bed; only, instead of making a sharp drop exactly at the fall, the bank on the east side—the German side—sloped down in a gentle incline toward the north, a distance of maybe a hundred yards, to absorb the thirty-foot difference in level.

At the lower end of that incline the bank on the German side followed the down grade of the river with a gentle, almost imperceptible, slope toward the north for a good two miles.

Nature had indeed been kind to that charming spot.

The scrutiny which Smithers bestowed on that waterfall was mostly through a little hand periscope—Fritz was rather pert with his sharpshooters thereabout. After a full hour of periscopic, telescopic, microscopic and every other kind of scopic examination of the waterfall from all conceivable angles, positions and viewpoints, material and intellectual, Lieutenant Smithers was seen suddenly to swing his periscope over to the German lines and sweep them from abreast the waterfall, carefully and anxiously, as far to the north as his field of vision extended—a distance of about two miles. He narrowly studied the French and the German trenches, with the river flowing between. After that he breathed a deep sigh and stood abstractedly in thought for a moment. Then he wheeled to his brother officer, thanked him profusely for his courtesy, and they parted.

Smithers made a bee line for the regimental headquarters and was admitted to the presence of the colonel, a stern martinet of the old school, with grizzled mustache and a waistband that belied any thought of short rations. Smithers saluted and asked whether he might be permitted to invite the colonel's attention to a matter of some interest that had recently come under his observation. The colonel said that he would be honored to hear what Monsieur the Lieutenant had to convey, and invited him to be seated.

After the first sentence or two from Monsieur the Lieutenant, the orderly on duty observed Grizzled Whiskers hitch his chair up to the table across which Smithers was sitting and regard him with a degree of interest that was altogether unusual.

What afterward transpired the orderly was unable to observe, for Grizzled Whiskers waved a hand in his direction, without looking round, and grunted a peremptory order to that orderly to retire and to permit no one to disturb the conference until the colonel should ring for him.

As soon as the orderly was gone the colonel leaned back in his chair, with hands folded across the buckle on the front of his belt, and gave himself unreservedly to a consideration of the observations that were falling from the lips of Monsieur the Lieutenant.

After about five minutes of this the colonel held up his hand for silence, rose and started to rummage under his cot among a huge roll of topographical maps. Smithers hastened to his side, went down on his knees, and dug under the cot for everything that was there. Between them they sorted over the maps, selected what they wanted,

The Scrutiny Smithers Bestowed on That Waterfall Was Mostly Through a Little Hand Periscope—Fritz Was Rather Pert With His Sharpshooters Thereabout

and spread them out on the table. Then for a good hour the two sat there, elbows on the table, busy with dividers, slide rules, distance tables, and all the deft tools of their calling.

At the end of that hour they both leaned back in their chairs and agreed that even those official government maps were not enough. Those maps settled the question of levels amply well for purposes of artillery emplacement, but when it came to the very particular work in hand the colonel conceded that the maps were inadequate. When those maps were plotted and drawn no human mind or imagination had conceived the business now afoot.

At length the colonel spoke:

"No. The only way to do this is to get a special squad of engineers from Division Headquarters and make our own special survey."

With this he rolled up the maps on which they had been working, handed them to Smithers to carry, rang for his orderly, and called for his motor car. Without wasting time in words, he took Smithers by the arm, and the two men sat down in the machine.

The driver of that car had won a few long-distance races in his time, and the ensuing twenty minutes were not wholly devoid of interest—seeing that in those twenty minutes they traveled exactly twenty-five miles. It was not the driver's best by any means; but it sufficed.

They landed at Division Headquarters, asked for the general commanding, and were shown in.

Now it so happened that this stretch of German trenches just below the N—— Falls was a position of great strategic importance—a key position to a vast plan of campaign—though that fact was not within the knowledge of Smithers, or even of the colonel. But the general commanding knew those trenches for just exactly what they were worth.

Between Them They Sorted Over the Maps, Selected What They Wanted, and Spread Them Out on the Table

When the talk started the three men were sitting with stiff military formality about a small table; but gradually, as they conversed, they bent forward more and more until their heads almost touched.

At length the general leaned back, pressed the button for his orderly, and gave an explosive order for the instant appearance of the head of his engineer staff. Fortunately for that latter he happened to be in the officers' mess room, whence he arrived with excessive promptitude.

This head of engineers was a big enough man to recognize ability when and where he saw it. He and Smithers talked, while the colonel and the general listened; and, with all the latters' technical training in mathematics—a routine part of every army officer's education—they were hard put to it to keep up with these two specialists, talking mathematical shorthand to each other, omitting whole sentences and paragraphs of intermediate and to themselves obvious causation and leaping to their conclusions with the speed and accuracy of mechanical integrators.

Finally the two engineers ended their talk, and the general, with the wisdom that had put him where he was, seeing plainly that it was a job for experts, turned to the senior engineer officer, with a question in his eye; and the senior engineer officer answered "Whatever he says"—and waved his hand toward Smithers.

Then they began to discuss practical details.

"I should think," said Smithers, "that a dozen transit instruments would be enough. And, of course, we ought to have a few artificial horizons. That part of it ought to be over and checked up to three places of decimals inside of a week. You see our profiles and levels will be worthless unless we hold them to the very minimum possible error. On the plan maps a yard—or five yards, for that matter—would not greatly signify, except for that one spot by the Falls. For that we really ought to have a dozen extra observation planes."

Here the colonel cut in:

"But if we bring up a lot of extra planes the Boches will know something is on and will send in reënforcements."

"I only hope they do," said the general with a sardonic smile; "the more the merrier! It will be just as easy to kill twenty thousand as two thousand with this scheme."

"But if the Boches do reënforce we ought to have a hundred per cent more machine guns," said the colonel, who was burdened with the immediate responsibility of holding that particular sector, and who, like the good colonel he was, wanted to get all he could from headquarters for his immediate command.

"Oh yes, of course," retorted the general; "machine guns, of course. This is *par excellence* a matter for machine guns. You shall have not double but five times your present number of machine guns when the time arrives; for I shall make a demonstration that will pile those two miles of trenches chock-full of Germans just as we strike. The more the merrier!"

Then, turning to the engineers, the general added:

"Quarrymen and miners and workmen in reenforced concrete are scattered all through my division. You shall have what you need by the end of this week. I don't suppose the profile maps will be ready much before then. And I will attend to the cement and the twisted-steel bars. It's a lucky thing our commissary railroad track strikes our trench just abreast of the Falls. That is going to save a lot of motor-truck work."

"Of course," mused the chief of engineers reflectively, "this business of the levels calls for something a little closer than our boys usually work to. I suppose they could do it all right; but if you really want the thing done there is Dutin—professor of observational astronomy at the Institute; and I was talking with him when you called me."

Once more the orderly sped forth.

He returned with Dutin, a slender man in the early forties, with silky black hair, an imperial, and the dreamy eyes of a poet.

To Dutin they conveyed only so much as concerned his part of it—the crucial importance of the levels for the entire two miles down the river from the Falls. Dutin listened with grave attention. Would the general graciously indicate to Monsieur Dutin the permissible latitude of observational error in the profiles?

The general looked at Smithers, who replied:

"Oh, I guess a foot would be close enough—that is, if you could work so close without too much trouble."

Dutin was too polite to smile. A man who in his time had sat up ten nights on end to verify an error of an inconsiderable fraction of a second of arc in a right ascension; whose exquisite accuracy of technic was a byword in every observatory from Tokio to Greenwich; who had determined the parallax of fixed stars—and grown men now seriously asked him whether he could run a level for a mile or two within so preposterously enormous a limit of error as a foot! He thought of Meissonier and the neighbor's garden gate that needed painting.

With forced gravity he assured those present that the profiles would be well within the prescribed limit; but he suggested that, as the matter was evidently one of some importance, he should be gratified if the general would permit him to telephone to Paris for some of his own instruments. Not, he added hastily, that he doubted the accuracy of the army instruments, so far as they went—indeed, he had had a part in proving and standardizing many of them—but for such work as this there were refinements. The general would understand.

Well, indeed, did the general understand. His memory harked back to the day when he was a young lieutenant of artillery and he had spent freely of his own meager salary to paint, polish and beautify that field gun which held all his hopes and ambitions. For a brief instant the stern lines of the general's face relaxed, and he then and there gave the astronomer *carte blanche* to go the limit on those observations.

Just as Dutin turned to leave a sudden doubt beset him. He asked, almost sharply:

"But my base points on the German side? What can I work to? If I select certain designated objects they may be accidentally moved or destroyed by gunfire during the course of my triangulations."

"I thought of that," cut in Smithers; "but it's all right. There are several discarded cannon, some of them rather heavy pieces, which the Germans have bedded crosswise like logs in the earth, in front of their first-line trenches. They are sunk almost out of sight; but here and there a trunnion or a breech band shows above the ground. There is very little chance of their moving."

The astronomer shot a grateful glance at Smithers, as a traveler marooned in a city of foreign tongues greets a native who tries to speak that traveler's vernacular.

After Dutin got outside he permitted himself a long-restrained smile—"A foot in two miles!" Dimly he visioned to himself what would befall if that monstrous error were multiplied out to the space-plumbing immensities in which he lived—and then put into actuality. It would disorganize whole sidereal systems—perhaps hurl the very Earth itself crashing into Venus or Mars.

He hurried to the telephone tent and put in a call for his wife, in Paris. In a few minutes a dovelike voice over the wire was pressing him with questions as to his health—and whether those last socks had reached him—and would he wait just a minute? Then a slender little voice piped: "*Mon papa!*" Dutin reached up to loosen his collar band, and swore covertly at the sudden oppressive warmth of the telephone booth.

These preliminaries ended, he gave careful instructions regarding the packing in cotton and the immediate dispatch to him by special courier of certain of his instruments—creations and playthings of his leisure time,

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PLAYGROUNDS DIM

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY HAWTHORNE HOWLAND

Twice a Year the Two Went Picnicking in the Borrowed Cart of the Old Metal Man

THE tragedy of Grimshaw, who fell in love with the shade of the person he had put out of the world, is best understood by practical people. Grimshaw himself was eminently practical, and, though as a little boy he had believed himself a sort of refugee from a dim, happy playground, it may be shown that sentimentality did not survive in the man of thirty who devoted himself thoughtfully to a phantom.

The boy was always disappointed with the prairie town where he lived, but bore up for the sake of his mother, who worked hard and invested her savings in a sandy little farm; twice a year the two went picnicking there in the borrowed cart of the old metal man. Sometimes, frightened by the white, shadowy look in his mother's face, the boy wished to explain that if they had only lived in the happy playground he would have worked for her and carried in the wood without grumbling, and fed the two chickens which died of starvation. These things which he couldn't do here would have been only play over yonder. But he put off telling her, and about the time their sandy little farm was bought by an oil company for a large sum of money he ceased to be a little boy, and it was forever too late.

The widow Grimshaw put by the money in the Hampden Trust Company, New York City, whose advertisement appeared in the county papers, and they lived in such comfort that Grimshaw was puzzled by her mentioning the past at all.

"When you were little," she said one day, "you often looked at me as if wishing to tell a great secret; you must remember. It was not so long ago."

But to him it was ages ago; the playground where work you do for others is like play was forgotten, and the boy himself a half mythical person identified with cabalistic carvings on trees and furniture or sinister scrawls in old books—not a desirable party to discuss with one's mother. Grimshaw answered her sensibly that they would better enjoy talking about the present, and his mother agreed, but continued visiting some battered relics of the little boy in the attic without anyone's ever suspecting it, and was lonesome for that secret till the day she died.

Grimshaw never thought of the matter again until long afterward, when he had lost his money and was as poor as when he was born. It was only a fleeting thought then, and the last trace of sentimentality which ever showed in his character; but strangely enough it happened on the night when his tragic life story really began.

Grimshaw lost his money in a peculiar way. He had been living in New York several years, a contented, practical life with a company of good spenders, when the great depositors' raid on the Hampden Trust was organized overnight. Having the luck to pass on his way to the theater as the line was forming, Grimshaw left his chauffeur to hold a place and, though not alarmed for the solvency of the Trust, very sensibly went down next morning to see how things were going.

As the bronze doors swung open and the line thrust forward into the lobby, Grimshaw observed the president of the company standing behind the teller, in a group of officials. Grimshaw knew him and his daughters well, and was certain that the president caught his eye and recognized him, though he gave no sign of it. Grimshaw averted his gaze, embarrassed, and the president came forward to the teller's cage for a moment.

"I ought to show loyalty instead of joining a raid against him," reflected the young man. But suddenly remembering that his whole fortune was tied up here, he began to calculate how large an amount he could decently withdraw. "The deposit alone is about twenty thousand; now if the company should go broke I'd lose all my holdings, a hundred and seventy-five thousand."

This time the president's gaze countered his own fairly; steadfast and lurid as a ray from metal, it confused Grimshaw, who nodded two or three times. Still ignoring him, the president, who was now standing by the teller, tapped meditatively on the blotter with his pencil, and retired again to the group of official-looking personages.

The man next ahead was at the window, and his withdrawal amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars. Grimshaw smiled at the way the poor devil clutched his savings and was presenting himself in turn, when a little old woman in black who stood behind gripped his sleeve. Grimshaw glimpsed a wrinkled face, wide, frightened, appealing eyes, and courteously stepped aside. "Another poor devil with a hundred and fifty savings ——"

The little old woman drew thirty-eight thousand dollars.

"Payment is suspended!" exclaimed a sonorous voice from somewhere.

The teller closed the window in Grimshaw's face. The old woman glanced back maliciously and hobbled off, clutching her bag stuffed with bills.

Grimshaw, who had not stirred from his tracks, frowned abstractedly upon the pandemonium that had broken loose in the lobby, and the president of the Hampden Trust came to stand in the empty cage behind the wicket. "Fool!" he said, no longer ignoring Grimshaw, and pointed to the markings he had made with his pencil on the teller's deskpad while holding his young friend's eye so significantly some ten minutes before. These markings had conveyed strictly private instructions to the teller—the number fifteen standing out boldly.

Grimshaw would have been fifteenth at the window had he not stood aside for the old woman.

The president, balked in a trick which was not so unselfish as it might appear to Grimshaw, now turned his back, and the young man picked his way pensively through the mob.

"Fool is right!" he said, and repeated it daily thereafter.

Grimshaw's friends were a pretty decent set of fellows, good spenders all, who did not hesitate to spend on him in his adversity. He was told to make himself at home, and was even sought out when there was a party. So Grimshaw lived on them for a while, but could not do so forever, and the good word and handshake imparted no hope of the future.

"Somehow they look on me already as a thing of the past," he thought, and presently told them "Adieu!" to go out into the world after a job and so build up his fortunes again.

They gave him a send-off party.

"Success, old man!" said the good spenders with one voice. "You are a hero to go in for economy. We are proud of you and with you, and good-by!"

Nevertheless, the meager young man in the top floor back of the Third Avenue rooming house, who three months later sat with his head between his hands and a loaded revolver on the dresser, was not thinking of these friends and his days of splendor. His great adventure had turned out to be only banishment; he was now shabby and underfed, but instead of regretting what he had lost he was thinking of the boy's secret which his mother had spoken of.

"I wonder what it could have been," thought Grimshaw. "Mother, who already had almost everything, believed she would be happier if she knew."

For a moment he wondered if there could be some sort of happiness which he did not know about; but he was far too sensible a fellow to court illusions even in a desperate moment like this.

"Nonsense!" he said, recalled to the realities by the tolling of a clock over the city. "Life is only a curse without money. I have been rich and poor, and I surely ought to know."

So Grimshaw wrote a note to one of the good spenders, requesting that he be buried decently, and had turned to his revolver, when suddenly he was conscious of being watched.

Ever since the day of the Trust Company's crash, when he had failed to catch the meaning in the president's glance, Grimshaw had instinctively sought some hopeful message in every eye turned his way. But not one of those thousand windows of the soul had burned a candle for the outcast, so that now he was resentful of an interest which came all too late, and stood defiantly holding his weapon and scanning the ceiling, the door, the walls, for the human eye he felt upon him. With a shock he encountered it in a corner just above the floor. Fixed in a crumbling socket of plaster, the eye glittered brightly under a tattered brow of wall paper.

Grimshaw, spellbound by this phenomenon, was summoned by a faint irregular knocking on the wall.

"It is a message," he affirmed and, laying aside his revolver, nodded to the eye and went out.

The phenomenon, however, turned out a commonplace incident. His neighbor, a sick, half-paralyzed old man, while lying on a cot in the corner, had discovered the chink in the wall and spied through upon Grimshaw with a graver motive than curiosity. He did, in fact, seek a trusty messenger to do him a last little service and, being satisfied with Grimshaw's honest appearance, begged him to take an envelope from under his pillow and deliver it to an address downtown.

"Very well, if I can go with it at once," stipulated Grimshaw.

"The envelope is addressed to my niece and heir, and contains securities. She will receive you," assured the sick man.

Grimshaw nodded and, disappointed that nothing more had come of the incident, turned to go, when the other halted him by adding enviously:

"You ought to be a happy man."

Grimshaw laughed involuntarily, and then replied that only a stranger to his affairs could envy him.

"Bosh! You can die when you get sick or tired of living—you have no fortune to part from. And what is the breaking of any other tie? What is friend or relative compared to money?"

"Nothing!" assented Grimshaw.

"I felt, dying this way, that I was being robbed by inches," said the paralytic, "so I assigned my property—these securities—all at once and then lacked the courage to send 'em. My niece wouldn't care if I lived on a year, in beggary. But now I want this last parting over with."

He urged his messenger to go and, on the verge of collapse, whispered that he was ready to die poor and happy.

The fact that his old neighbor seemed to be something of a miser did not make his message less impressive to Grimshaw, who departed with a light step.

"I have not a possession in the world to part with," he declared, rubbing his hands, "nor a tie to break. I am a happy man after all."

His mission took him far downtown to the east of Chatham Square, where he located the address at an old brick tenement, and read the heiress' name on the mail box in the entry by the light of a match.

"She'll rejoice to get out of this," thought Grimshaw, impressed by the noises and smells of the neighborhood.

Miss Cordy Carnes was busy ironing when he knocked, but she placed one of her two fragile little table chairs for the visitor with an air of hospitality, and listened pensively as he explained that he had come as her uncle's executor. She was a slender, wan young woman in a black dress with white collar and cuffs; her hair, parted on the side and swept in a dark wave across her forehead, gave her a boyish look, and a boy's thoughts glanced in the fine, inquisitive hazel eyes.

But Grimshaw did not notice her attractiveness, being fascinated by the room itself. At this end stood the tiny range and the cupboard with dainty dishes set up in rows; at the other were an easy-chair and a book-shelf; and the dining table stood between with snowy linen cover.

"Are you a friend of my uncle's?" asked Miss Carnes.

"Only a neighbor called in at extremity; he's made you his heir and here are all the papers." Grimshaw rose and laid them on the ironing board. Suddenly his heart went out to this little fellow exile who made so much better of poverty than he himself had done. "And I wish you long life and happiness with your fortune," he exclaimed in his old, almost forgotten manner.

But the heiress, instead of rejoicing, looked at him inquisitively.

"You can't believe it, can you?" he laughed. "Yet here it is, all in this envelope! See for yourself!"

Deliberately the girl examined the papers under the gaslight, and then pinned them up in the envelope again, observing that she had seen too many lives made miserable by disappointment to risk it herself.

"But this fortune is a sure thing!"

Still she did not rejoice.

"I've gone along here contentedly," she said levelly, "without my uncle's aid or good will. Even money can't be depended upon to buy everything ——" Grimshaw gave such signs of impatience that she defended her stand rather vehemently, with flushed cheeks. "I don't need or wish to hope; I know better. I'm contented—I like to believe that this room is a sort of far country where I visit when I'm through the day's work and meet with everything I wish for."

For an unknown reason the mention of the far country was peculiarly exasperating to Grimshaw.

"Well, well!" he said, "your dreams have been endowed with reality now." The tremendous wistfulness of the situation inspired him to persuasive eloquence. "With money you will enjoy yourself sanely; this imagining is only a delirium born of longing. But a rich person's every wish takes substance. You will have, best of all, friends who will create for you a paradise unimagined, because you do not know what it is."

After a moment she confessed:

"I can only imagine friends—and the pleasant things I've really known are not many."

"You will know them all."

"You are truly representing my uncle," she interrupted gayly. "When a year or two ago he ferreted me out to collect the last payment on an old note father had given him, I described my household here as I have to you. 'And can you imagine you have money?' he asked, and I told him: 'Oh, yes, any amount; and I can take my fortune and all my friends with me when I die.' 'Bah!' he said; but he was furious."

She spoke in a sort of raillery, but, nevertheless, this meager young man had something grand and shadowy in his manner which could not fail to impress one this night. The doubter wavered.

"And you really believe, sir, that a man who dislikes me so would give me his fortune?"

"He has done so."

She sighed, looking round the room.

"But these papers—they mean nothing to me. Can you arrange to turn them into the money which will do so much? Anyhow," with a faint smile, "you should have a commission for wishing me happiness; and you won't ask a fee in advance; and somebody else might cheat me."

"Surely I'll do it," agreed Grimshaw.

From the door he glanced again round the room, which did not seem so cheerful now, and the girl was visibly depressed.

"Remember me as the messenger of Fortune," he admonished, not relishing that his last leave-taking should be a gloomy one.

The girl laughed aloud, abruptly, a musical laugh and yet shocking to Grimshaw.

"I feel discontented with this place already, but what does it matter?" she asked. "You have promised me realities which will make a pleasanter home than I can ever imagine here. It's all true, isn't it, Mr. Grimshaw? I will get the money, and it will do what you say for me!"

"Yes, yes," he assured her, and bade good evening hurriedly.

All the way home he considered what he had done, and resolved to discuss it with the old gentleman. But on his arrival he found his landlady in the upper hall, counting over some bills which she had found wrapped up in a clipped advertisement of a twenty-five-dollar funeral. His neighbor had died in the meantime.

Grimshaw, alone in his room, heard the voices and funereal footfalls next door and then the ambulance bell. Though not unimpressed by the evening's sordid little drama, he was now thrown back upon his own affairs, which had been complicated by the promise he had made to Miss Carnes.

"I must attend to that business promptly in the morning," he said, because he had already gone hungry a day or two and did not know how long he could hold out. He regretted now the dime that he had been saving so as not to be found dead with empty pockets. For a moment he speculated on what he would have bought for breakfast if the dime had not been frittered away on carfare downtown; then, standing in the center of the room, he took the envelope from his pocket, musing sternly of Miss Cordy Carnes. If she mistook this iron country of poverty for a playground, he had no such illusion.

He glanced at the papers, concentrated, then walked slowly about; suddenly he burst into his first hearty laugh for many a day—Grimshaw was in luck at last.

The legacy consisted entirely of stock in the Hampden Trust Company, and as it could not be negotiated at any price he was automatically absolved from his promise. He could inclose the worthless paper to Miss Carnes with an explanation, and end himself as soon as he liked.

As Grimshaw began writing he laughed again, but gradually he came to a pause and studied the note frowningly. "Malicious old villain!" he exclaimed, referring to his late neighbor, and recalled Miss Carnes' description of the latter's visit to her a year ago when he had asked if she could imagine she had money.

However, the girl would not be disappointed, having all along been skeptical of the old skinflint's generosity. And she was living contentedly in her far country. A memory rose slowly of the room which had turned so gray and desolate after Grimshaw had been there talking a while, though something of surpassing cheerfulness had filled it when he first looked in.

"You Ought to be a Happy Man. You Have No Fortune to Part From. And What is Friend or Relative Compared to Money?"

A sensation distinct from all those that had come from his being a rich man and then a poor man planning suicide passed through Grimshaw—his flesh, his mind and his spirit too. It was a newly awakened sense rather than a sensation, and caused him to creep and shudder without cessation. Thereafter he could by no effort relieve himself of a steadfast contemplation of the girl, alone ironing in the ghastly room. He said huskily:

"The old villain! Lucky she wouldn't believe his message."

No, the girl had not believed her uncle.

"I won't hope; I know better," she had said. "I am contented here anyway."

But, persuaded by a quite satanic eloquence, she had believed Grimshaw. And the guilty young man knew that disappointment would now make its home with her and there would be no more cheerful make-believing.

"I have destroyed her," whispered Grimshaw, and turned again to his revolver. And again he was conscious of being watched.

Half an hour later he was mousing round, abstractedly setting his room in order for the first time since coming into it. Miss Carnes' room had been very neat, with two tasteful prints hung on the wall, and, remembering a dusty lithograph which lay in the bottom drawer of the dresser, Grimshaw pinned that up and considered the result anxiously. As if intending to make this garret his home indefinitely, he wished it to be as gay and companionable as possible.

He looked at his shoes and at his coat; then taking off his trousers, examined them, pursing his lips.

"I must keep an iron," he said; "and there must be mending done here."

Finally he extinguished the light and lay down quietly. The life he had lived was terminated; it was Grimshaw's suicide.

II

EARLY next morning Grimshaw struck out for the Hampden Trust Building, a mile uptown. There being informed by the receiver's secretary that the former president had opened an office of some sort down on Nassau Street, he covered the distance by noon.

The president, who was under indictment, sat at a cheap desk in threadbare clothes, taking it for granted that all his visitors would come either to reproach or to borrow. As it happened Grimshaw came to amuse him by inquiries concerning the old woman of disagreeable memory.

"She ought to reward you," said the president judicially; "but the fact is that she is niggardly beyond belief even to her nephew, a worthy young man."

Grimshaw reassured him: "That's all right; I've taken precautions against disappointment."

Having learned that the woman was a Mrs. Sloan and noted her address, four miles uptown, Grimshaw departed, tightening his belt as the noon whistles blew.

As he walked along he congratulated himself on the precaution he had taken.

"See what a pass Miss Carnes is brought to by permitting herself to hope; it is a lesson to me."

The March afternoon was waning when Mrs. Sloan's servant informed him that her mistress was out of town for the week. So Grimshaw turned his steps back downtown to the brick tenement, where he arrived about dusk.

Miss Carnes, who was cooking dinner at the time, received him soberly and did not ask about her fortune.

Grimshaw was encouraged by such uncommon hardihood.

"Your uncle is dead," said he, "and I hope I didn't inspire extravagant expectations of that legacy."

Miss Carnes silently turned the ham, which was a golden brown, and, resolutely averting his eyes from it, Grimshaw continued:

"You see, it's this way: Your stocks would be awfully sacrificed if thrown on the market, which is already overloaded. Now they are yielding small but sure dividends amounting to about fifty dollars a month. These are paid quarterly—it's too bad you won't get one for nearly three months, because your uncle drew one last week."

She searched Grimshaw's face with a glance that confused him.

"Do you mean to tell me that I am actually to receive fifty dollars a month?"

"One hundred and fifty per quarter; yes, ma'am; yes, indeed!"

Miss Carnes' hardihood gave way; she was pallid and mute and trembling. Grimshaw nodded vigorously with a delighted, ringing laugh.

"Six hundred a year, and more when stocks go up—all your own, forever." And Miss Carnes, blinking the tears from her eyes, turned away and looked out of the window.

Grimshaw reached stiffly from his tracks to rescue the ham, which was scorching. "How she appreciates that little dividend is pathetic," he reflected.

The girl came back, a spark of scarlet, which remained in her cheeks the rest of the evening, being the only evidence that her emotion had not been wholly subdued. She set the ham on the table with potatoes daintily browned, and biscuit like snowflakes.

"You don't suppose that I cooked all this for myself?" she asked. "Well, I hoped that you would bring your report in time for dinner."

She took a demure interest in the appetite of her guest, tempting it until he had swept the board. Grimshaw forever remembered that feast, which wound up with a pudding magically transmuted from common bread crumbs.

Afterward the talk ran on business while she washed the dishes and Grimshaw dried them.

"Of course your uncle left a will; I locked it up at home in my dresser, the bottom drawer, before leaving this morning for my office. I'll attend to the filing of it in court," he said deliberately.

She nodded; indeed spoke as few words as possible during the entire evening.

"Will you attend to collecting the dividends too?" she asked after a while.

"Surely," agreed Grimshaw, much relieved; "but remember, you don't know much about me, whether I'm honest or not. And I will have power of attorney."

"I run less risk in trusting you than I would in trusting men I know better," she replied gravely; "or the men I don't know at all."

She asked the address of the undertaker so she could go to her uncle's funeral, and it was then Miss Carnes made her longest speech, impulsively:

"Do you wish to know about me? Well, I found a place in a bookshop when father died, and I noticed that the older working girls I knew, who struggled to make a show, had worn themselves out; they were faded and fierce and disappointed. I was scared—I didn't want to be like that. So I hustled right down here to the slums without making a struggle at all; and here I am safe and sound."

Grimshaw meditated on this charming biography.

"You had even to imagine your friends down here?" he said.

But she answered reminiscently. Plainly her far country was a thing of the past; and when they went up into the library, where the bright rug was and the easy-chair and the bookshelf, many subjects were discussed with never another hint of that.

In profound quietness that was not abstraction, for she answered Grimshaw clearly when need be, the girl was settling herself among the realities which he had promised—the imagined things taking substance. Grimshaw felt this in a way and was very glad that even this little legacy would enable her to enjoy life sanely. He did not ask himself what this girl, who had herself been one of the bright, shadowy unrealities of life, would become when she also harshened into materiality.

He drew up the power of attorney in such solemn phrase that they were both a little awed. After signature was affixed he buttoned the dread document closely under his coat with two buttons and, thus bringing the evening to a logical conclusion, rose to depart.

Of course Miss Carnes hoped he would come again, but when he referred uneasily to the responsibilities of business which might keep him going weeks at a stretch, she understood as a business woman, and they parted amicably, to meet again when the dividends were paid at the end of the quarter. On the following morning the foreman on one of the docks was astonished to discover in a trucking gang a young man whom he had once refused a job.

"Come out o' that!" he bawled, and Grimshaw brought his truck along to explain.

"You see, I'm down to bedrock; there's only one way to look at it."

"Nothin' doin' here," affirmed the boss. "You didn't seem so hurt when I turned you down the other day."

"Then I had a way out of this. Now I've got to stay along here at bedrock, right on the job."

"Oh, I guess your way out is still open."

Grimshaw looked him seriously between the eyes.

"It's still on my dresser, loaded. But I had to take up a certain responsibility, and now I can't make use of that."

After a moment he went on with his truck, and at noon the boss hunted up an old pair of gloves and overalls for him.

"How you eatin'?" he asked, and Grimshaw, marveling at such insight, took a dollar advance on his pay and limped madly for a lunch wagon.

He invested a dime at a drug store that evening, and while applying the arnica decided that the times now demanded he take counsel with himself. "To get up and go to work and come back and go to bed is not accomplishing much," he said. "A man must also take his leisure and think." Having absorbed all the arnica, he wrapped up in a comfort and seated himself gradually, to consider first of all his condition as a man of poverty, and next his responsibilities—puffing on a new corncob pipe.

But now he could not concentrate on his condition at all, though it was much worse than it ever had been during the months when he could think of nothing else. So he turned to his responsibility.

"Nearly three months to hoard up a hundred-and-fifty-dollar dividends," he said, snapping his fingers, and was asleep almost before he could climb into bed.

Every morning on his way to work Grimshaw passed a neighborhood shop kept by an old German woman, and saw in the window a faded little plush case containing needle and thread and thimble and scissors; it was a housewife, he learned. On Saturday he was able to buy this together with a flatiron, and late into the night was laundering in the bathtub down the hall, and mending and ironing.

Sunday morning he called on Mrs. Sloan, who recognized him with distrust; but as he made no demand for justice the shrewd old woman became interested in the curiously mended, curiously ironed young man who could not be disappointed. He wished a position and she had business interests, and finally she offered him a position as salesman in an automobile agency which she had bought for her nephew to manage.

"That is the one article of commerce I know all about," Grimshaw had assured her; and after some haggling the salary was fixed at eighty-five dollars a month, with a raise to one hundred when he was worth it.

Ordinarily Mrs. Sloan would have turned down a destitute young man as of no account, but about this time people began to treat Grimshaw differently. As if traveling back to the country which the boy had known of, he met only children on the way; however old or crabbed they might seem, they were only children who liked to journey a little of the way with him, and would refuse him nothing.

He had a particular kind of success at the automobile agency. It was not long before the nephew admitted to Mrs. Sloan:

"Grimshaw gets the tough customers; he has a swing, a knockout which he starts from somewhere ——"

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SOURCE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XV

SNOW had come now, to stay until spring. By the middle of January there was a depth of seven feet in the woods. As Sim-Sam said, "A feller's got to dig a cellar 'fore he kin cut down a tree," which expressed the situation clearly. Spruce was too valuable to stump above the snow line; and hardwood, though customarily stumped higher than spruce owing to imperfections common to the bole in the region just above the roots, was certainly not to be cut seven feet above ground. So the snow shovel was as much in use as saw or ax.

This made for delay; but the presence of the snow, enabling the construction of smooth, level roads over which to snake the logs to the skidways, more than made up for it. Then, too, with the setting in of winter, lumberjacks cast their eyes toward the woods and men were more easily had. So the lumbering operations themselves began to take on a semblance of efficiency and to show adequate results for toil expended.

The narrow gauge had its work cut out for it. To buck a snowfall of a couple of feet once in a while is an easy matter; but to keep clear twenty or thirty miles of track when it snows every day is quite another thing. Before long the trains ran through miniature cañons, smooth, white, painful to the eye when the sun shone. On both sides of the track the big snowplows had hurled and packed the snow into solid perpendicular walls hard as ice, and twelve, even fifteen feet high. When other snows came it was more than could reasonably be asked of a snowplow to toss it over these miniature cliffs.

Yard rode frequently on the snowplow, and there were days when its progress was to be measured in yards rather than in miles. The snowplow, a big red-painted affair of heavy planking, was equipped inside with a sheet-iron stove to keep the necessary attendants warm. There was a little room there, lighted by four windows, where one might be comfortable indeed.

After the last heavy fall Yard had accompanied the plow. All three engines had been coupled behind it, for with less urging it would not go. The mode of operating was simple. The engines would proceed as they could through level places until a huge drift loomed ahead. Then they would back off a quarter of a mile, and with engineers and firemen giving to each locomotive all he could give it, they would seem to crouch like football players lunging at the opposing line, and charge. Sometimes such a charge would carry them through the drift; sometimes the snowplow would be driven out of sight in the dune of white for a gain of twenty feet. When the narrow places were reached—the gaps—it often became a matter of shoveling, for not even three sturdy locomotives could drive such a plow through half a mile of snow blown in by the winds to depths of fifteen or twenty feet, or even more.

Day and night the men labored to keep the ways clear for trains of hardwood—it was mostly hardwood that went down during the winter—to rattle and rumble and grumble to the mills. But Yard kept them going. They had to be kept going. He grew leaner; his eyes looked out at the world from shadowy hollows, and there was a steely glitter in them. Men watched him at his daily business and shook their heads. They saw a man driven remorselessly by his will, driving others remorselessly. His cheekbones stood out prominently over tanned cheeks. Somehow his appearance was not that of a laborer, of a man pitting the strength of his will and his body against Nature, but of an ascetic, of one whose soul was fired by a zeal that fed upon the fuel of the body. By word and act he preached his dogma, and his dogma was sulphate pulp.

His men worked for him, admired him, but feared him. In the days before that dawn upon the mountain top when he had looked on the world and found it wonderful, when he had perceived his own smallness and the futility of his problems and griefs as weighed against the greater ends of the universe, there had been a warmth, a whimsicality about him, that had drawn the affections of men to him. Now he seemed apart, a man driven. The joke, the laugh, the happy retort were not for him. Men could marvel, could, perhaps, feel the stir of sympathy, but they could not love him—save Sim-Sam alone, who, knowing nothing of the matter, guessed at the presence of some black blight, and manifested with pitiful eagerness such tenderness as he was capable of—and it was in no mean measure.

After that last big snowfall Yard sat in the snowplow, alone at the far end of the little space, elbows on knees, somber eyes peering out upon the snow. They had fought well that day. From the junction up the East Branch to the trestle across Big Buck Brook they had charged and slashed, and now the trestle lay before them. At that point the brook flowed parallel with the railroad for a quarter of a mile, then suddenly cut across the right of way and scudded for the river. At the right of the trestle, ten feet from the tracks, the mountain rose precipitately, with great outcroppings of granite. The brook passed under the track a dozen feet below, and it was thick with bowlders.

A great drift, starting at the mountain wall, filled the course of the brook and mounted ten feet above the trestle, barring the way.

"Better take that easy, hadn't we, Mr. Yard?" asked one of the men. "Might git dumped off that trestle there where the drift peters out, and them rocks don't look good to me." Rocks, swept bare by the wind, were visible below.

Yard, glancing down apparently without interest, said sharply: "Back off and let her have it."

Accordingly it was done. The plow, with the force of three locomotives behind it, rushed the drift, sank its nose in it, then halted with sudden shock and impact. Sounds of splintering and rending from beneath! Men were flung headlong to the floor! The stove toppled from its legs! The snowplow rose a little at the front and, still driven by the locomotives behind, veered as though to avoid some impassable obstacle, then crashed headlong over the edge of the trestle to the rocks below.

As the plow wavered on the edge Yard sprang to instinctive action. With one swing of a chair he demolished the window—sash and glass. Almost as the completion of the same movement he dived headforemost through the opening and fell upon the trestle, clutching the farther rail.

Instantly he was on his feet, bruised and bleeding from a gash on his forehead, but feeling no pain. Only the snowplow had gone over. The engines, their momentum lost by the shock, had happily been brought to a stop. Yard leaped down to the plow, now lying on its side, its fighting ram splintered and crumpled by the obstacle it had met on the trestle. Smoke poured from it, and from the three men within it there came a confused shouting mingled with cries of pain.

In an instant the crews of the engines were at hand to help. The men were gotten out, one with leg dangling useless, broken between knee and hip. Next the fire, kindled by the overturned stove, was smothered in snow. Not till then did Yard clamber to the trestle to discover the cause of the wreck.

It was a bowlder placed neatly between the rails. In no manner could it have reached that spot except by the ingenuity of man. It had been placed there under shelter of the blinding snow to perform a task, and it had served its purpose well. After being quiet for some time in the woods the enemy had struck again, and the great success of their blow lay not so much in the derailment or crippling of a snowplow, as in the effect of the thing on the minds of the men. What man can charge headlong into a drift when lurking in his mind is the possibility that a bowlder may be waiting there?

One engine took the injured man to town and brought back men to help replace the plow on the tracks. With the help of the locomotives this was accomplished after nightfall, and the crippled plow was dragged back to the roundhouse for necessary repairs. The work was continued with a smaller, less capable contrivance.

"We can't have that thing happen again," Yard said somberly to Billings, as he sat with the walking boss that night. "The train crews will forget this one accident in a week or two, but if it happens again ——"

"Langlois is working for the Power Company," said Billings thoughtfully. "I wondered why they hired him."

"Yes," said Yard, "I've thought of that. He'd be the very man for them. It wouldn't be such a job for a woodsman to cut across from the dam to the East Branch and come down the track. I'd like to know where Langlois was last night."

"Do any of our boys know any of the men at the dam?"

"Sim-Sam might," said Yard; and going to the door he called to him.

Sim-Sam appeared in the door of the bunkhouse and hurried over.

"Know any of the men on the dam, Sim-Sam?"

"Jest that jumpin' Frenchman, Pete."

"Anything you could call him on the telephone about without getting him suspicious?"

"He owes me five bucks," grinned Sim-Sam. "'Tain't likely he'd be as suspicious as he would be sore if I was to call up and ask when he was comin' through with it."

"Good enough. Do that, and then see if you can find out if Langlois was on his job there last night."

Sim-Sam managed by patience to get into connection with the dam and asked for Pete.

"Hello, Pete," he said; "this here's Sim. Say, about that five bucks now ——"

His voice stopped and apparently he was listening to protestations of some sort which came to him from the other end of the line.

"You're always busted," he retorted. "What d'you do with your dough, eh? Well, call you agin next pay day, whenever that is. Say, what kind of a boss you got anyhow, that won't call his men to the phone in the evenin'? I called you up last night—and Langlois tells me to go to the devil, he didn't have no time to go wallerin' round after jumpin' Frenchmen."

A pause. Then: "'Twas, too, Langlois. Guess I know his voice."

The indistinct murmur of a distant voice told the listeners that Pete was talking.

"Did, eh? Left there at six o'clock and didn't git back till 'most mornin'. What was he doin'—chasin' a squirrel round in the woods?"

Another brief pause.

"Asked him where he'd been, eh, and he nigh knocked your head off! Ought to know better, Pete, than to go buttin' in on Langlois' affairs. G'by, Pete."

"Langlois was the boy," said Yard with decision.

"Slim evidence to hang on," said Billings.

"It Isn't Your Money We Want, But Yourself and Your Influence at Our Back. We Have Fifty Millions Against Us, Smothering Us"

"Plenty for me," Yard said, and his lips compressed. "I'll call on Langlois to-morrow—and I'll bet there'll be no more bowlders on our track."

"Go easy, Yard. He's a bad actor—and he's afraid of you. That makes him more dangerous. Always look out for a bad man that's afraid of you. He sort of feels like it's his duty to do something to prove to himself that he isn't afraid."

"I'll chance it," said Yard, and went off to bed in the room the Billingses kept ready for him.

"Not much to be got out of him lately, is there, Sim-Sam?" said Billings.

Sim-Sam's eyes had followed his friend.

"Poor young feller," he said; "somethin's bitin' him mighty hard!"

Next day Yard did not put the fear of God into Langlois, as he had intended, for Beaumont summoned him to the office.

"Put on your respectable clothes," he said.

"I haven't any," said Van.

"We start for Boston this afternoon. Those notes fall due in three days, and I want to get there in time to have a few hours to scout round if the banks won't renew."

Boston was reached in the early hours of the evening. Van had not wanted to go there, had a subconscious dread of his home city, though he had not admitted it even to himself. There was the possibility of encountering old friends and acquaintances; there were the associations of the later days, with their sordid reminders. As to the former, he need not have felt alarm, for no one would recognize one of the Yards in a red-and-black-checked Mackinaw, woolen woodsmen's trousers, gray stockings reaching to the knee, and rubber shoepacks. The disguise of his body was perfect; it did not need the finishing touch which experience, labor, sun, wind and storm had placed upon his face. Van Twiller Yard was submerged forever—replaced by Van Yard, woodsman.

Strange to say, Van Yard was unconscious of the unsuitability of his garments. Big John perceived it, but did not mention it. Just one thought, after they had arrived in Boston, filled the young man's brain—sulphate pulp. It was threatened, seriously threatened, and against this fact nothing else counted. He was curiously intent and preoccupied. After one or two futile attempts at conversation Big John left him to his own thoughts.

Next morning Beaumont and Yard were at the bank soon after the opening of its doors, and gained interview with its president, Mr. Waite.

"Waite," said Beaumont, coming at once to the point, "are you going to renew my notes?"

"Why"—Waite hesitated—"we have been talking over your affairs, Beaumont. Rumors have come down to us."

"What rumors?"

"Well, frankly, that you had bitten off more than you can chew."

"Huh! With a contract for my output that shows more than three hundred per cent profit I guess I'll be able to masticate, all right. Want to see it?"

"We know about that; but our information is that you can't make good on it—can't deliver."

"That's it, eh? Afraid of our output? Well, right now we're manufacturing close to capacity—pretty good for a new mill. We've got pulpwood, peeled and in a heap, that'll carry us through till spring. Where'd you get this information?"

"The sources are, of course, confidential. You say you have pulpwood enough to last till spring, but what of the rest of the year? Something's wrong out in the woods, isn't there? Our information is pretty definite that the woods end of your organization is falling down."

"How about it, Yard?" said Big John.

"It is not," said Yard intensely.

"You speak with authority," said Mr. Waite.

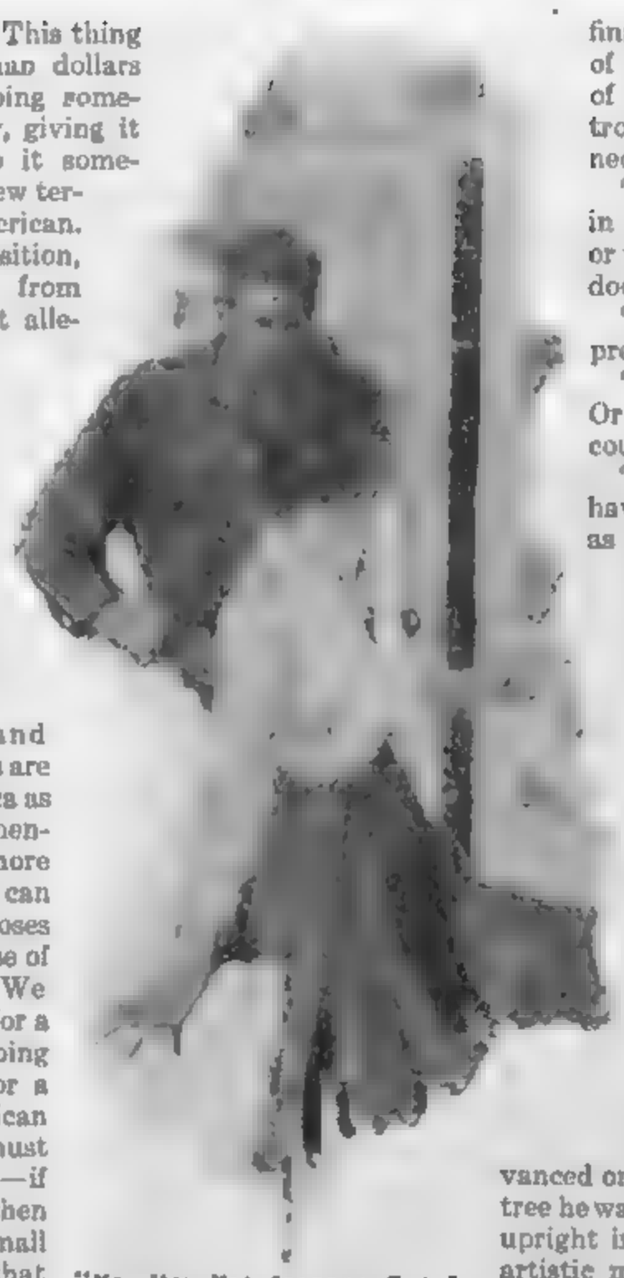
"I'm in charge of the woods."

"Rather a prejudiced witness, aren't you?" said Mr. Waite, surveying Yard's costume covertly.

"Prejudiced only in one way, Mr. Waite, and that's in favor of a square deal. This is no time for diplomacy, Mr. Beaumont. This bank has made up its mind what it's going to do, and no amount of arguing by us will change it. Mr. Waite, your bank has its orders to shut down on us. You're a hired man. I don't blame you any more than I do any other man who was born without enough spine to last him through. You are well acquainted with the situation. You know we can succeed. You know we can give America a new and profitable industry—sulphate pulp. And you also know who's bucking us."

"Sir?" said Mr. Waite, rising.

"Sit down, please. This thing means more to us than dollars and cents. We're doing something for our country, giving it something, adding to it something as valuable as new territory! You're an American. All you have, your position, your money, comes from America. You owe it allegiance. If we were at war with Sweden, probably you wouldn't sell one of our fortifications to them. That would be too obvious. But here is a situation where America is at financial war with Sweden; and you not only desert, you aid the enemy with all your power. You and your board of directors are as dangerous to America as any association of hyphenates, because you're more powerful, because you can carry out your purposes with a specious pretense of business necessity. We withdraw our request for a renewal, and we're going out of here to look for a bank run by an American with a spine. There must be one. If there isn't—if they're all like you—then we'll go smash, and small matter it will be. If that proves to be true then it is time the people of this land got down the guns that are rusting over their mantels and marched. For the people are American, don't forget that. And the day will come when they'll see what you fellows are up to, and demand a reckoning. Money has grown reckless. It has the notion it is inviolate; that, like the king, it can do no wrong. But it's blind, Mr. Waite. Because it is powerful it can see no other power. But there is a force, and that force is in the people—the common men, laborers, clerks, farmers—and cannot be resisted. It never has been resisted. A few more years of this sort of thing, and you financial men will bring it down on yourselves."



"No, I'm Not Insane; But I Couldn't Stand It to Hear That Man Make Love to You"

Van paused and Beaumont looked at him anxiously, for the young man had spoken feverishly, with eyes that glittered; had gestured with hands that quivered, so tense were his nerves.

"Come, Mr. Beaumont," Yard said presently. "I had to get that off my mind."

"Huh! Like to have done it myself, but you did it better, I expect. Takes the fire and enthusiasm of youth for a job like that. Good morning, Mr. Waite."

So they passed out of that bank and into another. It was evident they were known men, that their request for money had been refused before it was put; but they did not give up until banking hours were over. No bank they visited gave them the faintest encouragement.

"We're done for," said Big John wearily, as they turned toward their hotel.

"We're not!" Yard seized his arm with nervous clutch. "This was skirmishing. Now we've got to fight."

"How?"

"We'll take the sleeper to New York to-night."

"What can we do in New York?"

"Get big millions to block little millions. Fifty millions are against us. We'll go to New York to get half a billion with us."

"Say, young fellow, you come along to bed. This stuff has got you a bit off your balance."

"I'm not crazy, Mr. Beaumont. I've been thinking this thing over all the days since you spoke about it first. I've picked the most probable man, and to-morrow we'll make him give us an interview. He's as big as they make them. With the weight of his influence behind us we'll never have another worry like this."

"Who's the man?"

"Angus Mackenzie," said Yard.

Beaumont stopped still.

"Mackenzie!" he said. "By Jingo, boy, you're either crazy as a loon or a genius! But we'll try it. On patriotic grounds, eh? We'll give Mackenzie a whirl. He's the only bet we've got left."

XVI

YARD'S intense, fanatical enthusiasm carried Big John Beaumont to New York, but as he lay wakeful in his berth his hope chilled and he realized the futility, the absurdity, of their errand. They were journeying to ask financial backing of one of the great money monarchs of the United States, and they were uncertain even of obtaining an interview. They were without introductions, had nothing to help them but their necessity.

"We're making fools of ourselves," he said to Van in the morning. "Mackenzie's footman or butler or whatever it is will never let us see the inside of the door."

"We'll see Mackenzie," said Yard with lips compressed, "if I have to use scaling ladders."

"Come on back home, boy, and take our medicine. Or better, if you think there's a chance let's try a couple of New York banks."

"Mr. Beaumont"—Yard spoke as men speak who have made an unalterable resolution—"you can do as you please, but I'm going to Mackenzie's house this morning, and I'm going to stay at his door till I see him or the police drag me away."

Beaumont began to wish he had left Yard at home. He had come to try to borrow money, not to be keeper to a lunatic.

"Don't you see the brass of it, Yard?" he asked. "I haven't the nerve to tackle it—it's too darned cheeky."

"Cheeky! What do I care? What does it matter what Mackenzie or anybody else thinks of you and me? We're working for sulphate pulp."

"All right," said Big John with resignation and some admiration. "If you stay I'll draw cards too. Let's get breakfast. We can't tackle him before nine o'clock."

They breakfasted without appetite, prowled about the hotel for an hour, and took a taxicab to Mackenzie's Fifth Avenue palace. Van advanced on the door as he would have advanced on a spruce tree he was about to fell. Before him were double gates of upright iron bars, with iron bands weaving in and out in artistic manner. These folded in front of huge bronze doors, one of which opened presently in response to Van's ring, opened grudgingly, and a portion of the body of a man in livery was visible.

"We want to see Mr. Mackenzie," Van said. "We have no cards. Will you say Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Yard, of Vermont, must see Mr. Mackenzie?"

The man stared at them and closed the door, leaving them standing on the broad step facing the iron grilling. He was absent some time, then a smaller door at the right, at right angles to the bronze doors, opened, and the footman motioned them to enter.

"Mr. Mackenzie's secretary will see you," he said, and led the way down a narrow passageway which Beaumont felt must be mined to guard against sudden attack, and was undoubtedly under the muzzle of one machine gun at least. Up a narrow flight of stairs the footman preceded them, and into a bare, austere, inauspicious room.

"Be seated," said the footman, and withdrew on the opposite side, closing the door after him. Yard and Beaumont heard the snap of a spring lock.

"Sort of cautious, ain't he?" said Beaumont. "We're locked in. If they forget us or don't like our looks we may be left here to starve."

It was a long twenty minutes before Mr. Mackenzie's secretary, a smooth-voiced, handsome, ladylike person, appeared, rearguarded by the footman.

"You wished to see Mr. Mackenzie? Will you state your business to me?"

He stared openly at Van. Doubtless he had never before seen a man in woodsman's attire.

"It is necessary for us to see Mr. Mackenzie in person," said Van, and both the secretary and Beaumont recognized the voice of a man who was accustomed to footmen and private secretaries, and was not to be awed by them. "We are not asking donations for any charity. Mr. Beaumont is a manufacturer of lumber and pulp in Vermont. I am his woods foreman. We came to Mr. Mackenzie because I read the address he recently delivered at the laying of the cornerstone of an electric-light plant he had presented. That address read as if it were sincere. If it was sincere Mr. Mackenzie will grant us a brief interview, for we come, not as private individuals but as American citizens, to lay before him a condition which will work a considerable harm to this country. We are not cranks. We believe Mr. Mackenzie, standing for what he does, will want to know what we have to tell him."

"Are you known to Mr. Mackenzie or have you introductions?"

"No. Our only introduction is that we are citizens of the United States, and are in its service as surely as if we were soldiers in uniform."

"I am afraid," said the secretary, "that Mr. Mackenzie will not see you. However, I will tell him what you say. Pardon me."

Shortly he returned.

"Will you step into the library?" he said. "Mr. Mackenzie will see you presently. It is very unusual."

They proceeded to the library, a great room with walls hidden by bookcases to a height of six feet. It was an impressive room, but comfortable and even homelike, a room designed for use and evidently much used.

"Be seated," said the secretary, motioning to a huge tapestry lounge. Then he disappeared.

Yard waited eagerly; Beaumont with half-concealed trepidation. He felt he was being made a fool of, was apprehensive of what Van might say or do.

In a few minutes there appeared through the archway which they faced a man far on in years, with white hair and a smooth-shaven face. Blue eyes, undimmed by age, twinkled under heavy brows. He walked with a springy step and held himself very erect. The face of Mr. Mackenzie was well known to Yard and Beaumont through presentments in the daily press. They arose.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mackenzie.

"This is Mr. Beaumont, of the Green Mountain Pulp Company," said Yard. "I am Van Twiller Yard, his woods boss. He did not want to come to see you, because he felt it was a wild-goose chase and an unwarranted intrusion. But I insisted—because I believe in you."

Mr. Mackenzie's eyes twinkled, and wrinkles formed an intricate network round them.

"I have employees who boss me round, too, Mr. Beaumont. They are good to have—good to have." His speech did not conceal that his birthplace was Scotland.

The great financier motioned them to be seated.

"I was readin' Bobbie Burns but now," he said. "I was on the line, 'Then gently scan your brother man,' when my secretary described you, more especially this young man. Obeyin' Bobbie's injunction, I let you in to scan you. 'Tis a mornin' of leisure with me. What is it you're wantin'?"

"I want to talk about sulphate pulp," said Yard.

"Sulphate pulp, eh? I know the stuff. I will no buy any nor sell any nor deal with it at all, if that's your errand."

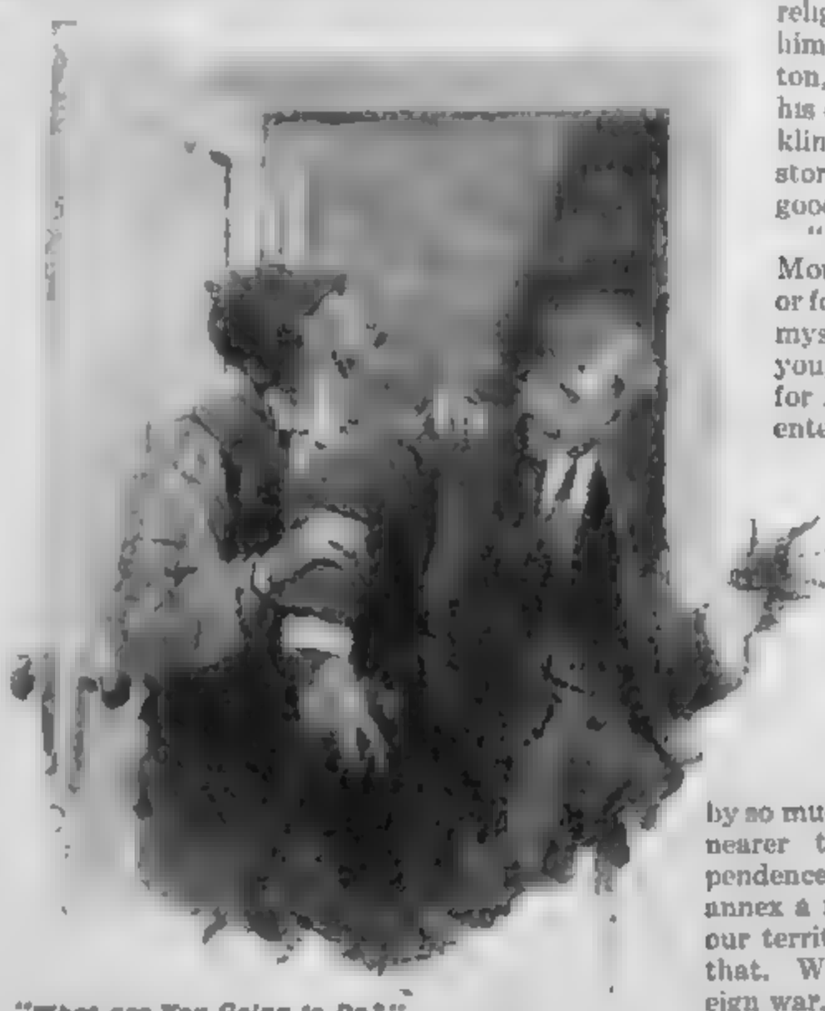
"Mr. Mackenzie, I have read many of your addresses and interviews. I know what the papers say about you—and they say you are a man who loves his country."

"Aye!" said the old man.

"Let me tell you why we are here—from the beginning; what we are trying to do, and why we think it is your affair."

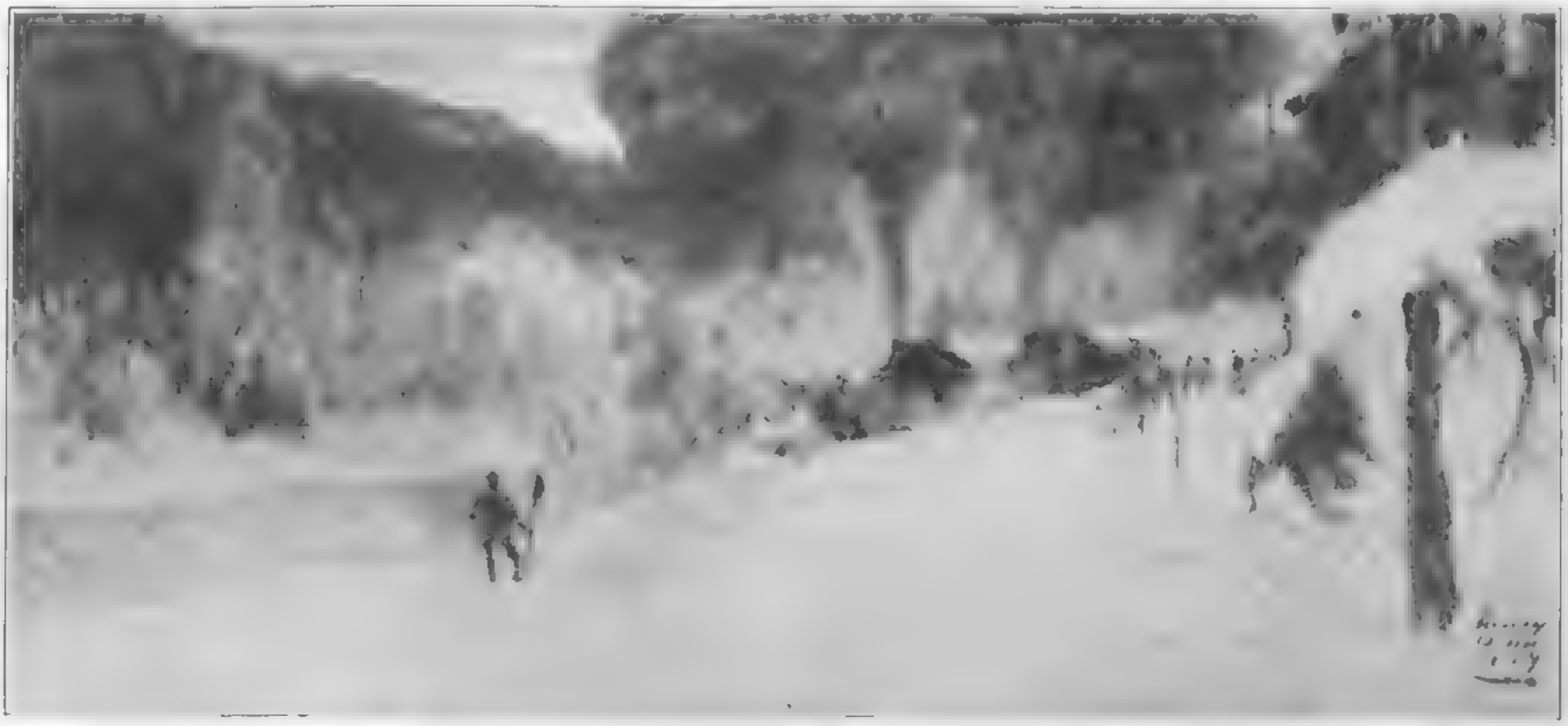
Mackenzie bobbed his head, leaned back and closed his eyes.

Then Yard, his lean, tanned face glowing with enthusiasm, his voice timbred as the voice of one who carries a gospel, told Angus Mackenzie about sulphate pulp. As he told it, it was no business story, though he did not know it, but the story of a man—himself—converted to a new religion. He told about himself, a bum from Boston, and Mackenzie opened his eyes and peered twinklingly at him. He told the story in full, and made good hearing of it.



"What are You Going to Do?" Hotmquist Panted, in a Panic

"It isn't for the Green Mountain Pulp Company or for Mr. Beaumont or for myself that I've come to you, Mr. Mackenzie; it's for America. We are the entering wedge of a new industry. If we succeed others will follow. Wherever the spruce tree grows sulphate mills will spring up. Millions of capital will be invested, thousands of men and women will be supported by the industry, and by so much our country will be nearer to commercial independence. We are trying to annex a new and rich state to our territories—look at it like that. We are fighting a foreign war. It is foreign capital and influence that have arrayed



Day and Night the Men Labored to Keep the Ways Clear for Trains of Hardwood to Rattle and Rumble and Grumble to the Mills

American capital and influence against us. If you were a younger man, Mr. Mackenzie, and America was invaded, you would shoulder a gun. You would fight."

"Aye, lad," said Mr. Mackenzie, sitting upright now; "but I'm a Scotchman. I might give my life for my country; but my money—aye—there's a far different matter."

"It isn't your money we want, but yourself and your influence at our back. We have fifty millions against us, smothering us."

"'Tis a keen conception," said Mr. Mackenzie. "If the influence of fifty is against ye, then get for yourself the influence of five hundred. Eh? Boy, you've a grand nerve!"

"Mr. Mackenzie, judging our affairs simply by business standards, those banks had no right to refuse our renewal. We are sound. We have the timber, the contract for our output, the mills to manufacture it. Nothing is against us but the influence of the Swedish manufacturers. Nothing! They don't want to see us annex this industry. It's a sweet condition when an American banker can be intimidated by a crowd of Swedes."

"Aye! Referrin' to such men, I quoted a verse from Bobbie Burns in a certain address."

He closed his eyes and tilted back his head in an effort to recall it to mind:

"'While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.
Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.'

"Bobbie could hit 'em off, man. Young man, if you own Bobbie Burns and Shakspere, you need no other books to make you an educated man."

At that moment Mr. Mackenzie's secretary came into the room.

The old man turned on him abruptly.

"Go you and telephone for a report on this Green Mountain Pulp Company, and let me have it here at once," he ordered.

Then he turned to Yard:

"I'm no doubtin' your word, young man. I'm gettin' evidence in support."

Presently he said:

"I knew you'd be wantin' money. Everybody comes to me wantin' money."

"We don't want money. All we ask is for you to use your influence."

"Influence that is no backed by the color of real money isn't worth a pig's squeal," said Mr. Mackenzie succinctly.

Then he quite shied away from the subject of sulphate pulp to talk about himself, an individual in whom he seemed to hold a great but naïve and in no manner offensive interest.

"You think you're havin' hard times, aye? My mother took in washin', lad—and there were nine of us. Well I remember my first raise. I was workin' for ten shillings a week and got raised to three dollars. Fair burstin' with it I ran all the way home and threw it into my mother's lap, and she—a wonderful managin' woman she was—burst into tears at the joy of it. That's the kind of folks I come from, young man, and I'm proud of it."

He closed his eyes again and sat for moments as though in a doze. Neither Yard nor Beaumont ventured to disturb him.

"It's that kind of beginnings that makes America," he said presently. Then after a time: "I can no think of other things for this war. It's terrible! I can no sleep for thinkin' of the sufferin' to the women and bairns. Pray God such never comes to America."

Once more his thoughts veered.

"Folks come beggin' me for money. I am no for pauperizin' Americans, and I give as I judge right for America. I'm a' for the practical thing. 'Tis a fancy with me. I have much money, and I feel the duty to use it for America—to make her better and bigger, and to make her people more comfortable and contented. So I give 'em waterworks systems for their little towns that no can afford sic things, and electric-light plants. That's aye the way to help. Give to 'em the useful things. No fritter your money away lightly, for 'tis hard to come by. Some call us Malefactors of Great Wealth—and well they may in cases. But I am no a malefactor consciously. I would no harm my country if it cost me my last penny. But there's them that would—some like you've been speakin' about, lad, with your young vehemence. 'Tis good to be young and vehement; but again 'tis good to be old, with the knowledge and experiences lugged in by the years. Aye, that's whaur you're lackin', lad, or you would no have dared to come to me with such an errand."

Yard's heart sank.

"But you can learn from the experience of others; from the words of others. I learn much myself from the perusal of sic men as Bobbie Burns. From time to time I make leetle speeches and addresses wi' no leetle wisdom in them. I ha' them all printed in pamphlets. Come, I will give some of them to you for your evenin' readin'."

He led the way into a smaller adjoining room, about the walls of which were large pigeonholes stacked with pamphlets. From one to the other of these Mackenzie strutted, drawing out pamphlets and opening them proudly.

"'Twas in this address I quoted from Burns a few lines that stand in my mind as high as anything he wrote. Listen well:

"'O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, Oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.'

"Is that no splendidly simple? 'Tis what I wish for America."

The secretary entered and handed a paper to Mr. Mackenzie, who scrutinized it carefully.

"Yours seems a promisin' concern, Mr. Beaumont," he said. "The report speaks well of it—and you. It says nothing of this young man; but"—his eyes twinkled merrily—"he seems well able to speak for himself. John Beaumont, I ha' no acquaintance wi' you, but you have comported yourself this day like a wise man. You ha' kept silent and let this young man speak. Had you come by yourself it would no ha' availed, for you ha' no the enthusiasm and zeal of youth. You can no see visions like he can—like I saw them when I was a lad. The boy believes what he says. He is no workin' for the siller but for the cause—and, lad, 'tis a good cause. I will even go to the extent of helpin' you moderately. But I'm a business man, you must no lose sight of that fact. What security do you offer?"

"I'll pledge my stock in the Green Mountain Pulp Company. It's worth to-day three times the whole debt—and will be worth a dozen times that."

"Have you it by you, man?"

Beaumont drew a leather document case from his pocket and produced the certificates.

"Do you make proper indorsements—and we'll see. We'll see what's to be done. It's for the country, man—and a leetle bit for the boy with his burnin' eyes."

Big John, near to suffocation from his astonishment, complied.

"Now we'll have in blank notes. Two of them, please," he said to the secretary.

When they were brought he directed Beaumont to make out each for a hundred thousand dollars, payable to Angus Mackenzie.

"You'll be needin' to take up that other paper," he said. "I will now set my name on the back of these. Then your young man here will take them to those identical banks that turned you down and see if they daur refuse them. Aye, and he can take also this word to them fro' Angus Mackenzie. Say to them that I ha' a contempt for the bread-and-butter banker. Say to them that a penny earned by helpin' to build up this land is worth a million got by underminin' it. And add, by way of a warnin', that Angus Mackenzie is keepin' his eye on this transaction, and to beware of skulduggery. Are you content, young man?"

Yard, ready with words when words were needful, was barren now. Silently he held out his hand, and the multimillionaire clasped it firmly.

"If the time ever comes, lad, when you ha' no employment, come to Angus Mackenzie. I would ha' sic as you about me. Now be about your needful business. I am glad to ha' met your like."

When they stood again on the sidewalk Big John reached down and pinched himself.

"Did you dream it too?" he asked, his voice a bit unsteady with the relief, the astonishment of it.

But apparently the financial miracle had not impressed Yard, or was already forgotten.

(Continued on Page 53)

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The Western Front

AFTER three years we are justified in regarding the war as the greatest human effort. Never before was anything like the same volume of human energy directed to a given object. And to date the result of all this effort is mostly zero. There is nothing in sight upon which a candid person can base a prediction as to when or how a conclusion will be reached.

This applies particularly to the Western Front. If one could reduce warlike effort to a common denominator—to so many horse power—it would probably appear that the expenditure on the Western Front equals that in all previous wars since the Middle Ages. But nothing that suggests a conclusion develops.

The war on land in its most vital theater not only stands deadlocked, but in view of three years' experience and of the whole situation nobody can say definitely what may be necessary to break the lock. Only purblind optimism would say that a million American soldiers landed in France next month could absolutely do it.

Experts have insisted that the war will be won on the Western Front. A layman is privileged to doubt it. Experience so far indicates—the German attack on Verdun, for instance—that where there is anything like equality of terms in the personnel of the armies and the supply of munitions mere attrition in mass push against mass is a poor reliance. It seems more probable that the end of the war will develop in a manner as unexpected as its beginning. It may be in the air, or at sea, or just psychologically, like that upheaval which suddenly paralyzed Russia's fighting force.

As the war stands after three years the only certainty is a purely psychologic one. Tolstoy said—in a generalization no doubt too broad—that every battle was won by the leader who was most determined to win it. Given the Teuton situation, with a decided strategic advantage, and the Ally situation, with a decided advantage in resources, there is no doubt this war will be won by the side that is most determined to win it—when or how nobody can pretend to say.

Glory and Carrots

NATURALLY it has remained for a German professor to discover that, even as the situation now stands, Europe—and especially Germany—is decidedly richer because of the war.

The professor admits that the largest item in this accretion of wealth is of an intangible nature—consisting of a heightened spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the State. Yet he counts up a good many delectable items of an essentially material kind.

For instance, new labor power has been developed to an extent that is equivalent to the discovery of many rich iron and copper mines. This new labor power has been developed by taking women, children and old men—hitherto not only of no account economically but a positive liability—and putting them to work.

There have been great gains in economy. People have found they can maintain bodily vigor on a diet that no amount of mere persuasion could have induced them to adopt, and have discarded innumerable indulgences of taste and luxury that formerly sapped the economic strength of the nation.

If the problem is "How much work can be extracted from a given population at how small cost for sustenance; what can a given body of people be brought to endure?" then no doubt the professor is right, and the war, irrespective of its outcome, has been a fine thing.

His ideal would be a population living on carrot soup and potato parings, with everybody from nine years of age to ninety working twelve hours a day, and death the highest felicity in sight.

Just about that is, in fact, the militarist ideal—in order that the State may be properly glorious.

Pooled

UP TO very recently financiers looked at our huge gold hoard; at our foreign loans, amounting to nearly six billion dollars and sure to increase as war went on; to the fact that we had bought back from Europe the greater part of the American securities formerly held there; and to the rapid expansion of our merchant marine, which would keep in American hands the freights we formerly paid to British, German and Dutch shipowners.

Looking at these things they said America not only had changed position, from a debtor nation to a creditor nation, but after the war it was sure to be the premier creditor nation, with the whole world buying American exchange for the purpose of paying its American debts.

Recently, however, American exchange has dropped to quite a marked discount in Spain, Switzerland and Denmark—ten per cent in the latter case.

We are still selling vastly more goods than we are buying; but we are selling on time and buying for cash. Goods sold to the Allies, for which we take their I O U, represent more than the excess of our exports over imports. The imports we pay for; and, for the purpose of paying foreign bills, goods sold to the Allies on time do not count. This situation is likely to prevail to an increasing extent as war goes on.

While the United States was neutral one might predict a preëminent financial position after the war, with Europe haunting Wall Street, hat in hand. With the United States at war, all that is beside the point; in fact, we go into the common pot—we are pooled for all we are worth in men and money. Guessing about relative positions after the war will be beside the point until there are far better grounds for an opinion as to when and how the war will end.

After-the-war is up in the moon at present. The sensible course is to forget it.

A Question Mark

SAY that a country has no real government. It has just overthrown an old régime; but no new régime has emerged.

From day to day nobody can say confidently where authority really lies, or what decree by what putative authority is worth the paper it is written on. Say it has no credit, is torn by fierce civil strife, by jealousies and suspicions. Say the army is demoralized, its leadership largely disloyal to such government as there is, its ablest loyal general deposed.

Say it is confronted by a great, well-disciplined military power, and that its soldiers fling away their arms and flee at sight of the enemy vanguard, mutinous troops even murdering their own general.

That was about the situation of France through the summer of 1792—up to September 20, when the Duke of Brunswick's veteran army, very leisurely and very confidently promenading on to Paris, met Dumouriez at Valmy. Dumouriez' levies stood firm; the astonished duke retreated; and for twenty years thereafter whoever met a French Army pretty generally retreated and thought himself lucky if he saved his baggage train.

Do not check Russia off the list yet. Soldiers have run away before now—and come back to make the enemy apologize for it.

The Russian case looks dismal enough just now; but it is yet all a question mark. It would be somewhat discouraging if a people that has submitted to a rotten dynasty for centuries with unmatched patience, fighting all its battles with unexcelled valor, could not finally submit to a rule of its own.

For some time to come Russia must be taken simply as an unknown quantity.

The Once-Dismal Science

MR. VANDERLIP some time ago told a Western audience that we are a nation of economic illiterates. That is true enough, and teachers of economics are partly to blame.

Political economy was a wholly dismal science when it existed wholly in books and closet philosophers spun theories in a vacuum, which other closet philosophers criticized in a vacuum. It did not begin that way. The greatest book on political economy ever written was derived largely from an alert man's first-hand experience and observation of the workaday world round him.

It still sticks too closely to the printed page. It is rather rare, for example, to find a professional writing on political economy that mentions advertising with any understanding of the force it is trying to deal with and the rôle it actually plays in economics.

There is still a tendency to test facts by the books instead of testing the books by facts. Perhaps something of that tendency is inevitable, for it is always easier to master the books than to master the facts. The first feat may be accomplished in an easy-chair; the other requires much diligent looking round.

Events of the last three years have made the teaching of political economy more important than ever. Teach it close to life. Take the books always as more or less valuable hypotheses that are to be tested at every step by experience.

Remember what an imposing structure of hypothesis has been swept into the dust heap by the facts of the last three years.

The War Bill

SOME gentlemen at Washington have been talking glibly of twenty billion dollars for the first year of war. That is nearly as large a sum as England, by a prodigious effort and by quite extensive use of foreign credits, raised in three years of war.

It is at least half of all the wealth produced in the United States last year—and after the Government's war needs are met more than a hundred million people must be fed, clothed and housed out of the wealth the country produces.

Some gentlemen at Washington, fascinated by the huge figures of European war finance, have taken to talking of Government disbursements as though an endless stream of money could be produced out of a conjurer's hat or by rubbing a rabbit's foot in the dark of the moon.

It would probably be impossible for the Government to raise twenty billion dollars for war in a year without a vast inflation that would double the actual cost of the war, and lay a burden of high prices on labor that would endure for many years.

If the Government is to spend anything like twenty billion dollars a year American life in all its phases must be reorganized on a war basis, substantially as the national life of the big belligerents has been reorganized. Our united energy must be bent to economy and efficiency in a way we have never known.

We want that reorganization to begin at Washington. The friction, the lost motion, the large degree of irresponsibility, the powerful adulterant of party politics that day-to-day functioning of the Government now discloses must give place to a thoroughgoing war organization. When people are presented with bill after bill running into the billions, and at the same time get daily reports of squabbles, palaver, pork and politics, they are sure to lose patience presently.

Responsibility

IT WAS like the Senate to insist upon a board of food controllers rather than a single food controller; like it also to insist upon shackling the advisory committee of big business men whom the President called in to help organize industry for war.

Because of its constitution and experience Congress shies away from responsibility as instinctively as a colt shies from the ash barrel, which possibly may contain an ogre.

Because of its constitution and experience Congress' basic idea is so to disperse and circumscribe authority that nobody can be really responsible for anything. A situation in which there is no convenient means of passing the buck instinctively shocks it. The business idea of finding a capable man, giving him complete authority and holding him strictly responsible is foreign to Congress' mental habits. Every war act by which Congress has posited authority shows its anxious care to put as many strings as possible upon the authority.

This attitude on the part of Congress is inconvenient and expensive in wartime, when the powers of Government must undergo a vast extension. Recently, for example—temporarily at least—it cost the country the services of the builder of the Panama Canal. Men of the type of Goethals naturally and properly chafe under the imputation upon their ability and integrity which the congressional plan of divided, circumscribed authority implies. It is axiomatic that the abler a man is the more he will demand a free hand.

In this emergency the Government must finally adopt the sound business rule of consolidating authority and responsibility in the man best able to manage the particular job in hand.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Stephen T. Mather

WHEN he became assistant to Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, Mr. Mather set out to prove to the American people that, like many other things, sightseeing should begin at home. The photograph of him with his mule, shown at the foot of this page, was taken during one of his many trips through the national parks.

It was because he believed that Mr. Mather knew as much about the parks as any other man in the country that Secretary Lane selected him to undertake their administration, and Mr. Mather has spent liberally of himself and his money in the work. To-day he holds the office of Director of the National Park Service. He sees in the parks a great national economic asset, and it is his aim to make them self-supporting and accessible to people of all degrees of income.

On graduating from college Mr. Mather became a newspaper reporter, and later went into business. A few years ago he turned his attention to social service. The work he is doing to-day is social service of the biggest kind.

Herbert Quick—Himself

By Himself

THE subject of this sketch was born some fifty-odd years ago in Iowa. Owing to the carelessness of his parents in settling in a treeless region he was denied the boon of birth in a log cabin. Logs were too expensive.

(The falling of the curtain here indicates the lapse of several years, during which the attentive audience may hear the Hero behind the curtain growing.)

At an early age he was a pioneer in science. When three years old, for instance, he had a dreadful case of infantile paralysis, although this disease was at that time unknown to the medical profession. This initiative and enterprise on his part balked him of several ambitions. It narrowed his usefulness as a baseball player, for one thing. Though a good batter, it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was able to stretch a home run into a base hit. Also it prevented him from entering West Point, which he essayed to do at the age of sixteen. Had it not been for the poliomyelitis germs which played havoc with his legs and

(Concluded on Page 58)

Grace Parker—Herself

By Herself

FROM the time I was a small child I have loved people. My ancestry is English, a long line of it on both sides of the house. My father and mother caring much for the genuine things of life, I was brought up with my eight brothers and two sisters to love the out of doors and the things of out of doors. My natural love for people led me into social work, and I have run the gamut from reform work, when at an early age I was passing through the stage of wishing to reform the universe, to helping develop playground systems throughout the country, then working with leaders in the field of immigration in developing

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David Watson Taylor

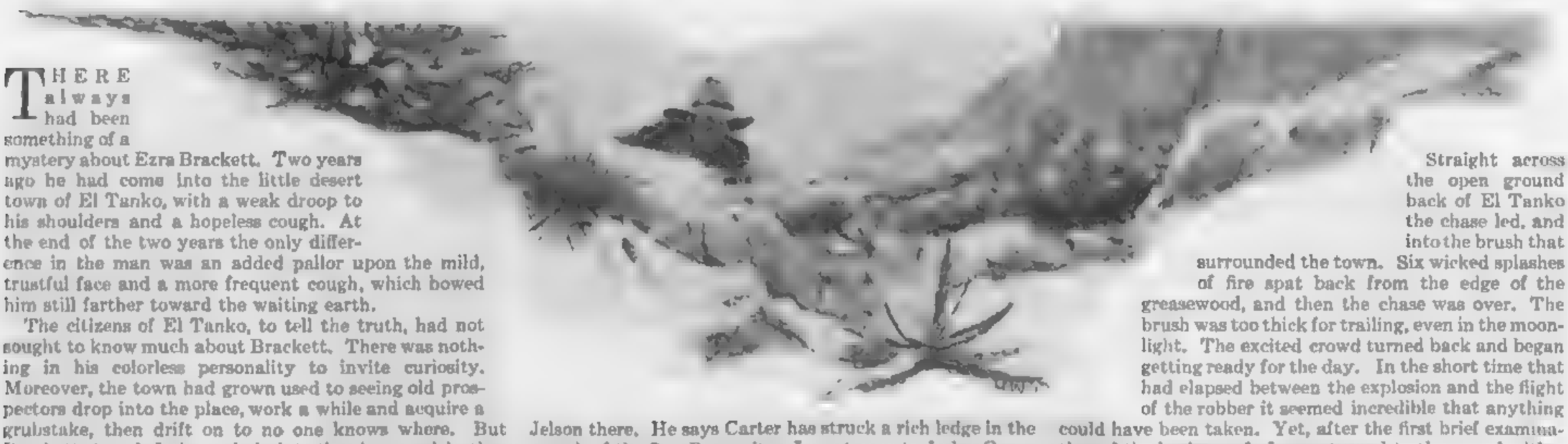
AS CHIEF of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs of the Navy Department, Rear Admiral Taylor is responsible for the general design and construction of naval vessels of all types, including everything that operates on the surface, under the surface or above the surface of the sea. That would seem enough to keep one man fairly busy. Not so this particular man. On the side Admiral Taylor is a member of the Aircraft Production Board, chairman of the Joint Army and Navy Board on the Construction of Rigid Dirigibles, which is developing an American type of Zeppelin, and he was recently appointed chairman of a Committee on Design of Merchant Vessels to advise with the Shipping Board.

It is interesting to learn that in his spare moments he finds recreation on his Virginia farm making experiments with bees and alfalfa, fish raising and Japanese chestnuts. The question is, where does he find the spare moments?

THE PARIAH

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY



THERE always had been something of a mystery about Ezra Brackett. Two years ago he had come into the little desert town of El Tanko, with a weak droop to his shoulders and a hopeless cough. At the end of the two years the only difference in the man was an added pallor upon the mild, trustful face and a more frequent cough, which bowed him still farther toward the waiting earth.

The citizens of El Tanko, to tell the truth, had not sought to know much about Brackett. There was nothing in his colorless personality to invite curiosity. Moreover, the town had grown used to seeing old prospectors drop into the place, work a while and acquire a grubstake, then drift on to no one knows where. But Brackett stayed, fitting quietly into the obscure niche that he found for himself, coughing his way back and forth along the desert road, hauling base ore from Yellow Butte and loading it upon the cars at El Tanko, whence it went north to the smelter.

The work was too hard for him, and the yellow alkali dust filled his weak chest and hung about him like a pestilential fog, but he did not complain. Once or twice he let fall the information that he was grubstaking a partner, who was prospecting somewhere over toward the Panamint. Brackett lived in a little rough board shack out on the edge of town, and nobody ever thought to discover if he were lonely. There was no need to inquire if he were sick; his cough advertised the fact.

Along toward the end of the two years Brackett's daughter Elsie came up from the south and joined her father in the little shack out on the edge of town. Her coming aroused a brief interest in the Brackett history, but it soon dwindled. Life in the desert is a constant battle; and, in the war with the sun and the hot winds and the great dry stretches of eternal sand, there is born into the desert man the habit of attending strictly to his own business.

Elsie Brackett was a pretty girl—pretty in a pitiful sort of way, with frightened eyes. They were the eyes of a timid creature that has long been accustomed to blows. But, with the coming of Harvey Lang, the eyes began to lose some of their frightened look.

Harvey Lang was the sheriff of the county. Just a boy he was, but possessed of energy and character that had made him the town's leading citizen. And to be the leading citizen in a community of hard-bitted desert men is to prove oneself the owner of attributes far beyond the ordinary.

One evening Lang came out to the little shack to see Brackett on a business matter. He was in a great hurry. Then he saw Elsie and his hurry vanished. He came again and again. More and more Elsie's eyes lost their frightened look. The girl even sang softly to herself in the evening as she moved about the little kitchen, listening while Brackett and Lang conversed in low tones, sitting upon the wash bench outside the door.

Brackett had gone uptown one evening, to bed his team down for the night. Elsie and Lang washed the supper dishes and made quite an event of the homely duty. The girl laughed frequently now, and her eyes had taken on a happy look which quite transformed her face. The conversation was light, trivial—the joyous nonsense of the young, who do not recognize it as the foam which plays across the great depths underneath. But Nature knows! One moment of propinquity, and the world turns upside down.

Elsie passed a dripping plate to Lang. The two hands met—and clung. The plate crashed to the floor, but neither knew it. Breathless, overcome by the wonder of it all, they stood and gazed at each other, even as Adam and Eve must have gazed, awed by a mystery that is as old as the world itself, but that never becomes less than a mystery to those who discover it anew. Then slowly a cloud crept up the horizon of the girl's mind.

"Father!" she whispered. "Father is sick. He needs me!"

"We'll look after him together," said Lang.

Still the girl hesitated and the troubled look grew.

Brackett's step sounded outside. A moment later the man entered the room, greatly excited.

"We've made our big strike, Elsie!" he cried, half incoherently. "Humphrey—feller named Humphrey—I met him six years ago, up in Placerville—happened to run across him uptown just now. He came down through the San Ramonito Gulch day before yesterday. He saw Carter Jelson there. He says Carter has struck a rich ledge in the mouth of the San Ramonito. I went over to Judge Crawford's and searched the records, but Carter hasn't recorded any claim. I guess he's been too busy. Maybe he's been keepin' it for a surprise. But he better not risk it any longer—somebody might jump the claim. I've got a couple of location blanks and I'll sign 'em and take 'em along. I'm goin' over to Runyon's to borrow a couple of burros. Wish you'd go over with me, Harvey; I'd like to have your help!"

He hurried away and Lang followed, scarcely less excited than Brackett.

Half an hour later they returned with the donkeys, and Brackett proceeded to pack with feverish haste. He refused to wait for the morning.

"It'll be moonlight," he said, "and all I'll have to do will be to head straight across the desert and watch out for cactus patches. Besides, it'll be cooler travelin'. I'll be back in four days, little girl."

He threw the last diamond. Lang shook hands with him and went home. Then Brackett went back to kiss Elsie good-by.

"Our bad days are over, dearie," he said. "We've had a hard time, but it's all comin' out fine. Remember, I'll be back in four days! And maybe Carter'll come along and visit with us a spell. It's been a long time since I saw my pardner."

He drove the reluctant beasts forward toward the east, where the night was coming up from behind the sullen Panamints. Out at the edge of the open sand he turned and smiled. Red spots flamed on his cheeks. He waved a hand at the lonely little figure that stood in the cabin door. Then he went coughing away into the brush and the night closed down.

El Tanko was a railroad division town, and this was its main excuse for existing. Originally it had been a mere water station, appearing upon the maps as The Tank. Later a railroad man had changed the name to El Tanko, thereby gratifying a certain amorphous sense of humor and at the same time giving to the place an appellation having the peculiar Spanish flavor indigenous to the Southwest. It was a typical desert town—seven saloons and one large general store; also a rambling structure which combined in one the hotel, railroad restaurant and station. About this structure the railroad yards thrust rusty sidetracks far out into the bare desert, all cluttered with box cars and a disreputable old switch engine. These and a dozen up-and-down board shacks where the aristocracy dwelt—and that was El Tanko.

It was near midnight on the second day after Brackett's departure. All evening the air in the saloons had been blue with the smoke of evil pipes and the sinister reek of cigars which were past all hope. But the population had now gone home. Last of these, the clerks in Jensen's General Store carefully locked the great safe and left, locking the door after them. The safe in Jensen's store served the country in place of a bank; for the surrounding mines used it as a repository, drawing upon it when paying off their operators. Consequently there nearly always was a large accumulation of gold in the safe. The town fell quiet. The midnight express roared down from the pass, paused a moment, and then roared on again. Its clamor was lost across the desert and again the place was quiet.

One would have said that El Tanko was sound asleep. And yet, three minutes after the dull explosion in the back of Jensen's store the sandy street was alive with running men. A crouching figure jumped from Jensen's door and fled down the alleyway toward the rear of the building, scarce twenty feet ahead of the foremost runner. There was a medley of yells and the darkness coruscated with revolver flashes.

Straight across the open ground back of El Tanko the chase led, and into the brush that surrounded the town. Six wicked splashes of fire spat back from the edge of the greasewood, and then the chase was over. The brush was too thick for trailing, even in the moonlight. The excited crowd turned back and began getting ready for the day. In the short time that had elapsed between the explosion and the flight of the robber it seemed incredible that anything could have been taken. Yet, after the first brief examination of the broken safe Jensen turned to the crowd with a white face.

"A little over five thousand," he said, "all in gold!"

A noted old Indian trailer was summoned from a neighboring town. He arrived on the early morning passenger train, just in time to join the posse as Lang led it out to the edge of the brush by the Brackett cabin. Grimly and with sanguine forethought Lang had included the coroner in his party. All were on foot. Horses are an encumbrance on a dry trail. It was growing light. As the posse neared the brush, Sheriff Lang drew ahead of the party and led the trailer to the place where the robber's tracks lay plainly along the sand. A glance and the old fellow chuckled.

"This is going to be easy!" he said. "See that left foot? All the hobnails show plain. But notice the right one! The right heel is full of nails, but the sole —— Look, only three nails left, right in the middle of the sole; the rest of the print is smooth! It'll be the easiest job I ever trailed! All we got to do is watch for a flat sole with three nail prints in the middle of it."

He started away briskly and the posse fell in behind. As he entered the brush the young sheriff looked wistfully back at the Brackett shack. A thin blue smoke curled from the chimney. At the window a little hand waved good-by. Lang turned away to the stern work ahead of him, a smile on his face.

II

HE WAS a bad man. Not of the bad men who bully rough villages on some rougher frontier, for these have their human intervals. Moreover, they are gregarious; and no one having this instinct may wholly hate his kind. But this one—in his hot black eyes was the animal glare of the civilized being who has thrown the gage of hate at the feet of all his fellow men and gone back to savagery. Chagrined desert man hunters called him the Weasel.

It was on the far edge of the desert. Everywhere the land spread away, a waterless expanse of sparse, decrepit vegetation. Heat waves wriggled and writhed above the place like vague spirits of agony. Overhead the sun flared down upon the man, hot, implacable and fierce as the relentless hate with which society pursued him.

Here he was at home, for he was a part of the desert. The stunted cactus held its knobbed, vicious stalks aloft as though claiming kinship. Everywhere the dry barrenness of the land epitomized the arid emptiness of his own life. He was a pariah. He had broken society's laws and society had taken up the gage.

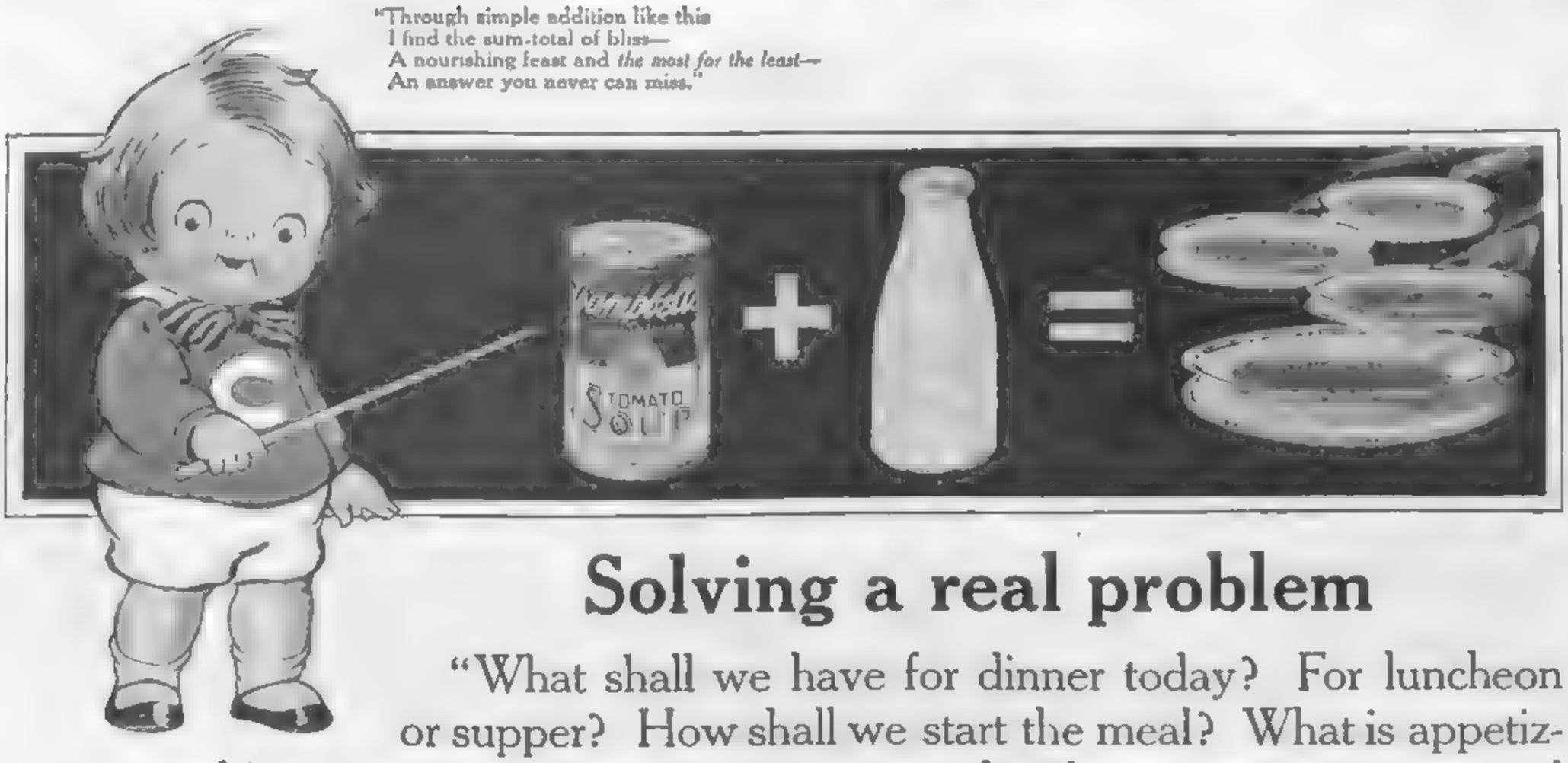
The Pariah was half crazed with thirst. He had had no water and no food since his narrow escape from El Tanko, and he had had no rest. Ahead of him a low black pile of rocks and brush lifted a hundred feet above the breast of the desert. This was Black Point Butte. The Pariah knew that at the foot of this butte lay the Black Point water hole, and he strove savagely to force his deadened muscles into swifter performance. Savagely he cursed them when they failed to obey. He cursed the dead weight of the gold that lay upon his shoulders. He staggered as he walked, and foam-flecks blew across his cracked, swollen lips. His eyes rasped in their dry sockets

As he neared the butte at last, the man's animal instinct, quickened by the years of solitude and watchfulness, gave him a subtle warning. In spite of the thirst and exhaustion that consumed him, he made a painful detour and forced himself up the difficult slope of the butte, on the side opposite the water hole. Creeping stealthily across the summit, he peered over the rim.

In the scant shade of a yucca tree beside the water hole a man lay upon a blanket bed, flung clumsily upon the sand. Near by stood two burros. They were not secured,

(Continued on Page 26

"Through simple addition like this
I find the sum-total of bliss—
A nourishing feast and *the most for the least*—
An answer you never can miss."



Solving a real problem

"What shall we have for dinner today? For luncheon or supper? How shall we start the meal? What is appetizing, nourishing, easy to digest, easy to prepare and at the same time economical in every sense of the word?"

These are questions which face the practical and conscientious housewife every day. One of the simplest and readiest answers is

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It provides you with a pure and wholesome food, tempting to the taste, beneficial to health. And it saves you labor and expense.

Served simply with the addition of hot water it is a nutritious and stimulating introduction to any meal. Or with an equal quantity of milk instead of water, it becomes richer and even more nourishing,—a delicious Cream of Tomato.

Make it yet heartier, if you like, by adding boiled rice or noodles. This gives you the best part of an invigorating luncheon or supper. Just the thing for hot weather, for jaded appetites or for the children's evening meal.

This satisfying soup comes to you all cooked, blended and seasoned. You save materials and *fuel*. You have the benefit of what is really co-operative buying and co-operative cooking on a large scale. You have no spoilage nor waste to pay for; only pure nourishment in the most attractive and digestible form; and all ready for your table at three minutes' notice—any time.

The practical way is to order *Campbell's Soups* by the dozen or case, and never be without a supply. This is real economy; an advantage to you; and it puts you in line with an urgent national need.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

and one of them still bore a pack, though plainly this had been an all-night camp. There was no fire. The Pariah gathered all these details with a comprehending eye.

"Sick," he muttered; "maybe dead."

He cast a long look back over the desert, searching for a dust cloud above the low brush. Again his gaze went down, rolling from the moisture of the water hole to the motionless figure of the man upon the blanket bed. Then, after another long look over the desert, he started down.

The Pariah approached the water hole, revolver in hand and every nerve quivering to meet a possible surprise. The donkeys thrust forward long, inquiring ears, and then relapsed into the apathy of entire indifference. The figure upon the blanket bed did not stir.

His thirst satisfied, the fugitive sat for some minutes beside the water, resting. Then he began to feel hunger. Still moving warily, his eyes upon the quiet figure of the man, he began hunting for food. His quest led him finally to the burlap bag lying by the bed. As he came up he saw a white face with closed eyes. The Pariah reached softly for the bag, and suddenly the eyes opened and looked at him. The outlaw fell back, crouched like a wild beast, glaring.

"No need to be uneasy, stranger," said the man. "I'm done!" He coughed. "Hungry?" he gasped. "In the bag there—pot o' beans! Rag tied over the top. I—I won't need 'em!"

The Pariah hunted and found the food, saying no words. As he ate, his hard black eyes, bloodshot with the day and night of hardship, flitted from the face of the dying man, out into the brush, up to the summit of Black Point, out into the brush and back again, to rest indifferently upon the graying face. But he still said nothing.

Then presently the sick man began to talk. His eyes had closed and the toneless voice, coming from the hardly moving lips of that pallid face, sounded hardly like the voice of a living man. But the Pariah seemed not to notice and his eyes continued to flit about, from the white face to the brush, up to the top of Black Point, out into the brush and back. Occasionally his jaws stopped and he sat motionless, listening intently, before beginning again to masticate the coarse fare.

"We was pardners for ten years," the failing voice began, "Carter Jelson and me. Carter he was always plenty quick-tempered. Sometimes he said and done things that hurt my feelin's. But I never quarreled with him. I knew how his temper was and I felt sorry for him. Besides, he was my pardner. A feller can stand a lot from his pardner. We prospected all over California—clear from the Oregon line. We rambled round Bodie and back down to the old Dutch Flat diggin's, where we hunted a long time for back channels and for ground that might have been overlooked in the placer workin's. But there ain't much chance of findin' overlooked ground after the Chinamen have been along. Down through Calaveras and over the Tehachapi we went, into the Mojave Desert. We went broke at Bower's Hill, where we sunk our last dollar in a hard-rock hole. Hard-rock minin' is a tough game for poor men. When we went broke, Carter he says to me:

"'You go down into the valley and get a job! You keep me grubstaked,' he says, 'and I'll stay in the desert; and when I strike something, we'll split it!' he says.

"I—I didn't want to go down into the valley, for I had a weak spot in my lung and the doctors had told me to keep out of the low country. But Carter was my pardner. I went down there into the fog and done the best I could. Sometimes I hadn't much to eat, and sometimes I'd lose a week or two at a time when I was sick; but Carter got his grubstake every month. I saw to that; and it helped a heap to know I was makin' good, when I got to feelin' blue over my lung and a lot of other things.

"For two years it went on that way, me workin' in the hay fields in summer and cuttin' wood in the winter, every day that I wasn't sick. My lung had got pretty bad and I couldn't work every day. But still I managed to keep Carter's grubstake goin' in regular. Then, when the doctors told me I couldn't last much longer down there, I came back to the desert and got a job in El Tanko—haulin' ore across the desert. Not a very healthy job for me, but I done the best I could.

"Did I tell you I had a daughter? I forget. Her name's Elsie—named after her mother. Red ribbon in her hair —— When her mother died, I sent the little girl down to live with her aunt in the Santa Clara Valley, me havin' to live in the high country on account of my health, you know. That's why I started prospectin' in the first place—to make a stake so I could bring Elsie to the hills to live with me.

"Her aunt wasn't good to Elsie. Ain't it strange how mean some women can be to a motherless child? And me with a crippled lung, tryin' to keep my pardner grubstaked, and at the same time save enough so I could bring my little girl away from there. The woman used to beat her. I sent for Elsie a while ago, and she's been keepin' house for me in El Tanko. We been mighty happy—a dear little girl, stranger, like her mother."

The voice was silent. The Pariah's unfeeling small eyes flitted from the face, out into the brush, up to the top of Black Point, out into the brush and back. He continued to eat, his eyes incurious, indifferent as ever.

"Four or five days ago," the sick man resumed, whispering now, "I ran across a feller named Humphrey at the livery stable in El Tanko. Humphrey told me he had just come down through the San Ramonito Gulch. In the mouth of the gulch he found a cabin. While he was lookin' round for the owner, he came to a shaft. He went down. 'There was a big vein of ore,' he said, 'free-millin' all the way.' From the size of the shaft, Humphrey judged the man must have been workin' it two or three years.

"Up on top he found an arrastre, and it looked as though it had ground out a tremendous lot of rock, judgin' by the amount of tailin's. Then Carter Jelson came up. He wasn't a bit friendly. So Humphrey didn't tell him they'd met before, up in Placerville. Carter was drunk when we met Humphrey in Placerville, so he didn't remember the man. He didn't tell Humphrey he had a pardner. He told Humphrey his name was Smith and that he was from the Cœur d'Alene. He seemed anxious to get rid of Humphrey. Didn't even invite him to eat. So Humphrey lit out across the desert, though it was nearly night. Two or three years! Why, he must have struck this rich claim only a few weeks after sendin' me down into the valley to work for him!

"Can you get hold of it, stranger? Me, a dyin' man, workin' for three years, sendin' my heart's blood to my pardner—and him calmly takin' it! And all this time—all this time he's got this rich strike!

"I borrowed these two donkeys and got across to the San Ramonito Gulch somehow. Before I started I went to the recorder's office and searched the records. Carter hadn't recorded the claim. Afraid to, I guess. Afraid I'd hear about it. But I supposed he just hadn't had time, or had neglected it. So I got two location blanks and filled them out the best I could, and signed my name as one of the locators. I thought that when I got over there Carter would sign as the other locator; then we'd post one on the claim and I'd bring the duplicate in and record it. They're in my pocket yet.

"I found Carter yesterday. He had made the strike, just as Humphrey had told me. Peacock blue, stranger! A five-foot vein of the peacock blue! Enough for both of us—enough for a dozen. It's right in the mouth of the gulch—only about three miles from here. Carter laughed when I asked for my share. Called me a fool and a lot of other things that a man hadn't ought to call his pardner. At first I didn't really believe that he meant to rob me of my share. I couldn't. But, when I finally came to understand, I made a mistake. I—I threatened that when I got back to El Tanko I'd —— He cussed me some more then, and said he'd bet me a thousand dollars I'd never get back to El Tanko. Then he knocked me down ——"

The whisper began to break and grow incoherent.

"I don't remember much after that. I found myself here, though I don't remember exactly how I got here. But Carter was right when he said he'd bet I'd never get back to El Tanko. If only Elsie was provided for! We're just children—all of us—some bad and some good. Sometimes the ones you think good turn out to be bad—and sometimes the bad turn out to be good. We don't know why. We're all children—lost in a desert! Stranger, life's a—queer thing, ain't it?"

The voice ceased suddenly and the Pariah bent forward, gazing with the first appearance of interest. Almost immediately he arose and cast a quick glance to the southeast, where lay the inhospitable region of Hell's Pasture, an inchoate jumble of broken hills and vicious vegetation, full of evil things. Then the man picked up an old saddle blanket and cut it in two. He sat upon the ground and began binding the fabric about his feet. From now on he meant to leave no tracks. Hardly had he begun, however, when he seemed to think better of it. For several minutes he thought. Then his lips twisted into a cruel vulpine grin, and he looked toward the east, where the San Ramonito Gulch showed as a deep gash in the line of hills.

The Pariah now worked rapidly and evidently with a definite purpose. He visited the dead man and searched his pockets carefully, bringing forth the two location notices. Both were signed with the name Ezra Brackett. The Pariah put them into his own pocket. He then took the dead man's canteen, filled it with water and slung it upon his shoulder. The pieces

(Continued on Page 28)

"Carter Laughed When I Asked for My Share. Called Me a Lot of Things That a Man Hadn't Ought to Call His Pardner"

There is *Now* a way to know Best Quality LEATHER SOLES

HERE is an announcement that is highly important to every man and woman in America who wears shoes—to everyone who sells them. Armour has taken the guesswork out of shoe buying for both the dealer and his customer. A way has been found to visualize and identify ***sole value***, to indicate ***quality*** and ***wear-resistance***.

All leather is not good enough to use for soles bearing the Armour Oval Label. For instance, that cut from neck, belly and legs—about 60% of the hide—is not at all suitable.

As a matter of fact, only about 40% of each hide is really top grade *sole* leather, properly speaking.

Unfortunately, soles *are* sometimes cut from other parts than the back. And, with edges blackened and grain hidden, even an expert cannot tell whether the leather is close-knit and fine-textured or spongy and porous.

Only ***wear*** will disclose the sole's guilty secret. But, with shoe values as uncertain and shoe prices as high as they are today, you want, more than ever, to know that you are getting ***full value*** for your money.

This is why Armour is now embossing the famous Oval Label—*the top grade-mark*—on each pair of *first* quality Armour Leather Soles.

Look for this mark when you buy shoes. Remember, when you find it, you may be sure the sole is cut out of the *solid, tight-knit leather* from the middle of the back where *Nature* grew the hide heaviest to protect the animal.

But the name, *Armour*, in the Oval Label signifies even more. It is a proof you are buying *oak-tanned soles*—Armour-prepared for you to walk on, by the best process of tanning that man has yet discovered.

Of course, *Armour Leather Soles* cost shoe manufacturers more than inferior parts of the hide. But their use is an indication that such manufacturers are striving for utmost quality *throughout*. The *other* parts of such shoes are likely to be better also!

Shoes of *leading* brands—probably the make you now wear—are made with Armour Leather Soles. *Ask your own dealer for them.*

CHICAGO **ARMOUR LEATHER CO.** BOSTON

(Continued from Page 26)

of saddle blanket he thrust into the bosom of his shirt. After a grinning survey of his tracks, with the telltale three nail prints in the smooth surface of the right sole, he heaved up the bag of gold and set out through the brush, following ahead over Brackett's trail, toward San Ramonito Gulch. He walked carelessly, leaving a plain trail.

In the little quiet camp by the water hole the burros stood, apathetic as ever, waiting for their master to rise and start them across the desert. The master lay very still, shrouded in the faded old blanket, beneath which he and his partner had slept so many years, dreaming so many dreams of the great strike which some day should be theirs.

III

IT WAS after midnight. Carter Jelson sat at the rude table in his little one-room cabin, filling out two location blanks. The unexpected appearance of his long-duped partner had decided him. He would hurry across the desert and record his location. This was too valuable a property to jeopardize by further delay. Jelson had meant to go to-day, but a series of accidents had prevented. His burro had strayed, and it had taken nearly all day to find the beast. Then the man discovered that the wood rats had nearly ruined the straps on his packsaddle. When at last everything was ready the day was gone; so he staked out his donkey in order to have it ready for an early start.

Most carefully Jelson wrote, for he understood the importance of the document. He knew, moreover, that nearly all mine litigation arises from faulty locations. On the opposite side of the table was an empty chair—a crude thing, with the back and seat made of rawhide thongs. His gun and belt hung upon the chair back. Beyond were the open door and the moonlight on the brushy cañon wall outside.

It was very quiet except for the night sounds. Now and then an insolent wood rat would scamper across the roof, to stop for a moment and slap his feet upon the boards in an insulting tattoo. At regular intervals sounded the sobbing wail of an Indian graveyard owl. Far away—so far away that it seemed but the ghost of a cry—arose the plaintive "*mañana, mañana, mañana*" of a Mexican whippoorwill. A pot of pink beans simmered in the Dutch oven among the coals of the little fireplace.

More and More Elsie's Eyes Lost Their Frightened Look

Jelson laboriously scrawled his name at the bottom of the last paper and looked up. A man stood in the open doorway. As Jelson gazed, petrified with astonishment, the visitor crossed the room and sat down in the rawhide chair opposite. Jelson sprang to his feet.

"Sit down!" said the Pariah. He spoke haltingly, with the queer lifeless intonation of a deaf man, or of one who rarely holds speech with his kind.

Jelson hesitated. With the quickness of light the Pariah slid the man's gun from its holster on the chair back, and Jelson fell into his seat with a numbing fear at his heart and a bristling along his scalp.

"Who—who are you?" he asked, and he did not recognize his own voice.

The Pariah did not answer. Instead, the revolver in his right hand, he reached his left across the table and took the papers upon which the ink was not yet dry. One glance and again his lips twisted into a cruel grin.

"You're a regular lawyer!" he said, the sinister grin still writhing upon his lips. He felt in the bosom of his shirt and drew forth Ezra Brackett's location notices, signed with the dead partner's name. "Let's see you fill these out with the same descriptions," he said, and spread the two papers before Jelson.

Jelson saw, and shook as with a hard chill.

"Who—who is this fellow Brackett?" he asked with a pitiful attempt at bravado. He looked up with what he intended should be challenge, and encountered a face from which the grin had gone and from which two hard black eyes watched him like the devilish eyes of a cobra.

"Brackett was your old partner," said the Pariah; and his lifeless, hushed voice sounded more terrible than anything Jelson ever had heard. "Brackett's lying over by the Black Point water hole," went on the awful voice. "I just came from there. He said you hit him and busted his lungs. He's dead. The sheriff is on the way here."

This was black news. Jelson's face went gray—as gray as the face of his poor dead partner.

"I didn't kill him!" he cried. "We had some words and I punched him ——"

"And kicked him when he was down—sure, I know!" added the Pariah. "I saw the marks of your hobnails on his ribs. You busted his lungs and now he's dead. That's all—not much, but plenty. Don't worry!"

Jelson resolved desperately to bluff.

"There's no proof," he said. "Anyway, this is my property, and I'll keep it! I will, by ——"

The Pariah's patience ended with a snap. A ferocious look sprang to his animal face, and the hand holding the revolver flashed suddenly across the table toward Jelson's breast. Jelson flung up an arm and knocked it aside.

"Wait!" he cried hoarsely. "Wait! Don't do that—don't ——" His shaking hand clawed insanely for the pen and he began to write. When he had finished writing the descriptions into the new blanks he lay back in his chair, the sweat running over his face in streams, his fascinated eyes clinging to the muzzle of the revolver.

"Sign 'em," said the Pariah—"not as locator—as witness!"

Jelson signed and fell back again, breathing stertorously.

Then began a period of silence which lasted for several hours. Both men sat motionless—Jelson with a mounting hysteria which increased with every moment of the horrible silence. He felt that he must shriek or reach across and grapple, but he never dared. The Pariah was resting, relaxed like a wild beast. Only his eyes were vigilant, flitting about the cabin, his alert ears analyzing every sound from the night outside. Out in the brush a mountain jay awoke and called sleepily. The Pariah sat suddenly erect. When he spoke it was with what seemed startling irrelevance.

"What size shoes do you wear?" he asked casually.

Jelson strove with his tongue.

"Number nine!" he whispered.

"So do I," said the Pariah with satisfaction. "Let's trade. Mine hurt my feet."

Still fearfully watching the revolver, Jelson tore the shoes from his feet. In silence the exchange was made. The Pariah stood up and stamped tentatively to try his new footgear. He reached across the table, gathered up Jelson's first two location papers, crumpled them into a ball and threw them upon the fire. They smoldered, caught and blazed. In a moment they were gone.

"Now if you want advice," said the Pariah, "I'll advise you to go away from here and travel fast. I'm sure the sheriff camped at the Black Point water hole. You know what he found! His men are crazy mad. They'll shoot on sight!"

"Give me my gun!" begged Jelson. "Give me my gun!"

The Pariah considered. Then the wolfish grin shot across his face, though his eyes remained the hard expressionless eyes of a cobra. He broke Jelson's revolver open and tumbled the shells from the cylinder into his hand.

"Sure!" he said, and gave gun and shells to the panic-stricken man. "You can load her up again when you get up the hill a way." He handed the canteen to Jelson, who took it without observing that it was marked with the name of Ezra Brackett. This fact seemed also to amuse the Pariah.

Menaced now by the Pariah's own gun, Jelson stumbled outside. He glanced with scared eyes down the dark gulch.

"Try to keep 'em off!" babbled Jelson. "You tell 'em I didn't do it!"

"Of course—of course!" soothed the Pariah. "But they won't listen to me. They want you—mighty bad!"

A fresh access of terror seized the unlucky man. He fled up the broken mountain side, his feet scrambling among the brush and rubble.

The Pariah listened until the noise disappeared in the distance. Then a spasm shook his lean body and he rocked about in the half darkness, uttering uncouth animal sounds of unfamiliar mirth. Still chuckling, he reëntered the cabin and quickly bound the squares of saddle blanket about his feet. He would leave no more tracks in the earth. He then upset a chair, swept a plate to the floor, and with these simple things established apparent evidence of a hasty flight. As he turned to go the two location notices caught his eye. One he picked up. The other he left lying beside the ink bottle and pen.

The first faint light of day was stealing over the mountain to the east when the Pariah stepped out. He went to the shaft mouth and tacked up the duplicate notice, which announced that the claim described therein was the property of Ezra Brackett. It was made out in the handwriting of Carter Jelson. It was witnessed by Carter Jelson, in his own hand likewise. For a moment the Pariah stood looking down toward the desert, where lay the water hole.

"Good-by, old-timer!" he chuckled, apostrophizing the quiet figure of Ezra Brackett. "I wish you could be alive for a few minutes and help me enjoy this joke! Mr. Jelson was no good; he couldn't see the point of the joke. He got disgusted and left. And right at this very minute he's making tracks for some place else—my tracks!"

Again the uncouth figure rocked about over the ground, racked by convulsive laughter which actually pained him. Suddenly he froze and stood motionless, like a startled cougar. Far down the cañon, it seemed to him, a stick had snapped. He seized his bag and slid into the brush, going toward Hell's Pasture. His muffled feet made no sound. There were no tracks left to show where he had passed.

IV

IT SEEMED almost unbelievable that a company of men could have approached so quietly. Fifteen minutes after the Pariah's departure, Sheriff Lang stepped from behind a bowlder and ran stooping toward the open door of the Jelson shack. Simultaneously a dozen men appeared, closing in upon the cabin from every side. It was all done in silence. A moment later the room was full of disappointed men. Almost immediately Lang discovered the location notice lying beside the ink bottle and pen. He picked it up and studied it in puzzled silence. Then he called the attention of his posse to the document.

"This is one of Brackett's locations," he said. "Brackett had two of them, signed by himself, when he started over here."

"The other one is tacked up on the windlass frame," called a man who had just come in. "I saw it."

"But why isn't Jelson's name here also?" asked the bewildered sheriff. "It seems to be made out in his own hand, and his name is signed as a witness. But they were partners; Brackett told me they were partners, and —— I wonder where Jelson is."

Here the old trailer came in. "I've just picked up the trail again," he said. "It goes right up the hill back of the cabin. Fresh too; I'd judge it isn't over half an hour old."

The El Tanko men poured from the cabin again. The trailer cast his eye about the room.

"Fire still burning," he said. "Chair upset; ink bottle open—things all over the floor. He left in a hurry!"

He went out and ran up the slope, resuming his work with the eagerness of an ancient hound. After going a few yards he stopped and studied the trail with perplexity.

"What's the matter with this fellow?" he demanded. "His tracks are acting funny. All the way from El Tanko to this cabin he walked heel-and-toe like a plains Injun. But—look at this! He's toeing out now, spraddlin' along like a fat Siwash!"

"Maybe he's drunk," suggested Lang.

The old trailer started on. "Maybe," he said doubtfully.

He shook his head as he pondered the problem. The tracks undoubtedly were the same that he had followed all the preceding day and all this morning. Still appeared the left sole full of hobnails. Still the three nails registered in the smooth sole of the right foot. Once the old man stopped and made a careful measurement. There could be no doubt. Absolutely it was the same track.

"I guess you're right," he called back to Lang. "At least if he ain't drunk I am."

For three hours the trail led them up the slope. Then suddenly at the top of a high spur the tracks turned abruptly and went sprawling at a sharp angle toward the bottom of a gulch on the opposite side. The trailer halted.

"There you are," he grinned, pointing to the tracks. "A crippled deer always runs downhill. So does an exhausted man. This feller's done. He's scared to death and he can't go any farther." He crept down the hill a short distance.

"He fell here," said the trailer, indicating a torn place along the ground. Down in the gulch a jay began scolding raucously. The trailer listened.

"Old jay bird sees something!" he said, chuckling like an excited child. "You better get ready for a fracas!"

It was Lang who saw the man first, crouched in the very bottom of the gulch, among the scattered rocks and brush. The young man called to him to surrender. For answer the terrified fugitive sprang up and began shooting. He emptied his gun and continued snapping the weapon after it was useless, his eyes red and glaring, like the insane eyes of a trapped beast.

"I didn't do it!" he screamed. "I didn't kill him!"

The old trailer fired and Jelson slid down among the brush-grown bowlders. The mountains were very still.

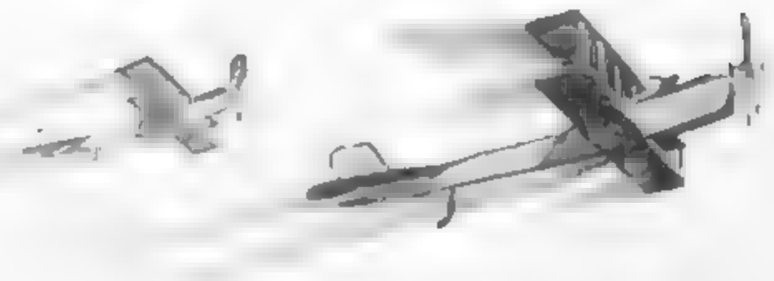
"A nice easy job of trailin'," said the old man. He gnawed off a chew of tobacco and began working upon it with great satisfaction. He cocked an appraising eye and squinted wisely at the sun.

"Nine o'clock," he guessed. "I figure we can get back to the cabin just in time for dinner. Them beans ought to be done by that time."

V

EZRA BRACKETT had come home and entered upon his long rest in the little cemetery away out in the sand. Round the board shack nearly the whole of El Tanko's population was gathered, discussing the mystery in low voices. Inside the Brackett cabin Sheriff Lang comforted the stricken girl with love's futile sophistry. For heart suffering, after all, may be healed by the blessed lotion of time and forgetfulness alone.

(Concluded on Page 78)



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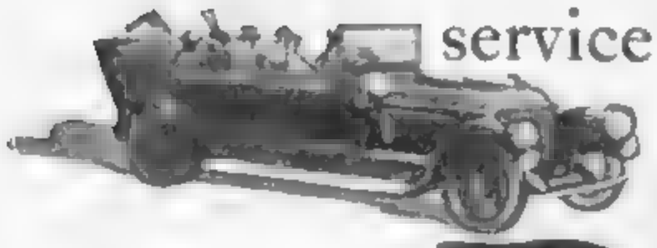

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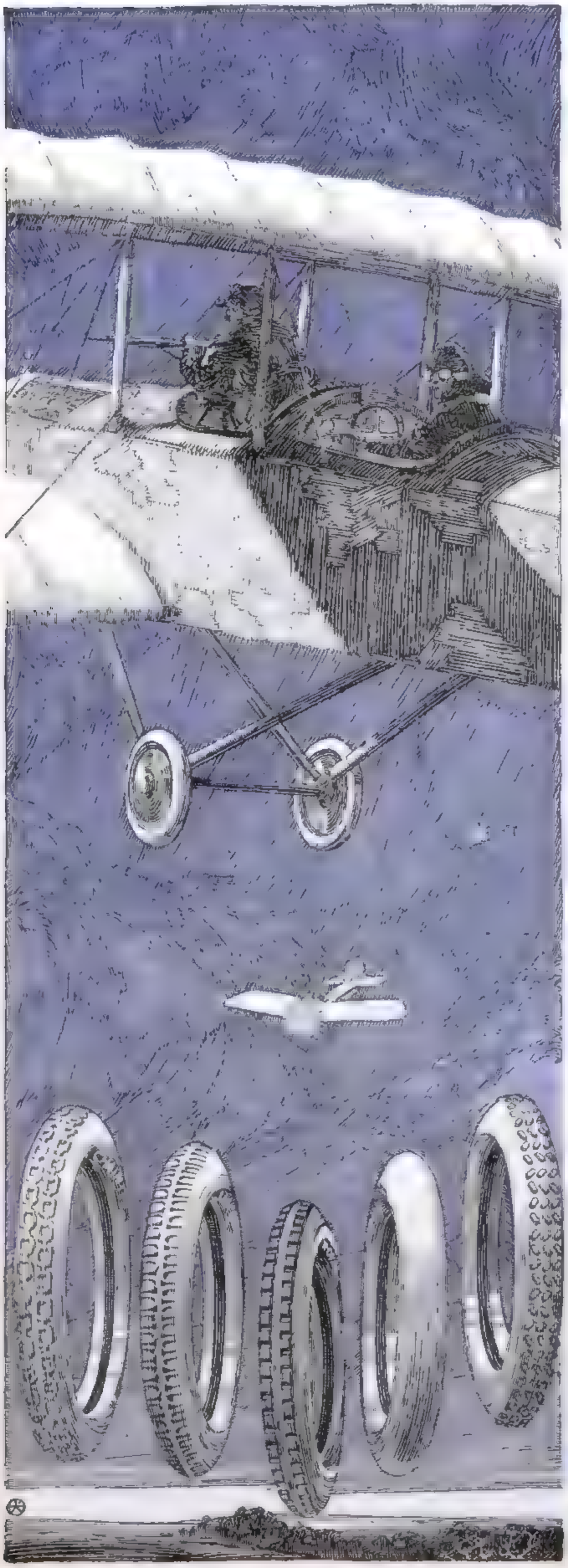

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RENTING YOUR MONEY

By Albert W. Atwood

ALMOST everyone knows what it means to pay rent. Nearly everyone knows how it would feel to collect rent. There is no mystery about it and we do not think of it as Finance with a big F. But the essential difference between renting a house to the Government and renting your money in the form of Liberty bonds to the same user is practically *nil*.

The Government borrows, or rents, your money just as it would your house if it needed your house for a post office. In either case it pays you so much a month, or every few months, for use. If your money is employed the payment is called interest; if your house is occupied the payment is called rent.

But though in principle there is but little difference that we need bother about between rent and interest, there are many details about the payment and collection of interest that payers and collectors of house rent may not understand. Millions of new bond investors have been created by the Liberty Loan—and the details of getting the interest "coming to" them will be studied more and more.

Obviously the purchaser of a Liberty bond has not contributed anything to the country except money, though that may be a most desirable contribution. No skill, enterprise, managerial ability, personal services or time goes with the money. The house owner often gives both time and pains to his property. But the low rate of interest on ultra-safe bonds, like the Liberty Loan, pretty much offsets the lack of other contributions.

Many socialistic thinkers do not believe that interest should be paid at all upon such investments as bonds. They say it is enough for the investor that his money be kept safe and intact without paying him interest, considering the fact that he does no work at all. A dollar will go right on bearing interest and multiplying in a savings bank, or a bond will keep on bearing interest, even after the owner has died. This proves, they say, that the owner has performed no service and so should receive no rent for the use of his money. It is all right to pay interest on "tool capital," meaning a hammer or plow in the hands of a workman, or on "managerial capital," meaning the money actually invested by superintendents or others in charge of workmen; but all wrong to pay rent for the use of "financial capital," which gives nothing of personal service and may have been inherited from a distant cousin. Such is the argument.

Bonds That Lived for Generations

But the answer is that if interest were not paid on all classes of capital people would not save. And saving is absolutely necessary to the system of industry. Without it we should probably have either no civilization at all or else complete state socialism.

Besides, there is the practical difficulty of distinguishing in the payment of interest between money saved by a hard-working laborer from his wages and that inherited by an idler from an uncle in England whom he has never seen. But inheritance taxes take good care of these differences when a man dies, and income taxes have somewhat the same effect.

There is no doubt that if a bond issue is perfectly safe—which means that the sum originally rented out is returned intact—and if the period of the loan is very long, an absurdly large return is earned by the money. There are four per cent railroad bonds that run for a period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. This means that one hundred dollars becomes more than four thousand dollars, without considering compound interest, which would make it far more.

There would be something incongruous in repaying a loan after nine hundred and ninety-nine years, not only because the purpose for which the loan was made would be forgotten but also because the present owner could have no conceivable relation to the purpose of the original loan.

These facts are now recognized by all governments and corporations, and bond issues are put out for a sensible length of time, usually from fifteen to thirty years. In other words loans are confined, roughly at least, to the generation in which they are made. People no longer expect money to earn interest long after the service that it performed has been forgotten. They are satisfied if safety of principal and moderate income for a generation can be assured.

What to Do With Your Coupons

The interest, or rental, on bonds is expressed in percentages for one year on the principal sum; that is, a three and one-half per cent bond is one that pays three dollars and fifty cents on one hundred dollars every year. The interest may be paid once a year, twice a year or every three months. Most commonly it is paid twice—on January first and July first. Thus one would get one dollar and seventy-five cents every six months on a three and a half per cent one-hundred-dollar bond. Very often interest is paid quarterly—on January first, April first, July first and October first.

Bonds are of two kinds as regards the method of paying interest—registered and coupon. Owners of registered bonds receive the interest direct in the form of checks from the corporation. But coupon bonds are vastly more common and convenient. To the bond itself is attached by perforation or mucilage a sheet of small checks, each one dated and good for interest for a given period—three months, six months or a year. Just before the date for payment arrives an investor should detach the proper coupon and present it for payment.

Either the offices of the company or certain banks are designated as places where payment is made. Round January first and July first the financial pages of newspapers are filled with notices of the interest payments to be made at certain banking and trust-company offices. Often interest on perhaps four or five hundred different bonds will be paid at one place. But the investor does not need to go there or even directly send his coupon there for collection. Any bank will accept coupons as it will checks, and the vast majority of coupons are merely turned in to banks in the same way that checks and currency are deposited.

Of course if coupons are cut off ahead of time the buyer insists upon having all that are due him and it is necessary to paste or pin them onto the bond. Strange as it may seem, people constantly cut off either the wrong coupon or too many, and lose them before the time comes round for payments.

If a bond is sold on an interest day—that is, the day on which interest is paid—there is no adjustment of interest to be made unless coupons have been improperly detached. But if a bond is sold at any other time the interest must be adjusted between buyer and seller. The buyer practically always gets more than he is entitled to because he is left in possession of the next coupon. But if he buys the bond fifteen days before interest day he is not entitled to more than fifteen days' interest and yet has a coupon for a whole period of six months, so the very simple practice has grown up of charging the buyer for the proportion of the coupon for which he is not entitled and adding it to the selling price of the bond.

This practice of adjusting interest is technically known as "accrued interest," or "and interest," or "with interest," or "interest added." There are several different methods of figuring the interest. One method is to figure the actual number of days. Then the yearly interest rate divided by three hundred and sixty-five gives the rate for one day. Another method is based on there being but three hundred and sixty days in the year, each and every month being accepted as thirty days. One month, therefore, is figured as one-twelfth of the yearly rate. A combination of the two methods also is used; and it is important that buyer and seller should both understand which method is employed.

Formerly bonds were dealt in "flat," which means that no adjustment of interest was made—that is, no arithmetical adjustment was made—but the market price was supposed to take the matter into account. Sometimes it did and sometimes it did not, the approximation usually being rough. Nearly all stocks are still bought and sold flat.

It is fortunate that Liberty bonds were sold by the Government at one hundred per cent of their face value, for when a one-hundred-dollar bond is sold at one hundred dollars the mathematics of interest is very simple. But if it sells for ninety-seven or one hundred and three dollars or any other price we at once get into difficulties.

How to Figure Interest Returns

If you pay one hundred and three per cent of its face value for a bond that pays interest of three and one-half per cent on its face value, the real return on the money is obviously less than three and one-half per cent. People often have a rough way of figuring the real—or, as technically known, the net—interest return. If the bond has ten years to run they divide the premium they paid for it, three per cent, by ten, thus charging off three-tenths of one per cent a year. But this rough method does not allow for the more scientific principle that from each coupon a sufficient portion of the interest money received should be invested until the bond is paid off in order to make the face value of the bond added to the sum of reinvested interest exactly equal the original cost of the bond.

Now no investor goes through this elaborate process, but so-called bond tables, or basis books, are built up on this theory, and a glance at them will give the net return on a bond running for any number of years at any price and at any rate of interest.

The number of years that a bond runs is most important in determining the net return. To pay seventy dollars for a one-hundred-dollar bond that runs for only six months would result in an enormous profit if the bond happened to be paid off at its face value at the end of six months. But if the same bond runs for one thousand years the net interest return for that whole period would naturally be little more than three and one-half per cent. By taking enough years to spread it over, any premium above or any discount below the face value is practically killed off, or "amortized," as the bond men say.

Naturally this method of figuring the real return on one's investment is correct only in case the bond is held until it is paid off and is paid at its full face value. The net return—or, as bond men more often call it, the "yield"—means nothing to a man who buys a bond at one hundred and three and sells it a year later at ninety-seven. His yield is a vastly smaller thing than that shown in the bond table.

In the same way the man who sells a bond at a higher price than he paid for it has an entirely different yield. Yet institutions such as banks and insurance companies and also large private investors buy and sell bonds very largely on the basis-book system. It is especially applicable to large insurance companies and savings banks, because most of their bonds actually are held until they are paid off.

Bond Tables and Common Sense

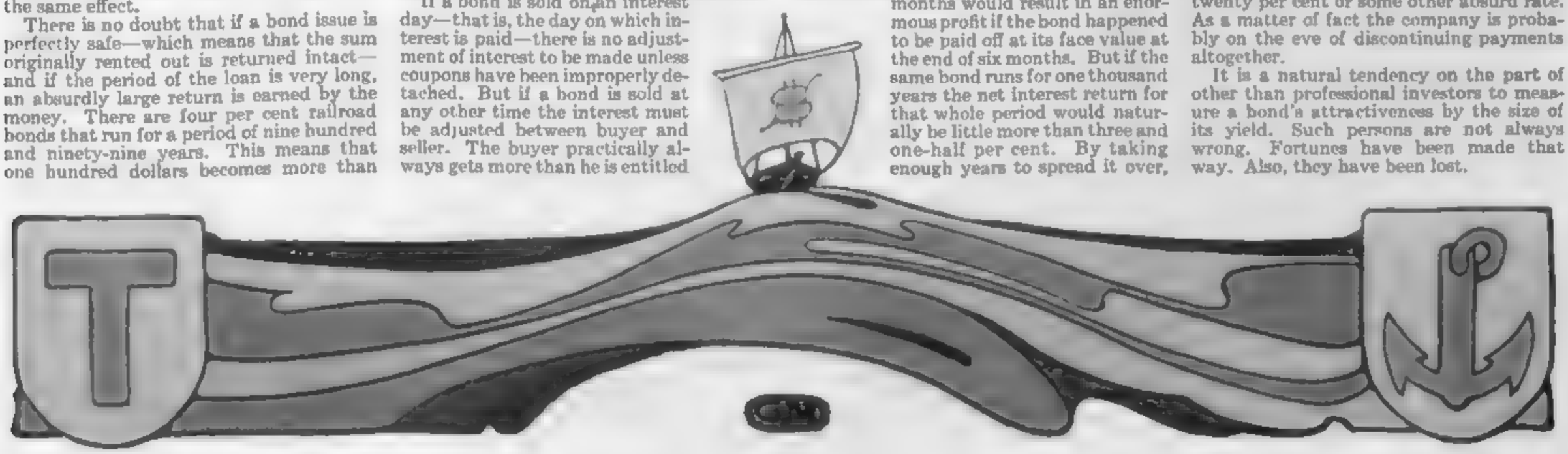
A hot dispute has arisen at times between those who advocate the exclusive use of the bond table, or amortization method, and those who urge that savings banks especially should always figure on the actual market value at the time. Neither system is absolutely right. It would be foolish to count a savings bank's assets wholly by market prices, because in actual practice savings banks never do, or could, sell all their bonds at once on the market. But the weakness of the amortization plan is that if a corporation fails to pay off its bonds promptly when they come due the whole scheme is worthless. Hundreds of millions of dollars of railroad bonds have defaulted in recent years, and the owners were obliged to accept other securities in their place. Bond tables as applied to such situations are simply waste paper.

The common-sense thing for the individual to do is to know what the yield is on his bond if held throughout its life, and also to follow to some extent its market price. The Liberty bonds having been sold by the Government at their face value will pay to everyone who bought them the exact three and one-half per cent interest. But those who buy these bonds in the open market at more or less than one hundred per cent will receive less or more than three and one-half per cent. But the bonds would have to range very high or very low in price to make more than a fractional difference to the small investor.

It is only when investors buy bonds on a large scale that it is necessary to pay close attention to the bond tables. Yet a far more intelligent grasp of the subject of bonds will be had by anyone who understands the general theory of net-interest return. And as for persons whose minds have a mathematical turn, there is no end of mental exercise in this field. Most bond tables contain mathematical inaccuracies of a minor nature. In the bond business it is necessary to employ many special forms of tables for unusual types of bonds.

Bond men use these books so habitually that they get into an unfortunate habit of judging a bond almost entirely by its yield. To them it is second nature. They will speak glibly of a railroad bond yielding twenty per cent or some other absurd rate. As a matter of fact the company is probably on the eve of discontinuing payments altogether.

It is a natural tendency on the part of other than professional investors to measure a bond's attractiveness by the size of its yield. Such persons are not always wrong. Fortunes have been made that way. Also, they have been lost.



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FILM FIGHTERS

(Continued from Page 13)

soft parts. We never have any real trouble unless we employ outsiders.

A while ago we were making some dock scenes at San Pedro and rounded up all our extras right on the spot. It was a labor story, and the strikers and scabs got to mixing it so sincerely that they had to be separated by the marines from a big cruiser that lay near by.

In another story, made up in San Francisco, I thought I would get some fine types for a den of thieves on the Barbary Coast. They sure looked the part; in fact, most of them were. We found this out when we turned in forty real motor cops to clean out the bunch. When the bulls battered in the doors and saw that crowd they began to recognize old enemies. Some of the yeggs and dips also figured out that this was a swell time to pay off old scores. So dynamic was that scene that the director had to cut it in the middle to save actual tragedies.

When they were all paid off I noticed eight of the cops hanging round, and I says to myself, says I, "This will never do. It's not fair to round up those poor devils for a picture just to turn them over to the police." So I ordered two motor busses over to the north gate, and while I entertained the cops we got the dollar atmospheres aboard the rubberneck wagons and then shot them back to their old haunts.

My countrymen are the only ones who seem to like to fight just for the fun of it. Take O'Day, the property man, for instance. Every time he takes so much as a malted milk he begins to tug at his lapels and say nervously: "Dan, let's go downtown. I feel like a bit of a row." Most men, however, require some incentive, and so long as the battle to live is like fighting your brother for a loaf of bread when there are three on the table, there will be plenty of incentive. It is pathetic what some of these poor devils will do for a few dollars.

A short time ago Mr. Mann was shooting a scene in which a Mexican bandit had locked a captive girl up in a room and then had thrown the key to his men to quarrel over. The action was not satisfactory, so the director substituted a five-dollar gold piece for the key and told the men that the one who had it when he called "Cut" could keep it. The fight was pitiable, but not half so tragic as the motive that prompted it. No, we need not worry about the decadence of the fighting spirit while the Have Nots compose ninety per cent of our fellow men.

The Mexicans as a class are an easy-going and happy bunch, but their artistic pride is easily touched and they will often pull some bully stuff for the sake of art. A good meal also has a magic effect upon their dramatic enthusiasms, and when they are "grifo," look out for Neronian realism. This delightful state of mind is achieved by smoking marihuana, a harmless-looking little plant, but tremendous in its results. A marihuana cigarette is like a shot in the arm: The mouth goes dry, the eyes become bloodshot, and the future is entirely immaterial.

Mexicans as Shooting Stars

Most of our soldiers and cowboys who have met the Mexicans in battle are not impressed with their effectiveness. They become fearfully rattled and then just shoot, shoot, shoot—any old place, so long as they make a big noise. But I never saw a man in any vocation who didn't want to give a Mexican all the room he desired when he was "grifo."

On the few occasions in the pictures when these lads have been smoking marihuana the results have been disastrous. In a certain war story they got it into their addled heads that blank cartridges were a low-down swindle, so they promptly loaded up with stones and nails, and at the first volley shot one fellow in the stomach, wrecked the set, and broke twenty-two windows in the glass studio. Their extraordinarily bad aim made us almost love them.

I wish all these smart Aleck fans who sit with their girls and tell them how this is faked and that is a double exposure would come out on the lot some day and repeat their patter to the fellows who do the stunts. They would instantly wish their remarks were back inside of them. When a man going full tilt is jabbed off a horse with a long spear, I wonder if these fellows think there is a bunch of stuges trotting on behind with a bed of violets for the rider to fall into?

Mr. Mann, who has directed some of the greatest fight pictures, is white with nervous forebodings until the big scene is made. "I expect accidents," he said to-day; "but, with every precaution and foresight, I am afraid that some day we shall have a tragedy. I wish there was some safe way of making pictures. Next week I have to send three hundred horsemen galloping up a hundred and seventeen steps to an Aztec temple. It will be a thrilling and magnificent sight, but if one of the leading riders should stumble, fall, and begin rolling down those steps it would start an avalanche of men and horses that would be something awful!"

Whenever we are about to stage such a picture as this the men are called together, the action doped out, the hazards and risks are explained and the men warned not to go in unless they are willing to take chances. Everyone signs a release saying that he understood the nature of the picture and that he went into it voluntarily. A poor rider, for instance, would be a perfect fool to sign up for that temple picture.

Field Hospitals for Wounded Actors

Perhaps the best way to emphasize the dangers of our war pictures is to tell of the preparations that we make for handling casualties. For a big medieval story taken about a year ago the field hospital was as sincere and complete as one would find on the Western Front to-day. Everything from first aid to operating tables was ready to handle the wounded. Motor ambulances were stationed at various points round the battlefield, but were concealed by foliage from the eyes of the cameras; back of the camera lines were the stretcher bearers and nurses, while at the hospital awaited four company surgeons and three from the insurance companies.

The optimism of the men before the battle was a strange thing. As they rode by the hospital they joshed the nurses and facetiously picked out the cots they preferred. One called out so that Mr. Mann heard him: "Oh, I say, Bessie, I'll lead the charge on the stockade if I can draw you for a nurse." As that seemed to be a perfectly fair ambition, the director gave orders accordingly, and the fellow got his hope. It is good that Bessie got six weeks' nursing with him, for now she is stuck for life, and womanlike she is trying to get him to quit the pictures and join something that's safe.

In these moving-picture battles, as in real warfare, the wounded must expect no help until the battle is over, for we cannot crab or stop a picture for a broken leg or two. I was in a scene once where the fellow ahead of me was beating in a door with the butt end of his rifle when it went off in his face. We all knew he had been killed, but the action of the scene did not even hesitate. The accident was caused by the victim's carelessness. We had been using ball cartridges in some close-up stuff where we wanted to show the door splintering right beside a man's head. We had been ordered to empty our guns afterward, but this chap was too tired, or else believed it wasn't loaded—the most mortuary of all human beliefs.

Medieval fighting is by far the most dangerous. The armor is heavy and awkward, the weapons cruel—even when they are blunted—and the fighting is all hand-to-hand. The clash of six or seven hundred horsemen in full armor is in itself a shocking thing. With swirling swords and clubs, jabbing lances, excited and plunging horses, even if the men were all trying to avoid one another—which they are not—the situation would be about as hazardous as one could choose.

Rehearsals of this kind of fighting are quite impossible, so that everything must be planned perfectly in advance. As the most important action must take place in front of the cameras, the principals ride over the field many times to gauge their distances, so that when they ride toward one another their simultaneous arrival at the point to be disputed will be the one indicated by the director.

The victors are—or should be—determined in advance, and at a given signal one side must retreat or surrender. If left to the hazards of chance the result of the battle might not fit the story. I recall one scene wherein thirty Confederate soldiers were told to defend an ammunition car against the enemy. The director sent two hundred cavalrymen with instructions to capture and bring in the Confederates. Where the director made his mistake was in failing to tell the rebels they were supposed to lose. The fact was they put up such a sincere fight that all of Grant's horses and all of Grant's men couldn't have pried them out of that car. Lots of retakes have been made necessary when directors have misjudged some lad's fighting spirit.

Dangerous as was the medieval-battle stuff we did, because of the horses, the real fighting took place in the moat, on the drawbridge and in the towers. "Dan," said Mr. Mann one day when we were about to start recruiting the cast, "I want you to select the two armies according to type. Get all the Frenchmen you can for the French army, filling out with any other Latins; and for the English army line up all the roundheads you can find, and then if we can't get some good fight stuff we'll hire a whole tong of hatchet men."

For several weeks I had the two armies in training on different lots, and succeeded in instilling both with a wonderful spirit of patriotism and pride. My methods were not unlike those the rulers have always used. To the English army I spoke thus: "Men, you know as well as I do that the English are the greatest fighters in the world. Especially on defense. They tell you that the French are brilliant fighters. They are—they are just like the Irish and Scotch, brilliant in victory; but incidentally just as brilliant in defeat. Why, at the Battle of Belmont every kiltie that came staggering into camp said: 'I'm the last of the Black Watch.' And he thought he was.

"Who won South Africa? Why, the English, of course; they are the boys that you can't beat, because they never know when they are licked. Imagination is bad stuff in war. You fellows haven't any, and that's why you can fight. Now in this story you have got to defend the towers from a lot of excitable Frenchmen, led by a girl! Defend the place if you have to drown every guinea in the moat. And I'll tell you this on the side: The other bunch think you are a joke, and they are making bets that they will drive you off the lot." [Dose Number One.]

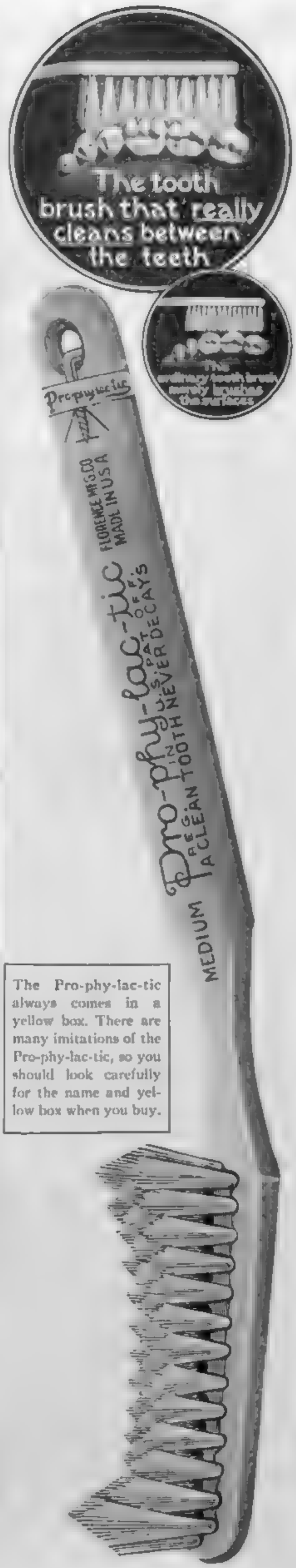
Training Armies for the Films

Now for Number Two. "Boys," said I to the soldiers of Charles, as they ate hot dogs and cones for their delayed luncheon, "you don't need to be told that you have a man-size job on your hands. The English say you are a lot of frog-eating rabbits and that they are going to drop you all over the fence. And from things I've heard, they mean it. But remember you are to be the aggressors and that you are fighting for an idea. You know that when it comes to fighting for ideas the French are the most irresistible warriors in the world. And remember your chivalry. You are fighting for a girl. Mr. Mann has pleaded with her to let herself be doubled in this scene. She says: 'If those boys are willing to take a good beating I'm with them up to the last ditch—and then some; for I intend to be the first one in those towers if I have to lick the whole English army!' Seems to me if you are real sports you couldn't help winning for a girl like that!"

Thus was the martial spirit injected, and so successfully did it operate that we witnessed the same phenomenon so distressingly common in the big outside world. Two otherwise perfectly amiable groups of men were so stirred with their little prides that they couldn't wait to get at one another. I'll say this for them, however, their quarrel was on a much higher plane than most battles, for they were fighting for art and the film proof of their particular prowess.

Every fighting man now dates his calendar from that picture. Fight? It was a riot! The stuff pulled off in that most would have made Victor Hugo ashamed to write.

And from the center of this brawling tumult of fighting could be heard a girl's voice, calling to her men to follow her. Waist deep in mud and slush, this inspiring



The Pro-phy-lac-tic always comes in a yellow box. There are many imitations of the Pro-phy-lac-tic, so you should look carefully for the name and yellow box when you buy.

One Pipe-Smoker's Letter That We Can't Publish

It was postmarked Salchaket, Alaska, and was written on the back of a map of the Yukon country.

The writer of the letter told us in singularly unrestrained language of an incident in the Diddyrod country which he thought would interest any pipe-smoker. He had traded what he considered a worthless claim for a package of Edgeworth Tobacco and the "sourdough what got the claim from me for the Edgeworth took eighty thousand dollars out of the ground what I didn't know was in it."

This real letter from a real man makes us believe that the characters in the Alaska stories we love to read are drawn pretty accurately from life. For this man, like a regular sport, doesn't kick at the little trick Fate played upon him, but *writes us to praise the tobacco* for which he had traded a valuable claim.

He doesn't overpraise Edgeworth.

There is no exaggerated pretense that he got the best of the transaction, and in telling us that he liked the tobacco he doesn't try to write an advertisement and lug in words like "aroma" and "mellow-fragrance."

He simply took his pen in hand to say that it was good tobacco, qualifying the word good with certain adjectives whose usage is more common than approved.

We wish that we were able to get the same convincing quality into our own descriptions of Edgeworth Tobacco that some of its smokers do in the letters they write us. No doubt other tobacco manufacturers get letters from smokers, too. And doubtless they are made just as happy by them, but the letters we get from Edgeworth smokers certainly do warm our hearts.

If you have never smoked Edgeworth, we shall be glad to send you samples of both forms in which it is made—samples that you can smoke at once or keep nearby and use when the spirit moves you.

One man we know sent for these samples and after they came, he decided he was pretty well pleased with his old brand, so he put the samples in his desk drawer and didn't even try them.

Two weeks later he was working late, and ran short of tobacco. He was as miserable as you can imagine, sucking away at his empty pipe until he bethought himself of those Edgeworth samples in his desk.

Out they came, and either because he was starving for a smoke or because Edgeworth really is a superior tobacco, he liked it so well he has clung to that brand ever since.

So, the samples we send you may save your life some time. At any rate they can't disappoint you much, and you may like them immensely.

Edgeworth comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready Rubbed. It's the same tobacco in both forms, but Plug Slice is prepared for the pipe by the smoker, who "rubs it up" in the palms of his hands. Ready-Rubbed is, as the name suggests, all ready for the pipe. You may have a sample of both and decide for yourself which form suits you better.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

For the free samples address Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. Send us your retail dealer's name, please.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

girl fought and struggled and took her bumps, and when it was seen that a blow had rather staggered her, that she was soaking wet and plastered with mud—she had been working in this nasty fight stuff for two hours—the director called through a megaphone and asked her if he shouldn't cut until she had had a rest and got warm.

"I should say not!" she called back; "I guess if these fellows can stand it I can. Don't worry about me. Worry about those fellows up there, for we will be throwing them off the top of that tower in a minute!"

When a breach was finally battered through the wall, and the men boosted her in, she called for her soldiers to follow her with commands that would have stampeded a fellow with rain water in his veins.

Odds on the Allies have doubled since the news that a regiment of women has been formed in Russia.

In one of the smaller scenes in the attack on the towers thirty Frenchmen were supposed to go up scaling ladders and dislodge eight Englishmen who were put in defense. As it was particularly dangerous we used professional daredevils. The fighting men of the Eureka were put on the balcony and our fighting men were to do the storming. We thought the rivalry between the studios would insure a good scrap, but through some mutual understanding or lack of spirit the action was not at all satisfactory to Mr. Mann's high artistic demands. Sending for Ben, a stage carpenter, who though not a professional daredevil was rougher in a jam than any other man on the lot, he said:

"Ben, I want you to go up and throw those devils off that balcony. It seems that the Filmart has a lot of dead ones, and I'm depending on you to save the honor of the studio."

Making Super-Patriots

While Ben was getting into his costume Mr. Mann sent me to the office to get a bunch of fifties. These he pinned on his breast, and when all was in readiness he called out: "If you Eureka fellows keep these men down, you get this money—and they are all fifties. And if you fellows get up there it is all yours."

I said somewhere that all most men need to make them fight is an incentive. With some it is pride—with professional fighters it is likely to be money. In any event the urge to action was electrical. The first few men up the ladders were pried off and pitched headlong into the moat, but soon the defenders were overwhelmed by sheer numbers, though they fought like fiends.

But what's the use! Nine-tenths of the smart-Aleck fans will explain to their girls just how the scene was faked.

With all that it may mean to have our stars hurt, the work of the girl in this story shows that we often permit them to take excessive risks. In this same picture another of the principals was hit on the head in an interior fight and went completely out, and had it not been for Gritworth, who saw him drop and bent over him protectingly with his heavy armor, he might have been hurt worse.

When I put our film warfare on the higher plane of æsthetic expression I do not mean that we have all become supermen who have suddenly outgrown all human pettiness. Our warriors often develop personal grudges, and in some of the rough work they have corking opportunities to ease them off.

Gritworth is so darned sincere that he sometimes doesn't realize how rough he is. He was a ferocious knight in black armor in the big battle scene, and so enthusiastic was he that he charged all over the field in utter recklessness of the safety of others—at least some of them thought so—and they planned to get him in the attack on the towers. When finally the black knight took the count from the swing of a big battle-ax on his armored head, a muffled cheer went up from several extras who were watching out of the corners of their eyes. But alas, when his visor was opened it was found that they had fetched one of their own bunch. There were two black knights, but these chaps didn't know that.

Another lead, who is a corking actor but who is likely to lose his head in the excitement, cut some fellows so badly with the edge of his sword that the studio had to furnish him with a bodyguard until his victims came to the realization that it was a mistake made by an overenthusiastic artist.

For two weeks after the big scenes, and while we were using the same French and English armies for the remainder of the story, we had to keep the police on the lot to break up incipient riots that were an aftermath of those battles. These fights, however, were all among the extras that we hired for the story. Our regulars do not permit their feelings to extend beyond the picture. If those extra men stick round long enough they will forget how to spell "hate."

The great advantage that we of our world enjoy over outsiders is an international amity and respect that comes with complete understanding. Our nationalities are so ephemeral and everchanging that racial and national hatreds are very much blurred. Cosmopolis itself could not contain more of a mixture than we possess. Russians, French, Japanese, Americans, Indians, Mexicans, and what not, mix and work day after day in perfect accord—our loyalty to our studio and our pictures our greatest pride. One's artistry is respected whatever his race.

Once in a while some pinhead will bring his other-world prejudices to the studio, but he gets thumbs down if he makes them too manifest. A short time ago a camera man left for another studio and a camera kid by the name of Soto was advanced to his position. The kid who was assigned as his assistant, believing himself a superior animal, came to the director general and said:

"Mr. Mann, I don't think I ought to be asked to work for no Jap. Do I have to?"

"No indeed!" replied the boss; "the fruit growers are howling for help, and you can get a fine job up in the San Gabriel picking apricots."

So out he went into his petty world of hates and prejudices. It would be a good thing if the jingoes could be compelled to work in the pictures for a while. One of our Oriental peta, whose sense of humor would be lost on our yellow-newspaper perils, one day asked the director if he could speak to the bunch during a rest in a big scene. "Boys," said he, "I want to invite you to a Japanese field day out at Arcadia next Sunday. There will be things to eat, lots of sport, and you'll have the exceptional chance of seeing two thousand Japanese spies at play." Everybody howled at his joke, and most of them went.

The political internationalist would be tickled to death or mightily bewildered at the delightfully impartial way we fight and serve under any and every flag. A fellow working in a story may this week be carrying a banner of Mexico through Arizona, while on Tuesday next the same chap may be defending Sweden from an invasion of Peruvian barks. The fighting men of the movies are the super-patriots. They have learned to hoch, viva, banzai and cheer in every language. They are not, however, supermen, and in their private lives they react quite the same as other less perfect humans.

The Unpopular Prussian Rôle

For instance, a while ago we made a modern war story, and the fellows who were picked for German soldiers—because of certain feelings in the outer world—were not nearly so happy as those who were to fight under the colors of France. They went about for several days with a rather hangdog manner, and had to stand a lot of gentle joshing. Meantime the *poilus* were the cocks of the walk. But to show you the strange psychology of the artist-fighter, when it was announced that the Germans had three times as much work in the picture as any others the whole spirit of the men was reversed. The Prussians became almost as cocky as they are in Berlin—not quite.

Our only trouble in this picture again came from the outside. In order that each army should be perfect in the military technic of its own country, a French and a German reservist were secured to teach the men the manual of arms. For weeks they drilled round the lot, but on several occasions when we were crowded for room they had to drill together on one of the big stages. It is just as well that the men were merely artists, for had they shared the feelings of their instructors the war would have been carried into Hollywood. As it was, the collisions on that stage resulted only in the vocal fireworks of the reservists.

The thing that these two poor fellows couldn't understand was the fine rivalry that existed between the two units, but which refused to go further. Between scenes the absence of any hate was most manifest, for no sooner had the director called cut than both armies mixed with the utmost fraternity. At the men's eating, smoking and fox-trotting together, the reservists were in turn horrified and bewildered. Occasionally one would even see a German with his arm round a Frenchman, but he was only consoling the poor desolated chap because his "ticket" wouldn't be so big on pay day.

Before the present war our military technic was often very questionable, but because of popular ignorance we could get away with all manner of blunders. We used to show our generals leading their troops in person and pulling all sorts of heroics on the breastworks in the close-ups; but now the fans are too wise. They know that the high officers are not the camera hogs that we made them.

Furthermore, we have had to revise our whole technic of violent death. In the old days of the pictures if a fellow was shot he clutched his throat, heaved and gulped and then, grabbing the flag, staggered into the foreground and died like the lithographs of Nelson. But from the grim pictures that come to us from the Front we find that such is not the case. We have learned, for instance, that if a man is shot through the head he falls like a plummet; if through the chest he goes up in the air and then falls face down; while the man shot in the abdomen simply clutches himself and slowly drops to his knees, and then rolls over. This may all sound very gruesome, but art deals with death no less than with life, and the verities of life and death must be familiar to the artist, even though he violate them for artistic effect. Hawkeye is always artistically outraged by the way directors ask Indians to die. He insists that an Indian kicks and jerks right to the gate of the happy hunting grounds.

Real Dangers in "Fake" Fighting

In this same war story of which I have spoken we got a fine example of how the wounded behave, for we had a gun explosion that was cruelly real. In passing through a Belgian village the French had stopped to fire at approaching Germans, and the breechlock of the big French field gun blew out, wreaking real havoc among the French soldiers. One man, struck in the face, wandered about dazed and dizzy, and finally sank down in a doorway; another, shot in the abdomen, just crumpled up and melted; while a third, fearfully burned about the face, bumped first into one person and then another before he fell.

Though everybody realized that a fearful accident had happened, not one man deserted his duty or changed his business. A few of the soldiers looked about, as they might have done in real life, and though a stone paving block was blown right past the director's head, and nearly hit his most famous star, who was watching the scene from behind the cameras, he kept on shouting his directions, and the cameras kept cranking until the bugle blew to cut. And not one effort was made to reach the wounded men until the action was all over. All of which shows the training these men get in the etiquette of social action when a great picture is at stake.

Fortunately none of the men was killed, and the physical distress of all three was not greater than their æsthetic disappointment that they were probably out of the picture for good. As one of them lay swathed in bandages in the hospital that night, with his hair, brows and beard burned off, he looked plaintively up at the director and said: "Mr. Mann, do you think I'll be able to finish the picture?"

I do not wish it to seem that we claim more physical courage in the moving pictures than in other walks and industries—we simply have more opportunities to discover this almost universal—though often latent—human attribute. History to the contrary, the fighting spirit is not peculiar to the aristocratic classes.

Do not imagine that we discover no yellow in our ranks; but it is so rare that its discovery is celebrated with a very quaint ritual. Last week Mr. Mann called for volunteers to mix it up in a certain scene, and every man on the set raised his hand, excepting one.

"What's the matter, my man; are you physically unfit?" called the director.

"I'm as fit as the next guy," responded the delinquent; "but I don't want any of that stuff in mine. I didn't come into this game to get m'mug punched."

A curious hush came over the crowd, while at the same time two great brutes, at

(Concluded on Page 37)

Neōlin

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better than Leather

Mr. Rubincam's Son Wore His Neōlin Soles *Eight* Months—His Leather Soles Five Weeks

NEŌLIN Soles last longer than sole-leather. Always noticeably longer. Often twice longer. And if your shoes are what most Americans can pay for, frequently longer than that. Of ourselves we would hesitate to make such claims. Neōlin wearers happily relieve us of this by making these statements themselves.

We have reproduced many letters from men which show that there is no sole-wear quite like Neōlin sole-wear. Letters from women-wearers show the same thing, too. And to the scuffling, pounding, sliding kiddies Neōlin gives the same unequalled super-wear! Here is a letter which tells of even a six times greater wear for Neōlin Soles over leather soles:—

The National Petroleum Corporation
Offices: Colorado Nat'l Bank Building

Denver, Colo., April 18, 1917

Gentlemen:—

"I have a boy who was fifteen years old in February. He is a 'regular' boy. He is a Boy Scout, indulges in hikes and all the various boyhood pastimes that play havoc with clothes and shoes.

"I bought him a pair of shoes with Neōlin Soles and he wore them almost continuously for eight months. At the end of that time the soles were still good but the uppers were gone. His next pair had leather soles and lasted just five weeks.

"I cannot refrain from advising you of this remarkable illustration of the lasting qualities of Neōlin."

Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. C. RUBINCAM.
Secretary-Treasurer of The National Petroleum Corporation.

Neōlin Soles are not a substitute for leather shoe soles. They are literally superior to leather shoe soles. They are more resilient, more springy, more foot-easy than leather ever is. They are waterproof, as leather never is. They grip the ground securely even in wet. They're easy on floors.

And Neōlin Soles are not rubber or yet near-rubber. They are as flexible, but yet lighter than rubber. They won't crack like rubber, won't stretch out of shape like rubber, won't tear loose like rubber. Look for the name Neōlin underneath each shoe sole. That will protect you against quickly deteriorating soles made to look like Neōlin. In black, white, tan, in all sizes and styles of shoes. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

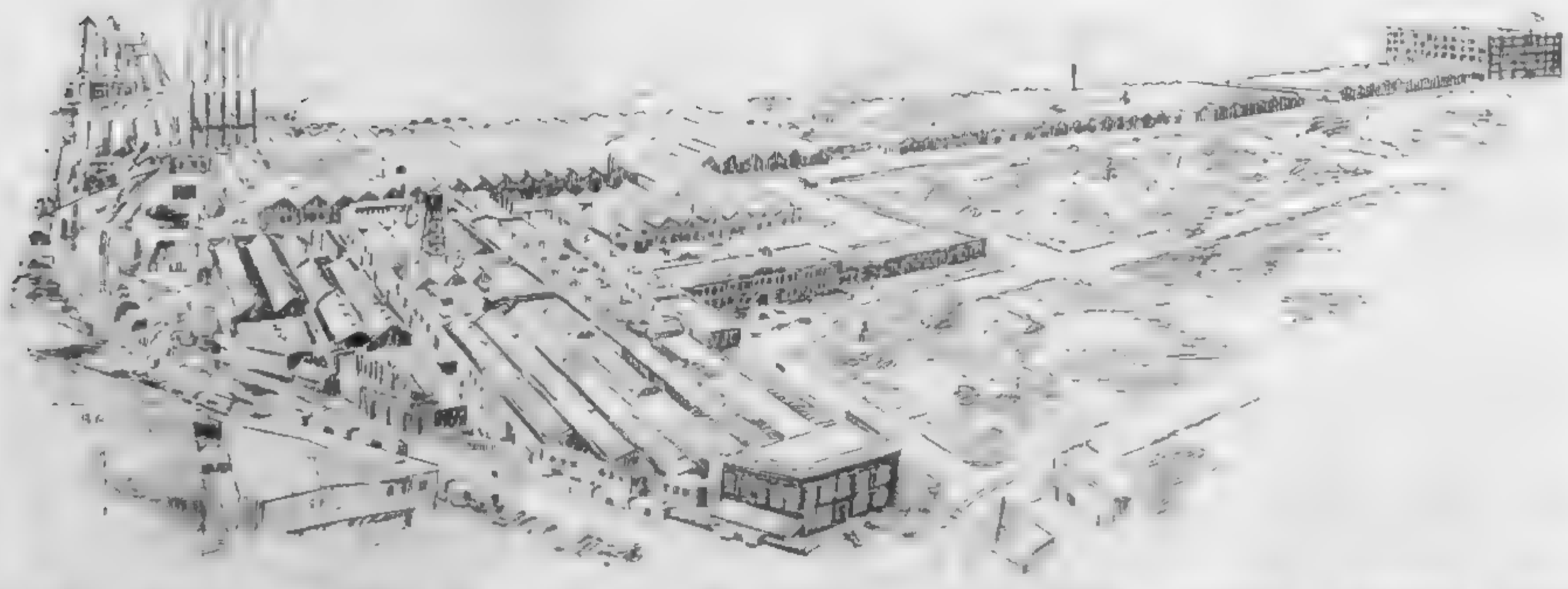
Copyright 1917, by
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

NASH
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Twelve months ago my associates and I began preliminary work upon a motor car which would embody our ideals. You will be given the first view of the finished car in this periodical three weeks from today.

C W Nash

Below is an exact view of The Nash Motors Company plant where the new Nash car and a line of Nash trucks were developed. You will recall that last August Mr. C. W. Nash announced his resignation from the presidency of a group of America's largest companies manufacturing motor cars and trucks. The notable success he achieved at their head is directly attributed to his genius for manufacturing a great volume of motor vehicles upon a quality basis. Immediately following his resignation he formed The Nash Motors Company and purchased the hundred acre Jeffery plant, 31 acres under roof, which employed 3,000 of the industry's finest mechanics. New buildings were added. Over $300,000 worth of new equipment of the most advanced design was installed. And the ability and experience of the entire organization, headed by Mr. Nash and his personally selected groups of associates, was focused upon the development of a new motor car and a line of trucks that would express their ideals as manufacturers.



NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

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some mysterious signal from the director, sneaked stealthily away.

"What is your name?" went on Mr. Mann. "Blank? Well, Mr. Blank, we have a little fade-out for fragile huskies like you. It will be your chance to be in what you fellows call a swell close-up, for we always keep a record of these gentle scenes."

At this point, to the blare of a bugle, the litter arrived and was placed down stage right before the camera. The tender creature immediately sensed something humiliating to his spirit or his person and started to beat it from the scene, but Bull Brown and Ben restrained his flight and carefully placed him upon the litter. In spite of Mr. Blank's struggles and distressingly loud language Al managed to shoot a few feet of the pathetic scene.

With the bugler leading, so that none should miss the impressive ritual, a procession bearing the recumbent form of Mr. Blank, Captain of Refusaleers, passed round the lot—through Richmond, Virginia, by the way of the Rue de l'Opéra, back round by the way of Sitka, stopping for a cheer from the tenement dwellers of East New York and a colorful reception by the peons of Lima. On the procession wended until Mr. Blank's courage was known from one end of the world to the other. And then reluctantly the tired Mr. Blank was deposited without the gate of that mysterious city where, for a consideration, men actually permitted other men to punch their mugs!

Now even Blank was not really a coward. He did not know the studio game and got off on the wrong foot. Next day he wrote to Mr. Mann that he would tackle any old assignment if he would let him back on the lot to live down his disgrace. His offer was accepted and his sporting spirit has squared all accounts.

The fellows' chances of dangerous work are not nearly so great as they were six months ago, due to the slumping popularity of the war pictures. It is strange that when people are filled up with the horrors of war they are jealous of their arts. They expect other things of the latter. Entertainment and diversion are what they demand now. It has always been thus. I had a friend who went through South Africa making sketches of the battles and interesting local incidents, hoping to clean up a fortune when the trouble was all over, but when he exhibited his pictures nobody attended. London was sick and tired of war and demanded that her artists depict the less tragic side of life. It was thirty years after the Rebellion that the first successful war drama made its appearance.

Even if war pictures were popular, there is another factor that would edit our productions: The fact that all branches of military service are now closed to us. Before the declaration we had access to battleships, submarines and land fortifications, with the cordial coöperation of almost any unit that we might desire; in fact the Government encouraged the use in the pictures of regular troops as a popular means of acquainting our citizens with the service and of stimulating recruiting. Now, however, we should have to fake everything, with almost prohibitive cost and great artistic danger.

I can already hear many people ask: "What, then, are all these fighting men doing, now that their country has gone to war? Are they slackers, preferring to work as German soldiers rather than French simply because the pay is higher?" No, indeed; their art and their lives are things apart. Some of our greatest villains are our gentlest pets. It is amazing the number of men who have left—or intend to leave—the happy world of make-believe to go to the Front. So full were the studios of the stuff that soldiers are made of that recruiting officers from the regular service, state militia, and all kinds of volunteer organizations—while the latter were still volling—combed the studios of every available man of military age. At our studio not one man of military age without dependents has failed to enlist; and for each of the latter who have joined the service the company is paying his family fifteen dollars a week.

And just to show that we are not dead ones, those of us who are beyond the age limit have organized ourselves into a home guard. Though we shall not be ordered to the Front, our various units release just that many men from state duty.

With so many ex-army men in our ranks it was an easy thing to organize our forces. In this single studio we have a company of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, two machine guns and crews, motor trucks with searchlights, wireless, signal service, and complete hospital corps. The full equipment, even to the machine guns, was furnished by the studio. We do all our drilling after hours and in the evening, and practice our maneuvers on Sundays.

One's natural tendency is to regard a military outfit like ours as a press-agent stunt, but there is nothing make-believe this time. So complete and thorough has been our training that we have twice passed inspection by the Federal authorities and have been accepted by the state of California as part of its military equipment. Another factor that would forbid our acceptance into the Federal service is the cosmopolitan character of our men. We have in our ranks all the various nationalities I have hitherto mentioned.

As the military rank of our officers does not correlate with our studio jobs, it is very often amusing to hear an extra man getting bawled out in the morning by the head of some department; and in the afternoon, when he dons his lieutenant's uniform, handing it back to his boss for standing like a slob, or some worse shortcoming.

So strongly has the spirit of the world gripped some of our stars that they are perfectly willing to go into total eclipse for the sake of service. One young lady with us would throw up her contract of some thousand dollars a week if the studio would release her. However, we have tried to convince her that she has a greater duty to the men in the trenches and the hospitals of Europe, by supplying them with diversion, as we know from the letters we get what a perfect godsend are the pictures to the spiritually and physically shaken men at the Front. In spite of her inability to enlist, this dear little star has donated an ambulance, bought a barrel of Liberty bonds, and has given liberally to the Red Cross. And speaking of Liberty bonds, we raised more than two hundred thousand dollars in one day, right on the lot.

Artists are by nature sentimental, and actors perhaps the most so of them all; which accounts for their enthusiasm in raising Red Cross funds. A few years ago we stopped our stars from appearing in public for every little charity or flag raising; the calls were too many. Now, however, all rules have gone bump and the poor mummers have been performing in one perpetual series of benefits for the Red Cross.

It is no easy thing when one has worked hard all day, and perhaps may have to report at the studio at eleven P. M. for some night stuff, to run out to town and sing a song or stand on one's head. The villagers don't seem to care much what we do—"anything will be acceptable so long as he is a movie actor." But just the fag of running from one place to another is a fearful drain on the nerves, even for film folk.

I saw our handsomest star asleep on a lounge in a drawing-room set at eleven o'clock this morning.

"Ha, ha, been up all night, eh? You'll have to cut out that beach stuff if you expect to hold the beauty medal."

"On the contrary," replied the poor, sleepy actor, "these haggard lines are a reward of virtue. I just got in an hour ago from San Francisco. Ran up yesterday for a Red Cross affair, and I'm just about bushed. I've been at least eighteen out of the last twenty-four hours on trains. Say, but what do you think?"—and his eyes brightened like a schoolboy's at recess time—"I waded into that crowd for four thousand dollars just passing my hat."

Considering the publicity we have put at the disposal of the Government, the men and money we have contributed, and that we will furnish the bulk of entertainment for our boys at the Front, not to mention nervous folk at home, it seems to me that we are doing our share.

I pretty nearly forgot to add that if you still think the make-believe fighters of the films can't put up a real fight, go over and join the Prussians, or come out here and mix in a few scenes for a good stiff five reeler; better still, go up to any man on our lot and tell him we fake our fighting.

And speaking of extra-hazardous risks, you ought to see the six new nurses we have in our hospital!

THE MEDAL OF M. MOULIN

(Continued from Page 5)

new arrivals I was not surprised to see m'sieur return, still on his dignity, to his young guest.

He had hardly seated himself when another visitor came swinging in the restaurant door—a young giant with the grace of a dancing master and the chin of a prize fighter. He whispered a few words to mademoiselle and took a seat at the table next to Lieutenant Thiers.

"Where have I seen that last one's face before?" murmured Gabrielle. "Oh-h, yes! Now I know. Why! Why! It is his bodyguard! *Mon Dieu*, if the *Grand Maréchal* is here at Les Bains, what next is about to happen!"

I was on the point of asking for enlightenment when I noticed a movement in the restaurant. First one rose, facing the door, and stood at the salute—then another—and another. Old veterans and charming young ladies, convalescent officers, their wives and mothers, table by table, group by group—they all rose and faced the door, the men standing at the salute, and admiration and affection in every eye. How long he had been there I cannot say, but standing in the doorway, surveying the scene with a kindly smile, stood the Hero of France, reminding me more than anything else of a shaggy old lion that knew he found himself among good friends.

In silence he acknowledged the silent greeting, and made his way to the place where the general staff was awaiting him. As he passed the table where Lieutenant Thiers was sitting I noticed his bodyguard standing ready to spring at the least hostile movement. But the guest of M. Moulin stood as stiffly erect as any of them, although to my imagination it seemed that his eyes were nearly popping out of his head.

M. Moulin had sprung to the empty chair at the staff-officers' table, and drawing it out he stood there waiting for his distinguished visitor. The table of honor in the restaurant is near to the desk, and Gabrielle and I could just hear all that was said.

"Ah, M'sieur Moulin," smiled the *maréchal*, "you see I couldn't stay away any longer from your Yquem-Yquem."

M'sieur bowed with the bow that is given before royalty, and when he returned to the perpendicular he seemed to give the others at the table a glance that said "Small fish that you are, and colleagues of a clique! You see the kind of a man who does me honor!" As though to add to his pride, just before he sat down the hand of the *Maréchal de France* rested for a moment on his shoulder, and in that moment the emotion of m'sieur became a visible thing, having all four dimensions and reaching well up to the clouds.

"No, no!" said the *maréchal*, waving aside the offered bill of fare. "We have only come to pledge a toast in your admirable Yquem-Yquem. So if you will fill the glasses ——" He watched the wine bubbling from the bottle—watched it quietly, pensively, almost mournfully from under his shaggy eyebrows.

(Concluded on Page 39)

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Remember the fun you used to get out of your Winchester on those early fall days, just before school opened.

It's the boy's turn now. Give him a Winchester and let him have the same fun you had at his age. He's old enough now to have a Winchester of his own, to know the joy of trigger-magic.

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The sport of shooting is the greatest developer of mental resources—mental quickness, fair play, steady nerves, control, and the ability to mix in manly competition with companions. It will develop in your boy the invaluable qualities of self-reliance, concentration and perseverance.

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To encourage marksmanship and the correct handling of a rifle among boys and girls of America we are awarding Gold Plated and Silver Plated Medals for skill with the Winchester .22 caliber rifle.

These Medals are awarded by the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, an honorary club with membership among the boys and girls all over the United States. There are no dues and no military obligations involved.

There is only one thing a boy could show his chums with more pride than a beautiful new shiny Winchester—and that is one of these Winchester "Marksman" Medals or a bright "Sharpshooter" Medal.

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When you see the sparkle a Winchester will bring to your boy's eyes, you will be mighty glad you got it for him. Every boy knows the traditions behind the name "Winchester," so get your boy the gun he can be most proud of.

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The name "Winchester" stands for the best traditions in gun making. For over half a century, Winchester has been the standard of pioneers and sportsmen. Winchester rifles built the West. As the need grew, Winchester originated a model and a caliber for every purpose.

Today the Winchester Company makes a greater variety and volume of small arms than any other manufacturer of firearms.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired over 50 times, with excess loads for strength, smooth action and accuracy.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. By the Bennett Process all Winchester barrels are given a finish that lasts a lifetime; hard to scratch and resists rust.

The same care that is taken with Winchester guns is taken with Winchester ammunition. The two are made for each other. This care in manufacturing explains why Winchesters are used by experts everywhere.

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Go to your dealer today; he will give you a sample target and booklet explaining the full conditions of the contest. This booklet also tells you how to get the best results from your Winchester. The dealer will also supply you with plenty of targets.

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MODEL 03 Automatic hammerless take-down rifle. Handles only its own .22 Automatic cartridge. Shoots ten shots as fast as the trigger can be pulled.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

(Concluded from Page 37)

"By the way, M'sieur Moulin," he suddenly remarked; "didn't I once hear it said that you were born in Aubréville?"

"*Oui, oui, M'sieur le maréchal!*"

"Then you know the country round there?"

"Like the palm of my hand, m'sieur! Like the end of my nose!"

"*C'est bien!* Then tell me this—I should like your judgment on the point—do you think we could hide half a dozen divisions of infantry behind the Aubréville hills, and spring them as a bold surprise upon the enemy?"

The hand of M. Moulin trembled a little as he continued to fill the glasses. So all his studies, all his dreams, were bearing fruit at last. In a matter of the first importance he was being consulted by the *Maréchal de France*—he who had always known that he was to be the man of destiny, he who had always felt that he was to be the savior of his country.

"Half a dozen divisions, you say?" he stammered.

"Yes. Personally I think it might be done, though I am frank to tell you that some of the gentlemen of the staff are doubtful."

M. Moulin permitted himself a proud, proud look at the officers round the table—those officers who had always held him so lightly, even calling him behind his back "Old Soup Pipes." Old Soup Pipes! *Mon Dieu!*—to say nothing of their detestable witticisms about his grand system of magnets. Oh, but verily every man has his day. Verily! Verily!!

Yet even in his hour of triumph M. Moulin did not forget his study of tactics.

"You will guarantee to keep the air free of German flyers," he asked, "so none can overlook our preparations?"

"Oh, that, of course."

M. Moulin drew himself for a moment to his full height.

"Then I will say this, *M'sieur le maréchal*," he announced: "You could not only conceal six divisions of infantry behind the Aubréville hills—you could hide a dozen—fifteen—twenty! *Que diable*—your pardon, m'sieur!—but I, who am nothing but a simple *restaurateur*—who have no honors to my name—no medals on my chest—*juste Dieu!*—I myself could guarantee to hide half the grand army of France behind those hills and not a *Boche* would see the hair of one of their pompadours!"

The *maréchal* looked slowly round at the officers at his table, while M. Moulin towered over them, a veritable mountain of retribution—a Matterhorn towering over so many melting snowballs.

"Gentlemen," said the *maréchal*, "let us consider the matter closed. Aubréville it shall be, and that within forty-eight hours! The enemy trenches are mined, our heavy guns have been concentrated in unprecedented numbers, and all is ready for the supreme stroke of the war." He rose, his voice suddenly mounting to a strong, vibrant key. "Gentlemen, the toast! To the success of our plans!"

An indescribable wave of excitement swept over the restaurant, for though the conversation had been held in guarded tones and was overheard, I think, by none but us, the toast was heard by all. What was it all about? What great event was being foreshadowed? The *maréchal* and his staff slowly filed out, and M. Moulin immediately became the cynosure of every eye—M. Moulin with his cheeks puffed up till he could hardly see out of his eyes, making important little trips round the restaurant so that all might observe him, his face like a big red moon and his expression that of a king of the world who has just come into his principality.

"Eh, m'sieur! Come over here and tell us what it means!"

But m'sieur only passed with a magnificent shrug of his shoulders, a royal wave of his hand—another Jove on Olympus, another Vulcan on his way to forge more thunderbolts.

"M'sieur! Oh, m'sieur! A moment, *s'il vous plaît!*"

But M. Moulin only passed by with the exalted look of the one who is chosen from the many that are called. Then somewhere in the back of the room a jealous voice called out: "Are they going to pipe your soup?"

In the subdued laugh that followed the proprietor sat down by the side of his neglected guest, his face redder than ever and holding himself with an air of offended dignity. Gabrielle and I looked at each other in mutual alarm.

"Won't he tell the spy all he knows?" I whispered.

The same thought had evidently risen in mademoiselle's mind, but her confidence in the *maréchal* sustained her.

"Don't worry," she breathed. "He will never let him get away with eet. The *maréchal* plays with him, like a wise old pussy finds amusement with a mouse. The moment this one puts his Roman nose outside that door, someone will pinch him. *Voyons!* Wait and see!"

For nearly ten minutes m'sieur and Lieutenant Thiers whispered together, and when Jean-Baptiste was summoned by the triple tong of the bell he confirmed our suspicions that M. Moulin was telling him—as tell he must or burst—of the coming surprise attack from Aubréville. Presently the lieutenant rose, m'sieur with him, and I felt like one who knows that the climax of the play is about to descend. True to his promise, m'sieur introduced the lieutenant to his niece, and then to me.

"You are leaving us so soon, lieutenant?" asked Gabrielle, her voice trembling a little.

"Yes, mademoiselle! My engine is now, I think, sufficiently cooled, and I hasten to return to my own division. *Bonjour, mademoiselle!* And to you, *M'sieur le docteur*," he added, giving me a sort of dental smile, "whose country I loves so well. And to you—*bonjour, bonjour, mon cher M'sieur Moulin!*"

They bowed to each other with a most exquisite ceremony.

"We shall see you soon again, I hope?"

"As soon as I have learned to swing the lasso," promised the young lieutenant. "Make no mistake. I shall not go for long."

With a comprehensive bow he turned and strode toward the door, M. Moulin still following him.

"Now they will pinch him!" breathed Gabrielle.

But they didn't. On the contrary, the young man walked over the grass to where his machine stood waiting.

"I bet you someone's hiding there!" whispered Gabrielle. "Now he'll get it good!"

But he didn't. With the help of two passing soldiers the lieutenant backed his machine in order to get the maximum possible run, and a minute later he had left the ground and was grandly rising toward the west.

"Look!" exclaimed mademoiselle.

Following her glance I saw the *Maréchal de France* come out on the stone steps of the building across the avenue, accompanied by several members of the staff. In their hands they held binoculars, and these they focused on the disappearing aëroplane. At first the binoculars pointed steadily toward the west, in which direction lay General Poli's division. But gradually the field glasses veered more and more to the right, until at last they were all pointed as straight to the north as so many needles to the pole, as though the false Lieutenant Thiers was trying to get back across the German lines just as quick as God would let him!

V

AGAIN M. Moulin was standing at the window of his restaurant, looking down the slopes of the Vosges toward the far-distant firing line, just as he had stood that morning, three days before, when Lieutenant Thiers had dropped from the clouds. And again, as though to make the parallel complete, m'sieur suddenly drew a wide, deep sigh—a sigh that matched his person—a sound of sorrow that, for the moment, quite drowned the distant guns.

"He feels it," I whispered to Gabrielle.

"Feels eet?" repeated mademoiselle at her desk. "*Ah, ciel!* Onless he puts his mind on something else I fear he will soon go fruity!"

For, to tell the truth, m'sieur couldn't even hide it from his own knowledge that Les Bains was laughing at him. And when he thought of the airs of superiority that he had assumed over the general staff for the last three days! And the predictions he had made, in the strictest confidence, to all his friends!

"Keep your eye on Aubréville," he had told them. "I cannot say more—a matter of the highest strategy—you understand? The *maréchal* himself has asked my advice. Keep your eye on Aubréville; that is all I can tell you now. The grand coup of the war is about to fall, and if, before another forty-eight hours, Aubréville doesn't take her place in the annals of France as one of the greatest battlefields of history, then—*que diable!*—I will eat the soles of my shoes as a pièce de résistance—and my pantaloons as a salad!"

A valiant vow, truly; but what had taken place?

Stated briefly, there had been only the merest feint at Aubréville, while simultaneously a sledge-hammer blow was being delivered against Châlons, a good twenty miles to the west. It is true that the enemy salient at Châlons had been wiped out in a lightninglike attack that had liberated more than a hundred square miles of French territory, to say nothing of the capture of nearly twenty-five thousand German prisoners. It is true that the Battle of Châlons had been a famous victory for France. But when you've said and done, Châlons isn't Aubréville any more than Paris is Berlin; and hence the staggering blow to the prestige of M. Moulin.

Wherefore he stood at the window of his restaurant, sighing down the slopes of the Vosges and thinking perhaps of that sartorial banquet that he had arranged for himself. He was thus engaged when from the corner of his eye he saw the *Maréchal de France* come out of the gray stone headquarters across the avenue, surrounded by a number of officers of the general staff and evidently headed for the restaurant.

"*Au revoir!*" cried M. Moulin in a terrible voice, and went straight for the kitchen. The swinging door was still slightly swaying behind him when the *maréchal* entered with his escort of officers.

"*Bonjour, mademoiselle*," he said to Gabrielle; and smiling at her from under his shaggy eyebrows he added: "I have brought a surprise for you."

"For me?" breathed Gabrielle, looking at the little leather case in his hand.

"*Au vrai*—for you—in recognition of your services in exposing a dangerous spy the other day. Because of your quick wit we were able to turn the tables upon our visitor, sending him away full of false news. Because they expected a supreme thrust at Aubréville the enemy robbed the Châlons line of men and guns; and so we were able to surprise them—and surprise them at a very weak point. This medal, mademoiselle, is in recognition of your services."

"Oh, oh, m'sieur!" gasped Gabrielle. "No, no! I cannot!"

"You cannot?" smiled the *maréchal*. "Why is it that you cannot?"

"Because of M. Moulin. Poor *oncle*, he is broken-hearted; his predictions have proved so wrong! And if he thinks I have won my medal at the price of his chagrin—oh, no, m'sieur! You see quite well that I couldn't! But if, perhaps, you will let me make a suggestion?" she timidly asked.

"And what is that, *ma chère?*"

"If you would only give the medal to him! I couldn't have a better reward than that. And, after all, it was he who brought the spy into the restaurant—it was he who fooled him—not I. And, oh, m'sieur, if you only knew how happy it would make him—how happy it would make me, too, to see him so ——"

The *maréchal* had been watching her with his kindly smile, and I think he saw the point. He reflected for a moment, and then he sent a waiter for M. Moulin. M'sieur came, red-faced and frowning, but when he saw the medal in the *maréchal's* palm his color left him and I thought he trembled a little.

"M'sieur Moulin," said the *maréchal*, smilingly choosing his words, "we all serve France according to our several capabilities. The other day, for instance, you served your country better perhaps than you will ever know. In recognition of your services, and at the suggestion of mademoiselle, I want you to wear this medal. . . . So . . . It hangs, I know, over an ingenuous heart."

"Oh, *M'sieur le maréchal!*" stammered M. Moulin. "Oh, if I could only tell you ——"

It is doubtful, indeed, if he could have told himself, so shaken he was with pride and joy and all the kindred emotions. After lunch, for instance, as I was leaving the restaurant I saw him on the terrace outside, grandly airing his medal and staring up into the sky.

"You think it's going to rain?" I asked.

"*Bonjour, m'sieur!* No, no; eet isn't that. I was looking up for our yo'ng friend, Lieutenant Thiers—you remember he hoped he would soon be back with us. Perhaps he, too, has been laughing at me because of that Aubréville affair, but—*ah, que diable!*—if he could only see my medal . . . !"

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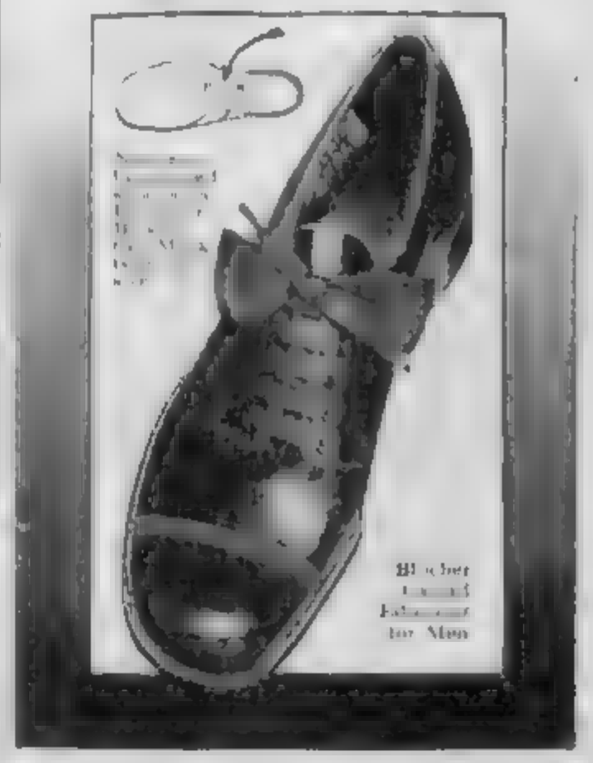

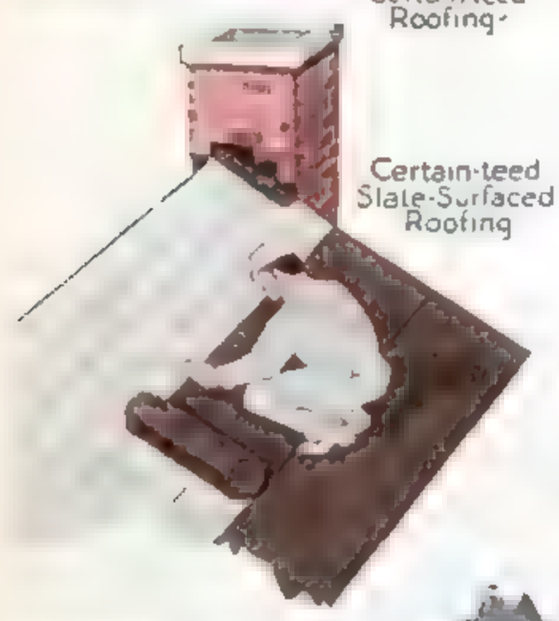

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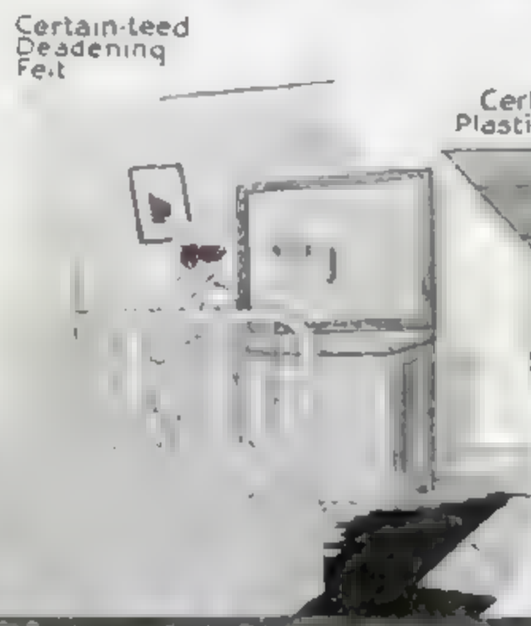

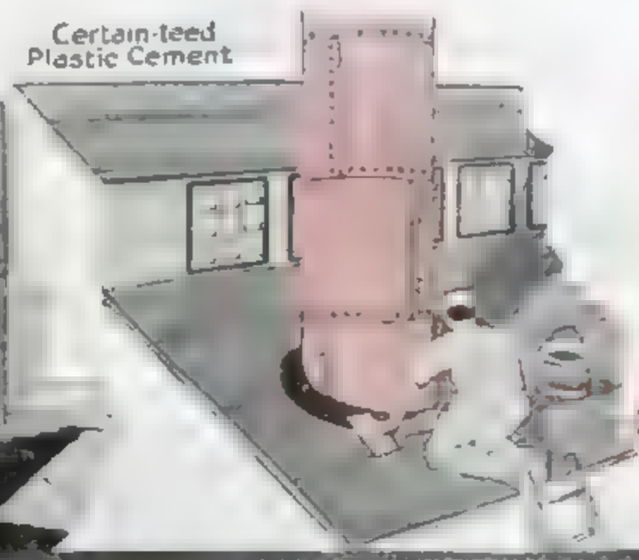

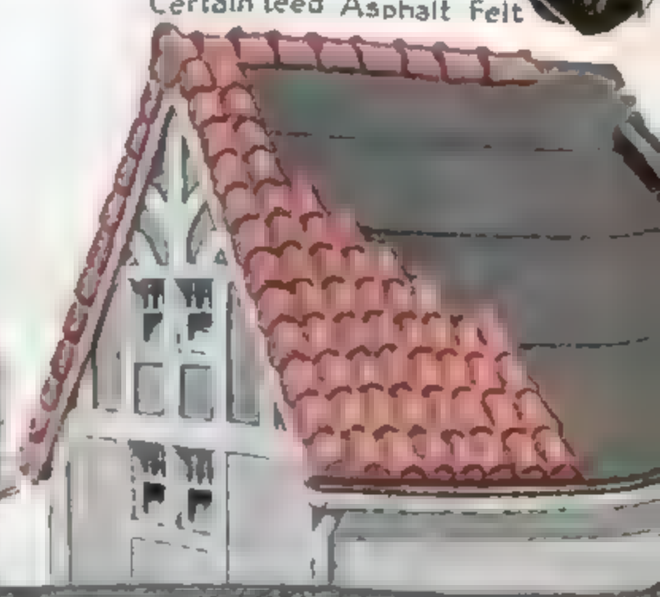

Tarred Felts Rosin Sized Sheathing Blue Plaster Board Master Painters Colors in oil Wall Size Screen Pain

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are good, honest, dependable products made as good paints and varnishes should be made, from high grade materials, mixed by modern machinery to insure uniformity, and labeled to truthfully represent the contents. They are made by experts long experienced in paint making, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Made in full line of colors, and for all different purposes. Any dealer can get you CERTAIN-TEED Paints and Varnishes.

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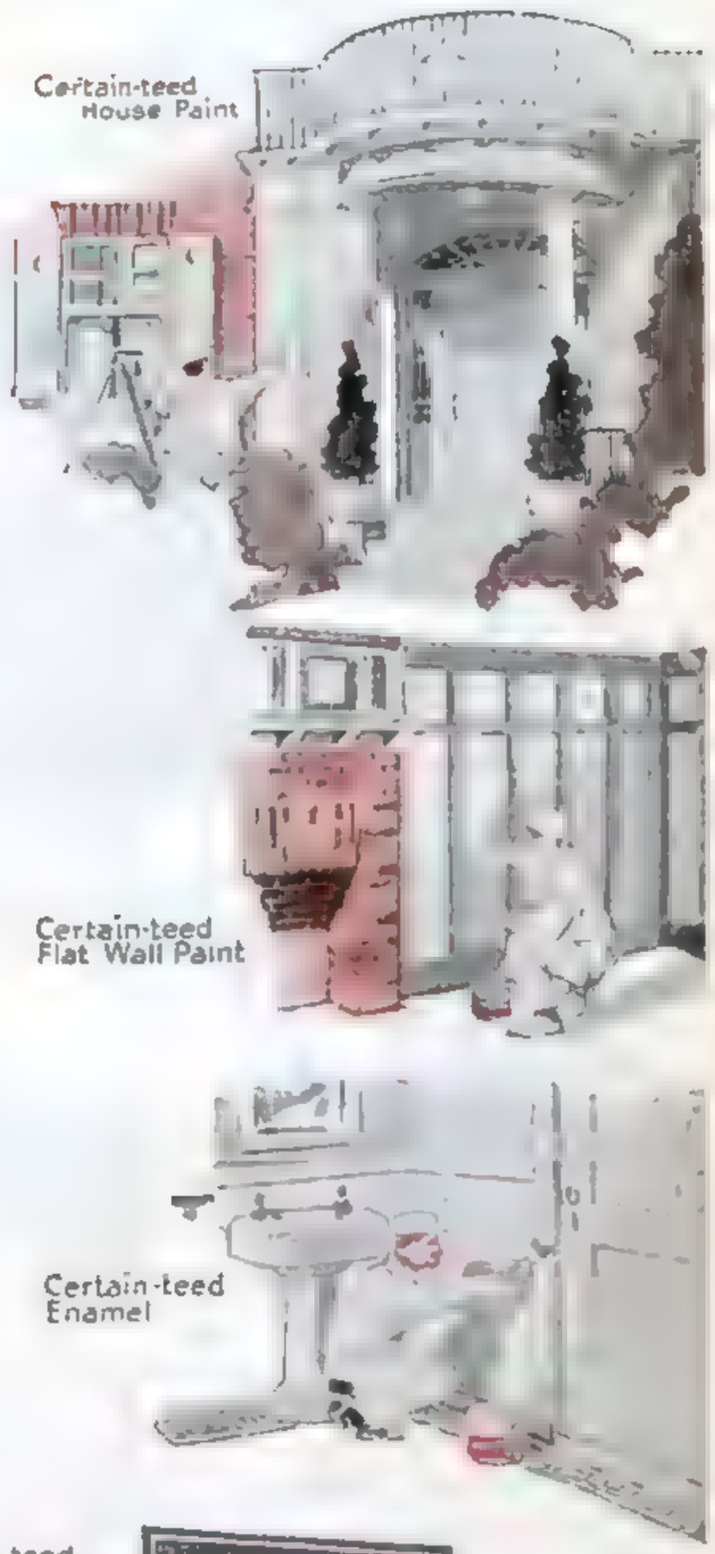


Porch Furniture Enamel, Auto & Carriage Paint, Aluminum Paint, Wagon & Implement Paint, Graphite Paint

Progress has made Imperative, the coming of this great new Phonograph

THE AEOLIAN-VOCALION

THE Aeolian-Vocalion had to come. Progress and the great fundamental impulse of the human race for self-expression dictated this decree. The phonograph—the most available and practical means ever devised for *hearing* music, had to be developed. Until transfigured into a means for also *playing* music, this wonderful machine was incomplete.

For, be it known, that in all history no musical device that lacked the means for *personal expression* has ever achieved permanent recognition or taken its place as a member of the group of accepted musical instruments.

*

Historically, as well as by virtue of knowledge, experience and equipment, The Aeolian Company was the logical source from which this higher development of the phonograph should spring.

The privilege of unfettered self-expression in music was first given to mankind more than a quarter of a century ago by The Aeolian Company.

Successively, the reed-organ, the pipe-organ and the pianoforte were taken by this company, carried far beyond existing tonal standards and made *available for all to play.*

*

The Aeolian-Vocalion is a phonograph fundamentally like any other of the better class. It may be used to play all standard makes of records, and will play these with no more personal attention than other phonographs require.

In tone and architectural beauty it maintains the standard of all Aeolian instruments. Its great point of departure from other phonographs lies in its revolutionary device (the Graduola) for *controlling expression.*

By using the Graduola one may actually *play the records*—may shade and color the tone to suit the fancy and thus introduce the delicate variations that every artist himself introduces in his performances.

Words cannot describe the fascination of exercising this added phonograph privilege. The new life and interest it gives to records, the monotony it overcomes, the joy it confers in enabling all to use the art of great singers and instrumentalists to voice their own music instincts—call on personal experience to make them comprehensible.

■

The Aeolian-Vocalion had to come. And coming it had to take its place beside the great Aeolian Pipe-Organ, the Aeolian Orchestrelle, the Steinway and the Weber Duo-Art pianos—as the supreme achievement among musical instruments of its type.

* *

Conventional styles of the Vocalion without Graduola are priced from $35 to $75—Graduola styles from $90 to $350. Many beautiful art models at moderate cost. An interesting descriptive booklet sent upon request. *Address Dept. C-8.*

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

Chicago, 601 Fine Arts Bldg. St. Louis, 1007 Olive St. AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK Cincinnati, 25 W. Fourth St. Indianapolis, 237 N. Penna. St.

LONDON — PARIS — SYDNEY

YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT A MINISTER'S SON WILL DO

(Continued from Page 10)

"Heard from him lately?" asked Harv as he put his spoon carefully under a piece of marshmallow.

"Yes," said Ellena briefly, putting her spoon under a yellow wedge of Elberta.

She did not add, as she might, that the letter was short and that her "lately" meant two weeks before. But meeting Ethel Anderson on Main Street the next day she was not permitted to reply so briefly to the same question.

"What do you call lately?" demanded Edgar's pretty, peevish sister-in-law. "I'll bet he's treating you the same way he's treating us. Two stingy lines every three weeks! But that's the way folk who go up in the world usually treat their old friends" tartly

Color flared into Ellena's pretty cheeks; for Adella Thomas had come along and was brightly listening.

"When are you and Edgar thinking of getting married, anyway?" asked Adella vivaciously.

"Oh—presently," replied Ellena curtly.

"Does he tell you all about his work and the people he meets, and how much he is making now, and—and everything?" asked Adella interestedly.

"Oh—mostly," said Ellena briefly.

"Then, would you mind letting his mother read a few pages?" cooingly inquired Edgar's sister-in-law. "She'd be so grateful to you."

There was a very decided color in Ellena Rowdrick's cheeks as she said:

"Oh, certainly—if I haven't mislaid the last one."

It was the following week that a Sunday newspaper gave Edgar a whole page of its supplement. Amitytown read it greedily and solemnly.

"I admit I'm stumped!" said Henry Rowdrick, raising smiling eyes from his young townsman's favorite dietary, favorite color, favorite literature, favorite pitcher, favorite brand of underwear and favorite form of jewelry. "I never expected a son of the Reverend Anderson to corral quite so much of a Sunday edition. Heard from him lately, Ellena?"

"Yes," said Ellena briefly, reaching for the page her father grinningly laid down; though already she had gone over it three times.

"Yesterday I saw that Brann's front window had a display of Anderson Neckties," laughed Laura.

"Trust Dave Brann to take advantage of anything!" chuckled Ellena's father.

At that display Ellena laughed scornfully the next time she passed the store—which was the next day.

Harv, who happened to be in the doorway—which might have been the reason Miss Ellena laughed so audibly—looked a bit sheepish. But he said stoutly:

"Business is business. Already we've sold seventy-six. Nothing like a name"—with some spitefulness of tone.

"Oh—business!" Ellena's plump shoulders shrugged and her pretty heels clicked scornfully against the pavement as she went on her way.

The next week came another picture. The Wallawoollograph Company was unusually expeditious in keeping their latest star before the public.

This picture was a society drama. Edgar, as the neglecting husband, lounged elegantly in perfectly fitting clothes in a great white palace set amid California palms. In the first reel his lovely wife and two little children gazed sorrowfully after him as he lounged, every little while proffering gentle kisses to him. In the second reel he curtly let them know that these gentle attentions bored him; and then he put on an elegant fur-lined overcoat and went away to call on a large lissom lady, who wore four-inch earrings and a black lace dress that showed more of the lady's anatomy than Amitytown considered in any way proper.

In the third, fourth and fifth reels he continued to call on this lady, and evinced a familiarity with wineglasses, evening clothes and chauffeurs that rather dazed Amitytown.

In the sixth and seventh reels, though, he tore himself from the large lissom lady's clinging embrace—several times this tearing took place; once in a close-up, then in a fadeaway—and went to cast himself on his evening-trousered knees before his sad young lovely wife, who forgivingly drew his handsome curly head to her bosom.

Now there was nothing done in this picture that most of Amitytown hadn't seen done in many other pictures, by other film actors and actresses.

"But when our Edgar's doing it, it seems so—so funny!" gurgled Ethel, his sister-in-law, at the close. And everyone who heard felt that she expressed the common opinion—except the Reverend Edward Anderson, who was not so familiar with screen action as the rest of the town; he had never gone to the moving-picture theater till Edgar was to be seen.

"I don't call it funny," he now stated sharply. "I call it unseemly."

"Oh, no!" Ellena, behind him, felt obliged to protest prettily. "And, anyway, Edgar can't do what he pleases. He has to do what the director ——"

"Don't talk to me!" sharply returned his father. "And if you have any influence with my son, Ellena—though I doubt whether you have, after seeing that woman tonight—I wish you would urge him to get into different work."

"But, really, Edgar can't help doing what the director says," argued Ellena, her cheeks very red at part of the Reverend Anderson's speech.

"Oh, I guess Edgar don't hate his job," murmured Harv Brann, who happened, as usual, to be beside her.

"I don't know as you know anything about it!" flared Ellena.

"Huh!" said Harv, his square face squarer than ever before. "Have a cherry-and-walnut sundae on your way home?"

"No!" said Ellena with more energy than the courteous query seemed to justify.

"Don't, then!" snapped Harv in the tone of a turning worm, and strode off.

In his next picture Edgar Anderson took the part of a young reformer. His reforming netted him a beautiful society heiress as wife. In seven reels this girl wore seven dresses of an exquisiteness and cost that made Amitytown gasp. But, of course, the theater was dark, and so no one could very well know that several times during the seven reels Ellena Rowdrick glanced down peculiarly at her own neat voile shirtwaist and third-best cloth skirt.

But Adella Thomas, for one, at least, noticed that to the next picture—entitled Clinging Arms—Ellena wore a brand-new white crêpe dress under her raincoat.

"My goodness, you're certainly togged up some just for a movie!" commented Adella wonderingly.

"Trying to outshine the girls on the film?" nastily asked Ethel Anderson. "Edgar isn't real—he can't see you!"—with a little laugh.

Ellena's pretty face turned a red that can only be compared with the hue of a ripe, ripe beet. Edgar's peevish sister-in-law was reported to have a nasty knack of reading other people's minds.

Perhaps it soothed a ruffled temper that Harvey Brann was not so acute of guess and merely succumbed to the enticing effect of the low-cut lace-frilled white dress, and humbly begged her, apparently forgetting her last rebuff, to please have at least a part of a cup of hot chocolate with him on her way home—if she wouldn't have a whole one. She consented.

Adella, at a civil but weak invitation from Harvey, went along with them. It was while she was scraping the last brown spoonful from her cup that Adella delivered herself of the following:

"Do you know"—thoughtfully—"I'm frightfully tired of Edgar's pictures! It seems to me we've seen him do everything under the sun that a human being can do. We've watched him eat and sleep, and dress and undress himself, and die,-and get married and divorced, and be led astray, and intoxicated, and drugged and reformed, and tempted and above temptation, and suicidal, and pious, and villainous. Say, Ellena"—with a giggle—"have you thought that life with Edgar will hold mighty few surprises?"

"How you talk, Adella!" was Ellena's cold response.

"Heard from him lately?" asked Adella.

"Not long ago"—briefly.

"It must, though, be awful interesting to be engaged to him," rather plaintively conceded Adella. "When's he ever coming back for a visit?"

"I shouldn't be surprised to see him any day," said Ellena, with a certain hint of defiance in her tone.

"Is that so?" Harvey Brann's square face seemed to get squarer.

But Cy exhibited three more pictures of Edgar Anderson before Amitytown saw its young celebrity. One was a domestic drama; Edgar wore shabby blue serge and tried to support a wife and six children on a pittance.

"Oh, you poor Edgar!" giggled Adella in the middle of the second reel. "But doesn't that look like the suit he wore when he went away?"

The next was a war-and-spy thriller. In this picture Edgar wore spats, a fur-lined overcoat, and smoked monogrammed cigarettes. A close-up made plain the entwined letters on the white paper tube.

"Huh!" remarked Ab Lawson. "That don't look much like the outfit he owned when he went away!"

In the last he was a great young governor, and walked about and through a great white capitol as nonchalantly as though he had been born in it.

"Pretty soft some folks have it!" said Cy himself, after watching it.

The next day came a telegram from Edgar saying that he found it possible to drop off at Amitytown for a night—barely a night, that is. He would reach there at eight-thirty P. M. and would be obliged to hurry on his way at four-thirty A. M.

Part of Amitytown took the news excitedly. Mostly, besides his mother, this was the younger part. The older residents, who had seen more history in the making, remained tolerably cool. Old Dave Brann did not even postpone his regular bimonthly buying trip to Chicago; and Henry Rowdrick cold-bloodedly did not seem to think of putting aside his participation in the Coal Men's Convention at St. Louis that week. He said—abstractedly, though—that noon as he kissed his younger daughter good-by:

"I suppose you'll be one of the chief brass-band bearers at the depot to-night?"

"How you talk!" protested Ellena, her cheeks a bright pink.

As a matter of fact, Ellena was not one of the gushing, gaping, handshaking crowd that met Edgar at eight-thirty P. M. Possibly because the only telegram announcing the young man's coming had been sent to his parents and none to her. In a dainty new pale blue gown, fashioned by accident or by design a great deal like a gown worn by a girl in Clinging Arms, she remained expectantly on her own porch.

There, about nine-thirty, came young Edgar Anderson. A big bright moon made the evening nearly as light as day, and the arc light just in front of the Rowdrick residence assisted the very capable moon.

Through the gate, up the hydrangea-bordered path, briskly he walked; very much, indeed, as he had walked up the path to The Wronged Husband's trim porch.

"Hello, Edgar!" said Ellena, putting out her hand.

"Ah—how d'ye do, Ellena?" said Edgar, taking it. Then he leisurely sat himself on the top step; very much, indeed, as he had sat himself on a top step of the porch in one of the movie pictures. "I didn't see you at the depot with the rest of the crowd," he said with some reproach, as he took out a cigarette

"N-no," admitted Ellena, curiously watching him delicately hold the gold-banded cigarette between graceful thumb and forefinger; just as he held cigarettes on Ned Dana's Ranch.

"Seen many of my pictures?" he asked

"Lots! They're fine!" said she politely.

"I had rotten backing in The Wronged Husband," he told her with retrospective gloom.

"Oh, no!" - politely

"Surely you saw how that leading woman dragged my action?" he protested indignantly and with the same annoyed expression that she remembered he had cast in his film.

"I—I didn't notice," she confessed.

He shrugged his well-set shoulders.

"Oh, I dare say most of the fineness of a chap's acting goes over the heads of these small towns," he mused tolerantly, leaning his curly head back against a pillar—just as he had leaned it against a pillar of The Governor's porch.

"Perhaps," admitted Ellena uncomfortably. "But I'm sure everyone here has admired you frightfully!"

He smiled—much as he had smiled in The Rectitude of a Spy.

"Also, folks in other towns"—gently. "By the way, did you see the press notices of Honesty in Penury?"

"Why, the Amitytown Weekly Herald ——"

"Oh ——"

Edgar put a graceful hand up to his brow, as though in pain. It was a familiar gesture to Ellena. She had seen it twice in Clinging Arms and three times in The Governor.

"The Herald said you were just fine!" hastily she told him.

"Oh, I got quite a few really decent notices over that release," he modestly told her, smiling—much as he had modestly smiled in The Rectitude of a Spy.

"That was nice," said Ellena.

"Nice?"—coldly. Ellena remembered seeing that cold expression before too—in The Lure of a Siren, and also in Betrayed by His Best Friend. "I don't know what other kind of notices they could have given me!"

"Oh—of course! That's what I meant to say"—hastily.

"Were my close-ups in Clinging Arms clear?" he asked, lighting another cigarette.

"Why, yes; I guess they were," said Ellena. "They were awfully good, I know"

"They ought to be"—sternly. "I worked like a dog making 'em."

Then there was a brief silence Edgar broke it after looking critically at Ellena's pretty slippered feet and pale blue silk ankles, which showed quite frankly below her short pale blue gown.

"I—er—I haven't written to you very regularly ——"

"I believe I got the last letter just a year ago," said Ellena meditatively.

"You see, my work absorbs all my time, thoughts, energy, soul and strength," said he sadly. "It often hurts me when I realize how I must neglect those who are dear to me"

"I understand," said Ellena politely.

"And I decided, after a long struggle"—moodily—"that my art must come first—I didn't feel I had a right to let my own personal desires take precedence of so many millions who look to me for the greatest pleasure that can ever come into their starved lives."

"I'm afraid I don't understand just what you mean," puzzled Ellena.

He leaned an elbow on the floor of the porch and cupped his chin in his strong graceful hand. Ellena involuntarily recalled that just so he had leaned, just so he cupped his comely chin, in a scene with the vampiring lady.

"Marriage"—tersely he explained: "We who lay our lives on the altar of Art feel that we must forego the happy private life that lesser men may know."

"Oh!" murmured Ellena, looking queerly at a distant lilac bush.

Edgar Anderson looked at her. From the low-cut pale blue silken bodice—Amitytown had an excellent dressmaker—her flower-soft neck and shoulders rose as from a calyx. Even in the moonlight, paler now as Amitytown's Diana half-lounged into the arms of a vagrant cloud, Ellena Rowdrick's pretty cheeks were peach-pink. And her blue eyes glowed like lovely dark fireballs.

Impetuously Edgar started from where he sat. Ellena remembered that in The Lure of a Siren he four times started from where he sat in that same impetuous tragic way.

"But it is too much to ask of a man!" he exclaimed rebelliously. "Art is too tyrannical! Why shouldn't I taste happiness as well as other men—Ellena!"—with a curious change of tone from the tragic to the ordinarily earnest. "You're just as pretty as when I went away!"

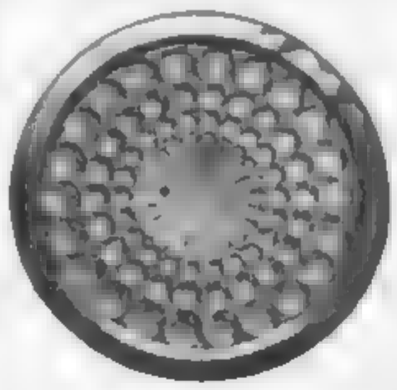
But Ellena, pretty, peach-cheeked Ellena, deftly eluded his outstretched arms; just as deftly as any vampire might have done.

"Oh, no, Edgar!"—decisively. "I wouldn't take you from your art."

But she had to repeat it five sharp times before he would believe her and depart.

She watched him stalk to the gate, out the gate, down the street. And then Then she picked up her short blue silken

(Concluded on Page 46)



At present rate one-third of all cars running will have Warner-Lenz by Christmas.

Note how cars meet with the Warner-Lenz.

The light is soft as moonlight. Yet everything about is made as clear as day. With this glareless light dimmers are not needed.

100,000 More Cars

Adopted Warner-Lenz in July

Warner-Lenz sales for July exceeded 100,000 pairs. The demand has doubled in the past three months.

More than 700,000 cars now light their roads with this glareless, all-revealing light. You meet them everywhere, and are always glad to meet them.

Now 19 famous car makers equip all their new models with the Warner-Lenz. The Franklin began in July. And other fine cars will adopt them as fast as conditions permit.

Think what that means. At present rate one-third of all cars running, by the year's end, will be Warner-Lenz equipped. Yet the Warner-Lenz was one year old in May. Never before has a motor car improvement met such quick, widespread success.

It has revolutionized night driving. It is so clearly right and so essential that motorists can't resist it. In no other way can a trifling cost add so much to motor car enjoyment.

On All New Models of These 19 Makes

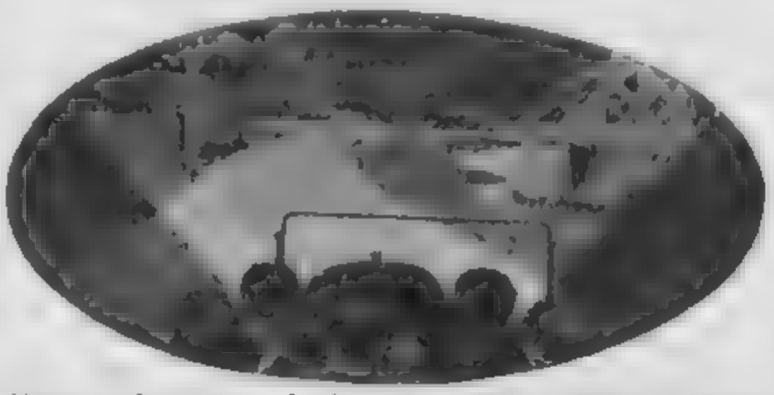
Packard	Franklin
Lenox	McFarlan
Marmon	Singer
Murray	Ohio Electric
Hal Twelve	Daniels 8
Stutz	Pathfinder
White	Doble Steam
Fiat	Fageol
Peerless	Moon

Cunningham

Old-Type Lenses Doomed

No man who knows can question that the old-type lens is doomed. A multiplying number of traffic laws forbid it, unless dimmed. And dimming quells the light.

But the laws were hardly needed. Every motorist knows that blinding headlights are discourteous and unsafe. Every man who met them knew that sometime they must go.



Note the Far-Flung Light. One's Whole Field of Vision is Lighted, from 300 to 500 Feet Ahead

And he knew that dimmers failed to solve the problem. In passing cars on dark roads one's full light is needed. And then is when the dimmers shut it off.

But that was only one fault. Those shaft-lights which are disappearing threw light straight ahead. The nearby roadsides and the turns were dark.

Curves were left unlighted. So were downgrades, until the car was on them. The lights pointed with the car.

The result was tense night driving. Only on stretches straight and level was there satisfactory light.

Join These 700,000 Now

Now those faults are ended—all by a single lens. It costs but a trifle—you can add it in a moment. And one hour of night driving will amply repay you.

Note the cars which have them, new and old. Mark how their roads are lighted. And remember that $3.50 to $5.00 will light your car for 20 years in that way.

Discard your old lenses now. Soon a car without Warner-Lenz will seem a strange exception. Long evenings are now coming. This is the time to bring your headlights up to date.

WARNER-LENZ

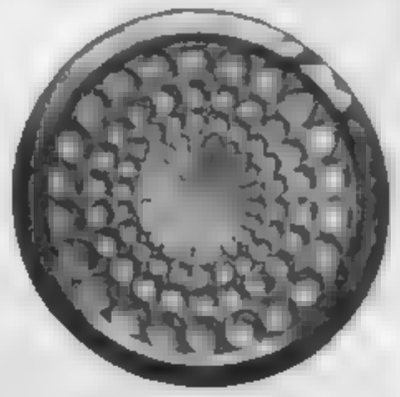
Now Used on 700,000 Cars

Now Standard Equipment on 19 Famous Makes

Now Being Adopted by More Than 100,000 New Motorists Every Month

Soon the Universal Lens

Note how the Warner-Lenz lights the roadsides and the turns, as well as the road ahead. With ordinary shaft lights that is never so. Their narrow beams always point with the car.



Each Warner-Lenz is 176 lenses in one.

Legal Everywhere
And a Ten-Fold Better Light

Now, as you know, whole States forbid the glare-light, as do countless smaller communities. In the many laws there are many requirements, but the Warner-Lenz meets them all.

It makes your full light legal anywhere.

But there are other requirements which are equally essential. They should also be considered. The laws are for protection, but ideal night-light is important too.

The Chief Necessities

First, a glareless light which any eye can face. The Warner-Lenz light is as soft as moonlight. There are 176 lenses in one, so the light rays are diffused.

Next, a fairly far-reaching light. The Warner-Lenz lights the road ahead from 300 to 500 feet.

Then a widespread light. That is to light the curves and curbs and corners. The Warner-Lenz lights the whole field of vision—almost a full half-circle. Close to the car and far away, it lights everything about. And it makes objects seem as they are.

Constant jar is likely to turn a lens in the lamp-rim. With Warner-Lenz, that doesn't matter. The light is the same, however the lens may turn.

Warner-Lenz light is the same in any position. Turning of the lens in the lamp-rim does not affect it, nor does rise and fall of the car. That is vitally important.

Rise and fall of the car lifts and depresses ordinary shaft-lights. The Warner-Lenz floods the road with light, whatever the car's position. At a hill-crest it lights the downgrade. At the foot of a hill it lights the upgrade. Going straight ahead, it lights the road which you intend to turn on.

All these things are important.

Be Careful When You Change

The need for glareless light has brought out some scores of new-type lenses. Measure any type that's offered by requirements which we cite.

The 19 car makers named on previous page compared many types of lenses in a scientific way. Now all equip with Warner-Lenz, at seven times what clear-glass lenses cost.

Note also the verdict of users. Over 100,000 users monthly adopt the Warner-Lenz. Note the light they get. Five minutes in a car thus lighted will convert you to the Warner.

See your dealer or write to us. But be careful not to be misled. See that the name Warner-Lenz is embossed on the edge.

Go change today. You are missing much every night you drive without the Warner-Lenz.

WARNER-LENZ

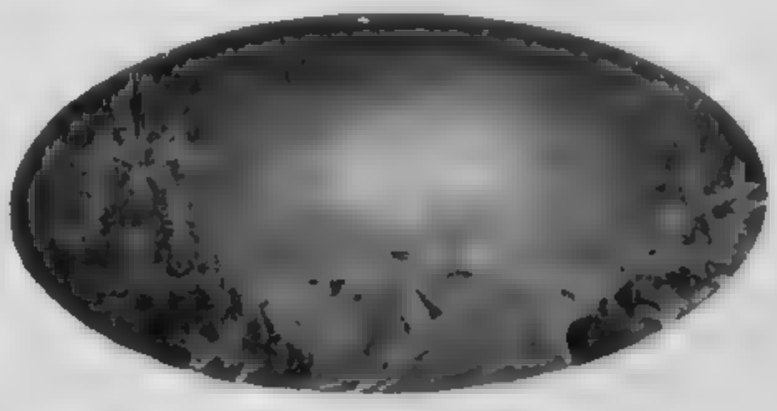
This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair	Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
5 to 9	$3.50	10¼ to 12	$5.00
9¼ to 10⅛	4.00	West of Rockies 25c per pair extra	

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.



It Lights the Downgrades and Upgrades Regardless of Car's Position

(Concluded from Page 43)

skirt and ran across the dewy lawn to a distant lilac bush.

"Harv Brann!"—indignantly. "What are you doing—skulking there behind that bush?"

Sheepishly, running a nervous hand through his upstanding black front hair, Harvey Brann came forth.

"What do you mean by this, Harv Brann?" wrathfully.

"I was going to see whether he gave you any of those kisses he's so free with in his pictures!"—belligerently.

"And what if he had?" hotly demanded Ellena.

"Then—then I was going down to the basement of the store and hang myself!" hoarsely declared Harv. "That's what!"

"Harv Brann! You're not in any movie!"

"Who said I was?"

"You act like you are!" giggled Ellena.

"I don't care how I act!"

Ellena regarded him demurely a second before she said:

"He didn't."

"Ellena ——"

She picked up her short silk skirts again and scooted back to the porch. Harv ran after her.

"Ellena ——"

"Maybe he didn't want to," said she.

Harv Brann looked at her—pink cheeks, blue eyes and pretty white neck.

"Huh!" said he.

It was some thirty-five minutes later that he inquisitively asked her two pertinent questions.

To the first of them Ellena's reply was a return query:

"Do you remember one night Adella Thomas said something about seeing Edgar so much?"

Harv shook his head.

"I never remember anything she says. But I remember you said you expected him back 'most any time."

"I—er—just wanted to see him again," said Ellena.

Which was her reply to Harvey Brann's second question. "Just to be sure," she added.

Henry Rowdrick, returning from the Coal Men's Convention, remarked to Ellena's stout, placid mother:

"I must say I am surprised! Aren't you?"

Mrs. Henry Rowdrick replied placidly:

"Oh, not very! About a year ago Ellena began picking out the monograms she'd embroidered so carefully on quite a heap of linens."

SENSE AND NONSENSE

A Fair Exchange

THE wife of a New York magazine editor, whom, for convenience, we shall call Mrs. Blank, spent last winter down in Virginia. One day her colored cook came in to break the news that she was about to be married.

"Why, Mary, I thought you were already married?" said the mistress in some surprise.

"I is," stated the domestic, smiling pleasantly. "Dat black nigger Gawge you's seen hangin' round yere—he's my present husband. De one Ise aimin' to marry dis comin' time is name' Henry."

"Well, when do you expect to get your divorce?" asked Mrs. Blank.

"Lawsy, lady, we ain't pesterin' wid no divorce!" explained the prospective bride. "Seem lak me and Gawge is done lost our taste for one 'nurer. An' so he gwine marry wid a gal yere in town dat he's tuck a shine to, an' Ise gwine marry wid Henry on de same night. Dat's all dey is to it!"

Mrs. Blank was properly shocked. She ascertained that there was a colored lawyer in the community, and, through the cook, gave orders that he should take steps at once to procure a legal separation for the pair, she agreeing to stand the expense, which, she was told, would amount to seventeen dollars.

A few mornings later Mary appeared at breakfast time, all grins, to ask for congratulations and a wedding present. The ceremony, it seemed, had taken place the evening before.

"Can you get a divorce decree so quickly as all that down here?" inquired Mrs. Blank.

The bride giggled in embarrassment.

"To tell you de truf, Miz Blank," she confessed, "me an' Gawge an' Henry, we-all talked hit over together. An' it seem luk to us dat seventeen dollars wuz a lot of money to be wastin' on a nigger lawyer fer divorcement papers. So we jest put three dollars mo' wid it an' bought a hangin' lamp."

The Climbing Clubs

MOST of the mountain-climbing clubs planned to hold their annual vacation trips as usual this year in spite of the existence of the war. This was a wise and indeed a helpful thing to do, all things considered. Those who are left behind, unlucky enough not to find service, could not be better employed than in doing good, stiff mountain work. The Sierra Club of the Pacific Slope, a body with large membership, sent out cards to all its members calling attention to the fact that the regular mountain work would be carried on as usual, and it was supposed that most of the other alpine organizations would follow the same course during the current year.

By the way, speaking of outdoor outfitting, there is something half military and wholly practical in the rules and regulations laid down by some of these mountain clubs for the outfits of the members taking part in any of the regular climbing trips. We read a good deal of writing about practical outfitting, how to camp out, what to use, this or that advice regarding what to do and what to wear. The Sierra Club sends out printed instructions to its members before the members are allowed to take part in a trip. There may perhaps be value for the outdoor man in reviewing some of these regulations.

Leggings are recommended "unless high boots are worn." There are some members who will wear high boots. The regular or professional mountain climber is apt to wear heavy shoes instead. Women find leggings with light shoes desirable round camp.

Especial emphasis is laid upon the desirability of having plenty of heavy and serviceable socks. The Sierra Club wisely points out that two pairs of medium-weight socks are better than one pair of equal weight. Women find a pair of stockings and a pair of boy's size woolen socks very practical.

Again, this club brings to notice something that this writer has always found extremely practical—the roll of zinc-oxide sticking plaster. Chamois heel protectors, or a strip of this plaster, will protect a tender foot against chafing. The Sierra Club instructs each member to have a five-yard roll of one-inch adhesive tape as well as a small package of cotton. It sounds very gruesome.

Women on these trips wear broad-brimmed hats like the men's. Quite often they use large blanket safety pins instead of hatpins. Each member is expected to take his or her toilet articles, soap and towels, also mosquito net and gauntlet gloves, as well as colored glasses to protect the eyes. Women are advised also to carry heavy dark veils, as the sun of the high altitudes is very trying. No sunburn is worse than that acquired on a snow field.

Men are instructed to carry one extra pair of khaki trousers or overalls, one extra lightweight flannel overshirt and one sweater. No overcoat is tolerated. Some do not take any coat at all but if one is carried it is of light weight. Women are asked to have an extra lightweight skirt and waist for camp wear—short, not many inches below the knee. Under the skirt bloomers of the same color are worn. Skirts of any great length are dangerous in the mountains. Underclothing is of winter weight, or at best of medium weight; one change should be taken.

The shoes worn should be stout, and by all means should be broken in before the trip is started. The shoes should have heavy soles, well hobbed. Tennis shoes or moccasins are allowed round camp.

Each member is expected to take a small lunch bag. The canteen and drinking cup are not considered as absolute necessities. Bathing suits are sometimes taken, but would seem not to be worth transportation for the most part.

Tents are not taken in the outings of the regular mountain club. Sometimes women combine and use a tent as a dressing room. The lightweight seven-by-seven A-tent with ridge rope, without poles or pins, is recommended by the Sierra Club. Any tent must go inside a three-foot dunnage bag, so that it can be packed on horseback. This club suggests a piece of dark-green percaline or sateen, about six feet in width and twenty feet in length, strung on a heavy cord, as a practical dressing tent, total weight about three pounds and a half. One would do for several of the women members.

This club suggests a pocket roll for the care of one's camp effects. It is made of denim or drilling, three feet square in the back, with three box-plaited pockets, each a foot deep, extending the entire width. These are sewed to the back and bound with tape. The upper pocket may be divided into three parts to hold small articles, and all pockets are closed with flaps and tapes. This little housewife can be hung up on a tree in camp by means of an eyelet and cord. Not a bad thing at all.

The dunnage pack allowed to each member is only three feet long and eighteen inches in diameter when packed. It may have canvas handles riveted on the sides or bottom, and the owner's name and address may be printed on each pack. A knapsack or pack harness is suggested by the Sierra Club management for those who want to take side trips, but the dunnage bag limit is inexorable, for transportation in the mountains is difficult and expensive.

Two or three candles may be indulged in as a luxury. I have even seen a beautiful display of Chinese lanterns in these big community camps.

The club instructs each member how to pack his outfit: "The bedding should be laid on the ground, extended full length and folded so as not to be more than three feet in width. On one end of the bedding lay the packed pocket roll, and then roll it up inside the bedding. Fasten the entire roll with a stout cord or straps, and pull the dunnage bag over it. The packing of the outfit is an important point, and reference is made to the rules and regulations regarding the dimensions of the pack. The weight and size limit specified will be rigidly enforced. If packs are overweight or oversize the excess will be left behind."

In its little pamphlet the Sierra Club prints the following itemized table of articles and weights, which may very well be kept in mind by the amateur camper in any portion of the country:

	Approximate Weights	
Sleeping Bag	Lbs.	Ozs.
Wool comfort or eiderdown bag	8	0
Sheet of waterproof silk, 6 by 7 feet	1	10
Total	9	10
Clothing in Addition to What is Worn		
Sweater	1	8
Pyjamas or nightgown	0	14
1 suit underclothing	1	2
Light pair shoes	2	0
6 bandannas	0	8
Men / Women		
1 pair trousers / 1 skirt	1	8
1 overshirt / 1 waist	0	10
6 pairs socks / 6 pairs stockings	1	0
Total	9	2
Miscellaneous		
Toilet articles	2	0
Towels—1 bath, 2 face	1	4
Knapsack or pack harness	1	6
Pocket roll—denim	1	2
Dunnage bag	2	0
Candles and lantern	0	8
Total	8	4

The club management considers the foregoing a very liberal allowance. The total weight is twenty-seven pounds, which leaves a small balance for fishing tackle, writing or sewing outfit—all within the limit of thirty pounds.

Of course the foregoing has reference only to one's personal equipment, of bedding, clothing, and so on. The cook tents, stoves, utensils, grub list, and so on, and the corps of cooks and dishwashers, packers and general camp help, are handled under the judgment of the club management.

A Lame Joke

GEORGE GOULD recently went into a fashionable restaurant with a friend who is very lame. When they were ready to leave, the friend asked the waiter where his crutches were. The waiter looked round wildly for a moment and then said, naïvely enough:

"Are you sure, sir, you had them when you came in?"

A Case of Calculus

AN INDIVIDUAL who had all the assurance in the world was being examined on Governor's Island for enrollment in the officers' training school at Plattsburg. The officer in charge of the inquiry gathered from the other's confident manner that the applicant expected a major's commission at the very least, especially as the candidate professed a wide knowledge of military affairs.

"Have you had higher mathematics in your education?" asked the officer.

"Have I? Well, I should say so!" answered the young man.

"How about algebra and trigonometry?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

"Have you had calculus?"

"Well, no," said the candidate slowly; "but I've had appendicitis!"

Pity the Poor Buoy

A YOUNG man who was born and reared in an inland community—a very inland community—and who made good in Chicago, moved to New York to live, as so many persons do who have made good in Chicago. He bought himself a handsome home in one of the suburbs on the shore of Long Island Sound.

After he got settled his mother came East to visit him. The good lady had never been near tidewater before.

On the night of her arrival, at dinner, she paused, with her fork poised, and said to her son:

"What's that ringing sound I hear?"

"That's a bell buoy," he explained, "stationed out there in the channel to give warning of a reef."

The old lady looked interested, but said nothing more. The next night was stormy and the bell rang with increased vehemence.

"What's the matter, mother?" inquired the head of the household, noticing a perturbed look upon her face.

"I'm thinking," she said, "about that poor boy—out there all by himself in this weather!"

An Honest Confession

CHARLEY TOWNE says a North of Ireland Protestant girl was converted to Catholicism and went to the church to make her first confession. The priest, thinking he recognized her as a regular communicant, and noting incidentally that she seemed embarrassed and confused, undertook to start her off.

"Well, my child," he inquired kindly, "what have you been doing since the last time I saw you?"

"Gineral housework, father," said the penitent.

None In Good Repair

A PERSON who spoke with a pronounced German accent was up before the Domestic Relations Court in New York to answer a charge of nonsupport preferred by his American wife, who appeared against him as the principal witness.

The accused explained that, being the possessor of a classical education, he felt rather above doing manual labor.

"You know, chudge," he stated with an air of pride, "myself I speaks five languages besides English."

"Five languages!" said his wife sneeringly. "And what good do they do you? Five of 'em dead and the other one wounded!"

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

"The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century"

It is not alone beauty, nor economy, nor fire-resistance, nor wear, but a combination of all of these qualities that has given NEPONSET Twin Shingles their reputation.

Over 120 years in business, and 30 years in the development of a full line of NEPONSET Roofings for every type of building, has made possible this success.

Looks The colors, size, shape and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

Wear Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and rammed into one solid thick sheet guarantee extra wear. Special materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new. A roof of these shingles, when laid, being several times as thick, should last as long as the house

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES and ROOFING

Asphalt, Slate-Surfaced, Fire-Resisting

Fire-Resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. NEPONSET shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

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Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of NEPONSET Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the NEPONSET Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

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It tells about the different Neponset Building Products—

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War Work Among Women in Canada

What Women Can Do to Help—By A. C. Laut

CANADA has a population very much less than the state of New York, only fifty per cent larger than New York City and all its suburbs. Yet, roughly speaking, Canada mustered four hundred thousand men, of whom she keeps one hundred thousand more or less—the size of the American Army before the enforced draft—in training in Canada; one hundred thousand more or less in England receiving special training for the special work at the Front; one hundred thousand more going back and forward, convalescing or resting; and one hundred thousand on the firing line; and she has lost to time of writing—please note the total and figure the percentage against the firing line, not the total enrollment—Canada has lost to time of writing, ninety-nine thousand men.

Whole regiments—one thousand plus, with transport, medical and commissariat service—have been wiped out or reduced to as many as you count on one hand. Other regiments—like the Highlanders, from the Northwest—have gone in one thousand to the roll call and come out sixty-five men answering to the muster. And when the remnants of the regiments double up with the remnants of other units and go back to the trenches and hurdle out of those trenches to rush No Man's Land against withering blasts of fire and gas and flaming atmosphere from a very hell, the boys run forward singing. There isn't a face the length or hue of the reflection on the inverted side of a spoon among them.

I called them boys; for I don't know whether it is that I am becoming older, but soldiers seem to be growing younger; and the fact that stabs you to the heart is that fifty per cent of these fighters—not officers—are boys. They are youngsters you think about as having had scarlatina or measles the last time you met their mothers. They are youngsters whose biggest event in life but yesterday was the football match or hockey scrimmage of one freshman team against another freshman team. They are at the place where the childhood lines haven't gone and the manhood lines haven't come; and their experience is a cross between the deviltry of a boy on a lark and the fire of a crusader, though they would guy you out of countenance if you said the word crusade. The young monkeys are chasing glory with both hands and both feet; but they would knock anybody on the head for saying so. And Canada has given four hundred thousand to the crusade of right against might.

"How do you feel about it?" I asked the mother of a Toronto boy whom I remember as but yesterday in knickerbockers.

When the Fit Die for the Unfit

"I can think of nothing that would have hurt me more," she answered, "of no disgrace that would have bowed my head in deeper shame than if he had not wanted to go. I could forgive my son committing some folly natural to youth. I could forgive him any mistake; but I couldn't own him if he had the yellow streak of a skulk in him." I may add that this boy, not yet nineteen, is in the flying squadron on the firing line—the most dangerous post in the army.

And I thought of another mother, who came to me when the draft bill was being debated. She was wringing her hands.

"Do you think conscription will pass?"

"If it doesn't, civilization will pass."

"Then if my son is called I shall simply take my husband's revolver and shoot myself."

"Then the sooner you take your revolver and shoot both yourself and him, the better." I did not have the courage to answer. If her son does not go, some other woman's son will have to go and die to save a life that is not worth saving.

Just here let me explain the apparent falling off in volunteers in Canada! The French-Canadian tempest in a teapot is too long to tell of here. It is the dregs of the old quarrel when France expelled religious orders, and they came to Canada with a fanatic bitterness in their hearts. The sudden slacking of volunteers in Canada outside Quebec Province results from precisely the conflict in the attitude of these two mothers.

At Dorval, on the road between Ottawa and Montreal, the crowds were surging out from the race track one Saturday. Though Canadian mothers do not parade their mourning and have never once slackened service to mourn, there is a great deal of black worn in Canada just now. You are careful what you say wherever you go, for you know someone in every group has lost friends. A woman in mourning stood at the railroad station, where the crowds were surging from the races. She nodded her head as if thinking aloud. What she was overheard saying was this: "Yes—yes—I have lost my husband and given my two sons to serve at the Front, that these gay crowds may have a safe holiday!"

You see the point, don't you? It can't be explained; but there it is. The man who has conscientious objections to killing could help in factory or on farm; but he doesn't. He is making merry on a holiday. Volunteering will resume in Canada just as soon as the skulker and the dodger have been forced to toe the scratch and do their part too. The fit do not purpose dying wholesale that the unfit may perpetuate their kind.

A Volunteer Army at Home

And it was for the care of the four hundred thousand men more or less—more, chiefly; the numbers vary—that Canadian women set themselves to war work, and forgot caste, social distinction, petty jealousies, in a universal sacrifice on the altars of patriotism. The whole face, the sum and substance, the mainspring motives of social life, have forever changed. The old fripperies have gone. I think they have gone forever. Certainly they have gone as typifying the best in the nation's social life.

The pretty porcelain fellows who decorated teas, with fine china and other useless bric-a-brac; the young-old dowagers who kidnaped kindergarten officers for parade drill at social functions and really very often made a pet monkey of what might have been an officer's career; the parasite dolls who would suck the best blood of a man's ideals and work for the price of a new hat—awakened and found themselves on the scrap heap. They didn't count any more. There was a pretty buzz in a lot of little hornets' nests. But that was only for the first few months of the war. The pretty carpet knights found themselves guyed by the men under their command or, in some cases, actually ducked in the horse troughs. They got leave of absence for reasons of health, to go to Switzerland. The idle women somehow found they were being left out. To count you had to do something—the only passport became the one word—service. Everybody got busy.

How did they get busy? That is exactly what fifty million American women and girls want to know. The United States is at about the same stage now as Canada was in the fall of 1914. We are wallowing a bit; but we are going to swim out on the other side all right.

What had the Canadian women to do? They had to arrange to take care physically and spiritually of four hundred thousand men. The government took care of wages, soldiers' equipment, training, transport, commissariat; but to the women remained the work of assisting at canteens; of caring for the soldiers' families; of providing relays of clothing—socks, mitts, shirts, underwear sterilized against vermin, sleeping robes for trenches and hospitals—parcels for the wounded, provisions for the prisoners; of sending letters regularly to every man in rank from the highest to the lowest, so that no boy would be forgotten or neglected in hospitals; of making up comfort kits for every fighting man; of keeping Red Cross supplies going out in literally an endless stream; of training in first-aid work to the injured out at the home Canadian camps; of teaching indigent families left behind thrift and sanitation, wholesome living; of caring for returned soldiers; of working up plans of enthusiasm for recruiting; of supplying ambulances; of supplying reading; of sewing supplies, packing them and shipping them; of purchasing supplies wholesale, sorting supplies, making them up and sending them out; and of seeing that no work overlapped or crisscrossed; of equipping hospital and motor ambulances; and above all—please write the last in letters of fire on your mind—of raising the money to carry on all this work!

All woman's work was volunteer and all money needed voluntarily given; but if you will please multiply the total of four hundred thousand men by a pair of socks a week for three years, or hospital robes for the wounded, or comfort bags for lonely men, or suits of underwear sterilized against vermin, or felt slippers needed for feet swollen and sore from trench service, or sheets needed for hospitals, or pyjamas needed for men who came from the trenches caked with slime to the waist, or letters sent out by the sixty thousand, you will realize, though supplies were bought at wholesale, and though knitting machines and sewing machines and cutting tables and packing boxes were donated and an endless stream of work given free, a pile of coin was daily needed.

At the very first, within a few weeks $150,000 was collected in one city for a hospital ship; but this was changed to motor ambulances as more necessary. Within two years, eighteen million dollars was collected and carefully apportioned to soldiers' families. We think we have done well in the United States to collect and send ten millions to Belgium. Remember Canada's population! Remember she was in deep financial depression when the war broke! A system of regularly forwarding food supplies to prisoners of war was established and kept open, and is still open to this day. A mail system was opened to keep personal letters going to every man in the hospitals.

No Middleman in War Relief

Because of the terribly heavy casualty lists from the very first and the almost impossibility of getting Red Cross aid immediately on the field of action, the St. John's Ambulance, or the White Cross, undertook to instruct every boy in training in first aid to the injured, how to disinfect wounds, how to resuscitate the drowning, how to hold fractured limbs, how to apply an anæsthetic; and this course has saved the lives of thousands of wounded men at the Front who otherwise would have bled to death while waiting for Red Cross aid. It will be recalled the terrible toll gangrene took the first six months of the war was because the wounded lay for days before aid could reach them. This needless loss has been lessened by training the boy at home how to prevent gangrene in himself or in a wounded comrade beyond the reach of Red Cross aid.

Felt slippers for trench-sore feet would cost fifty to sixty cents a pair wholesale; but with felt bought wholesale and cutters' services volunteered free and sewers' services free, the slippers cost only two cents a pair. Similarly of the warmest type of hospital robe! Even if bought at wholesale it would cost twelve or eighteen dollars—perhaps more, with wool at present prices; but Lady Borden, the wife of the Premier, learned that the great paper mills used felt to dry print paper. They were in the habit of sending the discarded felt to the scrap heap. It was obtained by the Red Cross workers of Ottawa under Lady Borden. A few cents' worth of dye and a few cents' worth of thread, the free services of Hebrew tailoresses who had been laid off in slack time and the hospital invalid had a robe costing next to nothing. Of late all the discard felting has been bought from the paper mills at a merely nominal figure, and the stream of warm wraps continues to go out to the soldiers.

In one city—Montreal—over four million dollars was raised for soldiers' families in five days; and the machinery of raising that four million cost only four thousand dollars. By placing the four million immediately in the bank, that cost of raising money, as well as all official expenses—advertising, printing, stationery—was earned by the interest in the bank. Improvident families may waste the money after it reaches them—though one committee exists to prevent that and does prevent it—but not a dollar contributed for the Patriotic Fund is wasted on the way from the donor to the recipient.

How did Canada get her war work among women running so smoothly that it seems as if it were on oiled ball bearings with rubber tires? When I come to answer that question I want it understood that no one organization claims more credit than any other organization. The aim is not to claim credit. The aim is to deliver the goods. All organizations have helped. It has been teamwork from Halifax to Victoria.

Teamwork Among the Women

It was easier beginning in Canada than here. This does not seem true, but it is. No one dreamed of a five-year war in 1914. There were only forty thousand troops to handle for the first year. If Canadians had been told in 1914 they were to care for half a million troops they would have been appalled and all at sea, as we are to-day. But the work grew as the meaning of the war drove home to every woman in losses and disasters and heroic victories. It was the Duke and Duchess of Connaught who first saw the need of centralization—of drawing in to a center, in every province and every city and every town, all workers of all denominations, colors and castes.

Representative members of all organizations were called to confer at Government House—Red Cross, St. John's Ambulance, Women's Council, Daughters of the Empire, Canadian clubs, church societies. They carefully went over what was likely to be needed, how money could be raised, how the Canadian Commissioners' office in London could be used as a clearing house abroad, and how each big organization could be used as a clearing house at home. They carefully planned how to rouse and fan and make use of the flaming patriotism in every countryside. Then traveling delegates were sent across the country getting country organizations in line—farmers' granges, farmers' institutes, teachers' institutes, church clubs. Every hamlet in every remotest county was raked and combed and stirred and fanned, and a unit of some organization left to keep fanning volunteer work—for people to knit, to cut, to sew, to cook, to can, to raise money, to increase farm products.

When regiments were formed locally the colonel's wife called a meeting of the other officers' wives, and this association would undertake to look after the especial needs of this especial regiment. The services of the drill sergeant's wife were just as essential as the services of the colonel's lady. In this way wherever a soldier volunteered a nucleus of interest was created; and in some centers the women's clubs raised the flame that gave enthusiasm to enlistment. In one big Eastern city as much as a million was raised and spent in posters, in parades, in advertising, in public rallies, rousing enthusiasm for enlistment. Every cent of that million had been contributed voluntarily.

In every center some particular organization is particularly strong: The Red Cross in Ottawa and Toronto; the Patriotic League in Montreal and Toronto; the Daughters of the Empire all through the East, the Canadian clubs everywhere in the West. At the preliminary meeting in Government House these organizations were asked to get every other organization in their communities in line, and particularly not to antagonize but to bring into teamwork all hands—every farmer's wife who came to market with a basket of eggs. Fortunately this was done.

The terrible toll of losses early in the war obliterated all differences; and there was very slight overlapping of work. For surgical purposes the Red Cross set word what was needed. For soldier comforts the men themselves wrote back what they wanted. For the soldiers' families the Patriotic League went out and canvassed from house to house to find what was needed.

If you go into the Canadian Club, Ottawa, you will find sewing machines running by the score, knitting machines humming, long tables lined with women workers sewing. All work is voluntary—free. Even the stenographers are civil-service women,

(Concluded on Page 50)

For Things that Touch the Skin

Dependable always when delicate little garments and fine, soft bed linens must be made fresh, sweet and hygienically clean—no wonder mothers are grateful for such a soap as

Peet's Crystal White

It is refined enough for the tenderest uses, yet possesses cleansing energy for every household purpose. *Crystal White* is pure soap through and through. It eliminates waste, protects and preserves whatever it washes and reduces work to a minimum.

Truly women who use *Crystal White* have no interest in or need for other soaps.

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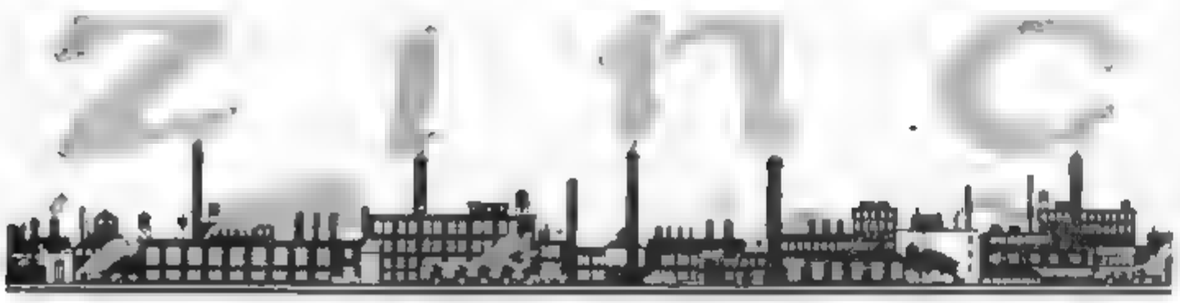

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Zinc carries paint deeper into the wood it protects, giving it a stronger, tougher texture and a finer, smoother finish. Zinc grips into the fiber of the wood and anchors the paint film firmly down. As a result, zinc decreases the cost of painting in the best and surest way —by lengthening the life of the paint.

If you buy prepared paint, get zinc paint. If your painter mixes his own paints, see that he mixes zinc in oil with his lead in oil. If you want to know the right proportion of each for any painting job, write us and we will send you our painting specifications worked out by an expert.

Our booklet "Zinc-in-paint" tells more about zinc. A copy is yours for the asking.

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(Concluded from Page 48)

who come and give their services free. Down at the Red Cross rooms, under Lady Borden, you will find similar work going ahead for hospital supplies. One woman can, perhaps, afford only half a day a week. She may be an expert cutter. She is put on cutting. Or she may be an expert sewer. She is put on sewing. It was Lady Borden who organized the Hebrew tailoresses for the Red Cross. The day I was in the Red Cross rooms I met women who had come in from the country to work; and the day I was in the Canadian Club rooms I met women from outlying country towns; and I venture to say, since pioneer days, when farmer's wife and lady of the manor used to come together to defend forts from attack, no such democratizing influence as this war has touched Canadian life.

"Canada," said a Boston woman who has lived for years in Toronto and therefore views changes from a detached point, "Canada is changed. It will never again be the same. All old thoughtless idle days seem so far away they are like a dream. Now everybody works. There is just one motto—Win the War!"

Eight-hour days are not known among the workers. They are at it from eight A. M. to six P. M.

How Canada, a country of moderate wealth compared to the United States, has raised such colossal funds for her soldier work is a story by itself. Funds have been raised by street fairs, by tag days, by bazaars, by lectures, by garden fêtes. Newspapers have been sold on street corners by cabinet ministers' wives. Newspapers have been edited and managed by organizations that doubled the advertising and took the proceeds. Department stores have loaned their counters and floors to the women for a day's sales of special goods.

Gardens, Gardens Everywhere

We have made a great talk in the United States of home gardening to increase food. Canadian women have gone a step farther. They have been logical enough to see food production will increase automatically if you can get a good price for it; so the younger girls of Ottawa have manned a motor truck, with which they peddle that food straight to the open market—riding clean over the back of the poor middleman, who usually grabs the profits. Needless to say, the food auctioned by pretty girls brings top prices; and the proceeds are turned in for soldier funds. We have planted gardens enough on this side. It remains to be seen whether we'll take as much out of them as we have put into them.

In Ottawa, teachers and civil-service girls cultivate vacant lots—whose function is announced by large signs. Sold through the middleman that garden produce would hardly net the cost of the hoes. Sold by the girls' truck each plot may yield fifty dollars to each back yard. I don't know whether the idea for this originated with Mrs. Crothers, the wife of a cabinet minister, but her energy has certainly pushed it through.

When large sums have been needed—the four million dollars for the Patriotic Fund in Montreal, for instance—the work has been more systematized. The best financial minds of the city have been called together, just as President Wilson called on a member of the Morgan firm to handle the American Red Cross. The city has been covered by certain committees, who know their wards perfectly. How much was wanted? Very well—we must have seven subscriptions of five thousand dollars; twenty-seven of one thousand dollars; two hundred and fifteen of one hundred dollars, and so on—down to seventy-five cents. The men who could get these amounts were then sent to collect—the interest on the money in the bank always being counted as adequate to cover all overhead. So often the greater part goes to overhead and little is left for the object.

In Canada only one-tenth of one per cent has gone to overhead. In the case of the four million dollars, it took the volunteer work of five hundred and sixty men and fifteen hundred women; but they got the money.

Considering that the United States may have a million and a half men in this war—indeed, must have—Canada's system of handling the soldier's family left behind should be examined. This is the work of the Patriotic Relief Fund Committees. Canada pays her soldiers most liberally, the most liberally of any country except Australia. Here is the scale of pay for the leading countries of the world:

Australia	$1.46	France	$ .05½
Canada	1.10	Turkey	.03½
Great Britain	.25	Austria	.02½
Italy	.20	Japan	.02½
Germany	.10½	Russia	.01

These figures are for rank and file only. Now it will be recalled that the war came in 1914, just when Canada was in the midst of great financial and trade depression. Many men were out of work, especially young Englishmen and Scotchmen who had come out as colonists. Many enlisted. Because of the trade depression their families were left destitute; so, in January of 1915, the Canadian Government passed an order in council assigning half the soldier's pay to families and dependents.

In addition the Canadian Government pays a separation allowance to the wife of twenty dollars, and five dollars for each child. Besides this, wherever there is a case of need a grant is made from the Patriotic Fund.

The consequence was that many indigent families came into more pocket money than they had ever before seen in their lives; and the installment salesman got busy. Player pianos and talking machines were left in tenements where the children were half naked and there were not chairs to sit on; so the ladies of the Patriotic Fund got a little busier than the sales sharks. Cities were divided into wards, wards were divided into zones; and into those zones went visitors to every case of a soldier's family applying for relief.

The visitors did not go in the spirit of Lady Bountiful seeking cheap sensations. The spirit of the work is seen in their posters. They went to help—to show how to save waste, how to use hospitals for the sick, how to open bank accounts, how to begin thrift; and in one city the bank savings of the soldiers' families mounted to two hundred thousand dollars in one year. Instead of resenting the fact that the beneficiaries were saving—please note the word charity is taboo—the Patriotic League rejoiced. The saving was the result of their own campaign for thrift; and I would not like to guess how many families of Canadian soldiers have dated a new life from the visits of the Patriotic League. They have been advised and helped on loans to buy homes, on safe investments, on nourishing food, on sanitary living, on schools, on community meetings.

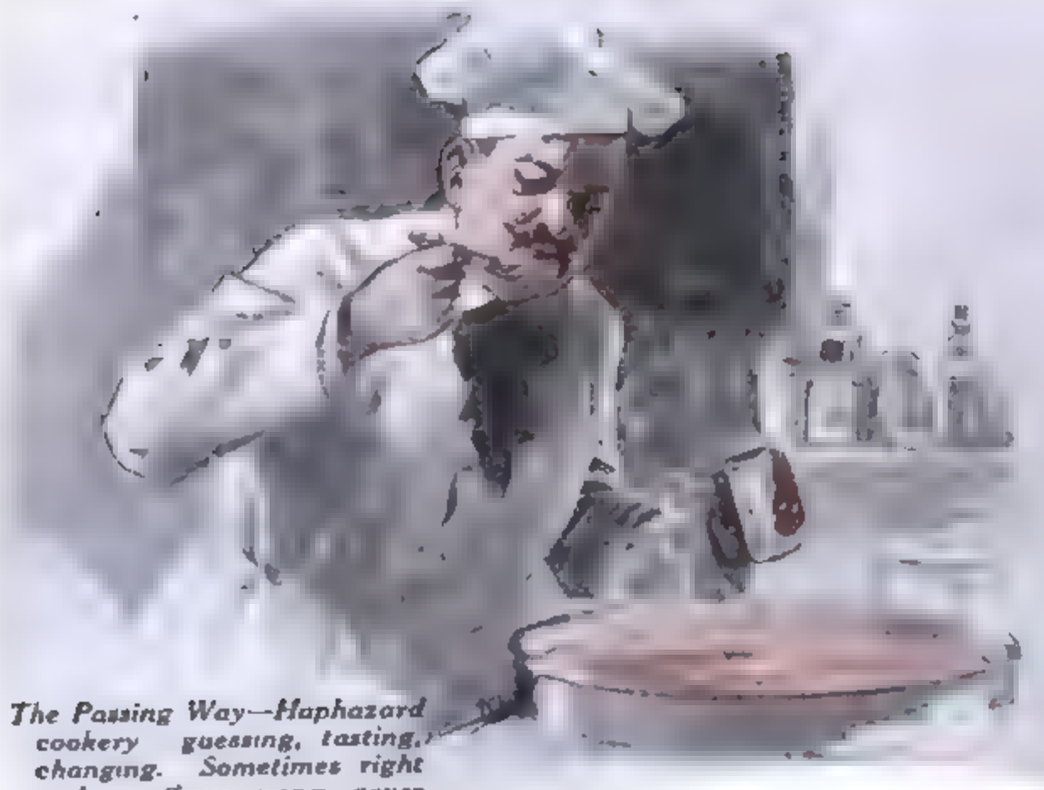
No Help for Sawdust Heroes

From being aliens in a foreign land they have become colonists radiating a new evangel to the foreign quarters. Sometimes the groups have consisted of Polish Jews, Serbians, Russian peasants, English cockneys and rough Scotch crofters.

To these people the women war workers have come like a gift from heaven. I think of a double-family combination—sisters, who doubled up in one house pending the war. Adding all their allowances they had one hundred dollars a month, and were banking it. They probably never earned over eight dollars a month in Europe. This state was opulence to them; and, instead of cutting down, the Patriotic Fund saw to it that the money was saved and invested to educate the growing children.

Every case helped is personally investigated. There is none of the unworthy trading in war heroism that disgraces so many help funds; though the back-yard faker plies his trade if he can. The Montreal Patriotic League received one letter dated Somewhere in France written in a Montreal back yard. These are the cases that the visiting committees weed out. Not a cent goes to the sawdust heroes.

The United States is to-day where Canada was in 1914, only with this difference: We know we have gone into a terrific war; Canada didn't know that when she began. We have easily twenty times the national wealth of Canada; and we shall probably place many times Canada's total of troops on the firing line and pay in the toll of lives for all our victories. We are plunging into a bigger problem than Canada's, because we are plunging in all at once; and American women war workers are an army mobilized but not yet officered. Hundreds of thousands are eager to work and only waiting to be told what to do. Presently will come the terrible demand. Why not get all the organizations together now before the demand comes?



The Passing Way—Haphazard cookery guessing, tasting, changing. Sometimes right and sometimes wrong never twice alike.

The Coming Way — Scientific exactness - materials analyzed and measured—results accurately recorded. Once right, forever right.

Scientists—Not Chefs

Why No Other Kitchen Anywhere Can Match a Van Camp Creation

New Culinary Methods Offer Multiplied Delights

THIS announces, for the first time, a new advance in cookery. The results surpass the finest dishes chefs have ever cooked. And they will change all your conceptions of some familiar foods.

No More Chefs

These Van Camp kitchens were long noted for their high-priced master chefs. We had English chefs, Parisian and Italian, and each was famed for some supreme creation.

Those chefs are gone now, with their recipes and dishes. Their place is taken by a staff of scientific cooks. Now a corps of experts, trained by famous universities, produce such dishes as a chef could never cook.

Analysis now takes the place of guesswork. A model laboratory directs every kitchen process. Instead of recipes we now have formulas — the result, sometimes, of a thousand careful tests.

Two or three years are often spent on one formula. Ingredients are blended in countless proportions. But when we arrive at the acme of flavor, the formula never varies. All its pages of minute directions are followed to the letter. So any Van Camp product is exactly like the finest dish of that kind we have ever made.

Our materials are selected by analysis, to fit extreme requirements. Our vegetables are grown on studied soils, from seeds of the choicest plants.

Every item has a standard such as chefs have never fixed. For instance, all our butter is made where pastures are at their best.

But ease of digestion is the chief aim of this scientific cookery. Every food element is cooked exactly as it should be, as proved by laboratory tests. That is all-important. Yet there, chef methods fail completely, especially on Pork and Beans.

Van Camp's
Spaghetti

Italian style — made from a formula perfected by three years of tests. Naples never served a dish one-half so good as this.

The New-Method Pork and Beans

Van Camp's Pork and Beans, as now prepared, reveal the result of these methods. No other common dish depends so much on scientific cookery.

Here are beans grown on special soils, extra-rich in nitrogen. Each batch is analyzed before we start to cook.

They are boiled in water freed from minerals, because ordinary water makes beans hard to digest. They are baked in steam ovens, so hours of fierce heat can be applied without crisping.

They are baked without bursting, baked without crusting, baked so every food cell can digest. They are baked with a sauce whose zest and flavor no one ever matched. It is the final result of 856 formulas.

You will marvel at this scientific dish. The quality, the flavor, the ease of digestion will be a revelation. No royal kitchen, no famous chef, has ever produced its like.

You can always have Pork and Beans like this if you simply ask for Van Camp's. The dish never varies. Try it today, and see what expert methods have done for this famous dish.

Van Camp's
Pork and Beans

Baked as no chef has ever baked it, and with a matchless sauce.

Van Camp's
Peanut Butter

Made from a perfect blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts, with every touch of bitter flavor taken out.

Van Camp's
Soups

28 kinds—each an ideal creation, attained by comparing hundreds of different blends.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce
THREE SIZES

Prepared in The Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

GINGER ALE

IN just a few years the popularity of this beverage has crept all over America. Clicquot is a ginger ale that is really made of ginger, pure fruit juices, cane sugar—and spring water that people would come miles to drink if they couldn't get it in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Sold by the case by good grocers and druggists, also at fountains, hotels, clubs, restaurants and cafes. Without exception, it is the quality ginger ale of America.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS. U.S.A.

THE SOURCE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Now," he said, "I can go ahead in the woods. Your end is safe. It's up to me."

"Say, Yard, look here, aren't you surprised?"

"No," said Van, "I thought I could make him see it."

Beaumont was about to utter some exclamation, when Mackenzie's words returned to him: "You have comported yourself this day like a wise man. You ha' kept silent and let this young man speak." Now he kept silent again, reflecting that Van Twiller Yard could not realize what a miracle he had brought about, nor would he be able to realize it until many years had passed over his head.

Because Van was young he had done a thing no older man would have thought of, no experienced man would have dared. And he had succeeded wholly because of the youth and the faith and the enthusiasm that were in him.

XVII

THE next morning found them in Boston again. Beaumont was able to derive amusement from the nonplused banking officials when he presented paper indorsed by Angus Mackenzie. Yard was not. Sulphate pulp had submerged temporarily his sense of humor. He was business, pure business, and he took pains to deliver in exact words Mackenzie's warning.

There was no declining of this paper, after its authenticity had been certified over the long-distance telephone. There was noticeable in the bankers' manner a respect, a somewhat apprehensive respect. Fifty millions had met five hundred millions—with the result of the meeting not left in doubt.

That evening Yard was again in his little office at Woods' Headquarters, getting in his hands the threads of the past days' logging operations; reading reports, studying scale sheets, finding that the railroad had been kept clear for logs to move to the mill.

His door stood slightly ajar. Across the hall was the door of the Nords' living room, and presently he was disturbedly conscious of Svea Nord's presence. He heard her voice and a man's voice. He tried to concentrate on his work, but Svea Nord intervened. Where his thoughts should have been intent on figures of log measure and cords of pulpwood, they insistently occupied themselves with a gray-eyed girl, a girl he worshiped, but who held him as unworthy even of contempt.

"True and trustworthy"! He repeated those words and searched his soul to find if he were worthy of them. Striving to be honest with himself, he weighed actions, motives, accomplishments. He had not been untrue to a trust; as he had seen the right he had acted, and no man can be unconscious of rectitude which has cost him what Yard's had cost. He assayed his metals in the fires of suffering, and, in justice to himself, could not find the dross. He had been true and trustworthy. It was because of his truth, of his trustworthiness to his love, that the girl despised him. The thought was not without bitterness.

The only warmth he found to comfort him was in the thought that his suffering had stayed her suffering. He had saved her from the knowledge of her father's degradation. He fancied he had been kind to her, not knowing that a woman's grief upon discovering the unworthiness of the man to whom she has given her heart is the bitterest of all griefs. Svea had demanded that her chosen man be true and trustworthy. Van Yard had been true and trustworthy—and it had cost him his hope of winning her.

Without intending to listen, without realizing that he did listen, his ears strained eagerly for the sound of Svea's voice; but the man's voice was the more distinct. Apparently he sat nearer the door, and all at once Yard recognized it as the voice of Holmquist.

There came a brief silence, and then Holmquist spoke, his voice taking on a new tone.

"Svea, we've known each other a long time now."

"Yes," she said.

"Nobody could know you, Svea, as well as you have let me know you, and not come to think of you as I do. You're not surprised, are you? Perhaps I have not been so attentive to you as I should have been; but business matters have kept me away, and success in business was necessary before I could say to you what I want to say. I think I have succeeded. I believe that by spring things will be in my hands as I want them. I'll be so necessary to Mr. Ekstrom that ——" He paused briefly, then went on in another tone, one showing less self-satisfaction:

"I kept waiting for some sign that you might think of me as I think of you, but you're always so calm and self-contained that a fellow can't tell what you're thinking about. And now I can't wait any longer. Svea, you're wonderful! I love you! Can you—will you ——"

Van did not hear the rest. He was on his feet, teeth clenched, eyes burning, rage rising in his throat to choke him. Holmquist was daring to speak of love to Svea Nord! Holmquist, who had tempted and tricked her father. Holmquist, who had not in his veins one drop of true or trustworthy blood.

Snatching open his door, he plunged across the narrow hall and into the little parlor. He did not see Svea; his sole thought was to remove this man from her presence.

Holmquist turned, startled by the sound of Van's entry. At sight of Van he cringed—not a pleasant sight to see. Yard reached out an arm, made powerful by labor, clutched Holmquist's collar and jerked the little dapper man to him. Turning, he propelled him through the door, down the hall to the outer door, and vehemently hurled him through the air into a waiting drift. An instant he stood there, panting, then he returned to the parlor and faced Svea. She was standing, white as death, startled but not frightened.

"Are you insane?" she said, her voice tremulous.

"No, I'm not insane," he replied hoarsely. "But I couldn't stand it to hear that man make love to you. It's not jealousy." She had tried to speak, but the rush of his words silenced her. "I did not intend to listen—didn't know I was listening. And then I heard."

She tried to pass him and leave the room, but he backed before the door.

"No, you shan't go! You've got to listen! I've stood about all I can stand without going to pieces. Maybe there was a better way than throwing him out, but I couldn't see it and don't see it now. I know what you think of me and why you think it—and that can't be helped. But you shan't think worse than you do. If I hadn't loved you—if I had been only a friend—I'd have seen red when that man spoke of love to you. True and trustworthy—that's what you said a man must be. And Holmquist, his business is to drag men down from truth and trustworthiness. He's a fixer, a briber."

Her lip curled.

"I know what you think of me," he said tensely, "and whether I deserve it or not isn't the question. I know what I think of you—and that is the question. To me you stand for everything that's good and sweet and clean in life." His voice softened. "You're the kind of woman a son might worship the way not many mothers are worshiped." He did not realize he was paying her the noblest compliment to be conceived; but she realized it, and wondered how such a thought could come from the heart of such a man.

"I know that man. I know no decent man would admit him to his home, knowing him as I do. The word 'love' on his lips was an insult to you that you can't understand—and he'll never repeat it, I'll see to that, whether you want me to or not."

He paused, chest heaving with the stress of his excitement.

"If I need protecting my father can see to it," she said bitingly. "However much I needed a protector I would hardly choose a man like you."

"I shan't defend myself, Svea. It would be useless. Your heart is so true that you cannot see that where there is the appearance of evil there may be no evil at all." He was calmer now; had summoned up a sort of grave dignity. Svea could not help reflecting that a man with such an exterior, with such flashes of good in him, even of chivalry, could not be all bad. But he was bad. The evidence was not to be disputed.

"If you know anything that makes Mr. Holmquist unfit to be my guest," she said, "it would be more manly to tell it to my father than to hint at it to me."

"Your father ——" He stopped. He had been on the point of saying: "Your father knows better than I"; but that would be dangerous; might, if she followed the hint, overturn her world

Before he could say anything further Holmquist burst in the room, snow-covered, his face distorted with the rage of humiliation. In his hand he clutched a revolver. Svea saw him first, for Van's back was to the door, and her eyes widened with horror.

"Mr. Yard!" she cried. "Behind you! Behind you!"

Yard turned to face Holmquist half a dozen feet away. Slowly the man raised the revolver, his teeth glittering white between lips drawn back in a snarl.

Yard bent forward a trifle from the waist and stood motionless, his eyes upon Holmquist's eyes, every atom of his will bearing upon Holmquist's will. To move, to spring upon the man, would bring a shot. That, if it meant only death, would not have been terrible; but it meant a tragedy in Svea's presence—scandal, malicious tongues wagging busily. The revolver pointed at Van's face; Holmquist was nerving himself to press the trigger.

"Put—down—that—gun!" said Van without raising his voice, but backing every word with the driving force of the will of a man fighting for his life.

"Put—down—that—gun!" he repeated, his eyes never wavering from Holmquist's eyes.

Holmquist was trying to shoot; trying to force his brain to flash the command to his crooked finger, but Van's eyes held him. Sweat appeared on his forehead; he shivered; his cheeks went gray. It seemed to him that something relentless, ruthless, terrifying, clutched the motive forces of his brain and held them inert. His will was struggling against Van's, struggling to pull that trigger, and it found itself powerless.

Svea watched him with parted lips; saw the agony of the struggle; saw one man's will cracking another's as one might crack a brittle stick over his knee—and the sight was unbearable. She covered her eyes.

"Put—down—that—gun!" said Van the third time.

The gun wavered in Holmquist's quivering hand, was slowly deflected, as though by some crushing force that bent down the man's arm in spite of his utmost resistance.

"Drop it!" said Van, and the revolver fell to the floor. Holmquist slumped to his knees, his lips working, his body shuddering.

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't!"

Yard picked up the gun and turned to Svea.

"You see," he said tensely, the strain of conflict not yet faded from his voice. "He isn't a man—just a thing. He had a gun—and he couldn't shoot."

"Yes," she said, awed by what she had seen. "I saw."

"You believe me now?"

"I believe you," she said, as though repeating a formula.

He turned to Holmquist.

"Get up," he said. "Put on your coat and hat, and go. Don't tell this—but there's no fear of that. And if you ever dare to speak a word of love to Svea Nord again, I will come to find you. Remember that!"

Holmquist stumbled out of the room, out of the house, and as he went sounds issued from his throat, unpleasant to hear, bearing a resemblance to human sobs.

"Svea," said Yard, his voice pleading as his words dared not, "I'm sorry; but it's better to have it end this way than to have had him finish what he was saying to you."

She looked at him, her gray eyes filled now with the emotion she suppressed. She knew she loved this man. There was a power about him that compelled her love, a gentleness that drew her heart. In spite of what he was, in spite of his treachery, she loved him. How could one who was a man—such a man as Yard had shown himself to be—be contemptible? But he was. And though her love killed her, she would never confess it to him.

"Go away!" she cried pitifully. "Oh, please, go away!"

Yard turned slowly, his eyes pouring out his love upon her, and left the room.

XVIII

WITH ground frozen hard so that horses did not sink to their bellies in the swamps, with snow packed and frozen into smooth logging roads, operations in the

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POUDRE
AT ALL DEALERS 50c
The amount sold indicates it to be the most used face powder by women of fashion and refinement the world over
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The "Naturelle" tint after shaving —
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Contains no metal. Cannot be tarnished by perspiration; smooth, non-irritating, non-metallic, padless—the HYGIENIC garter.
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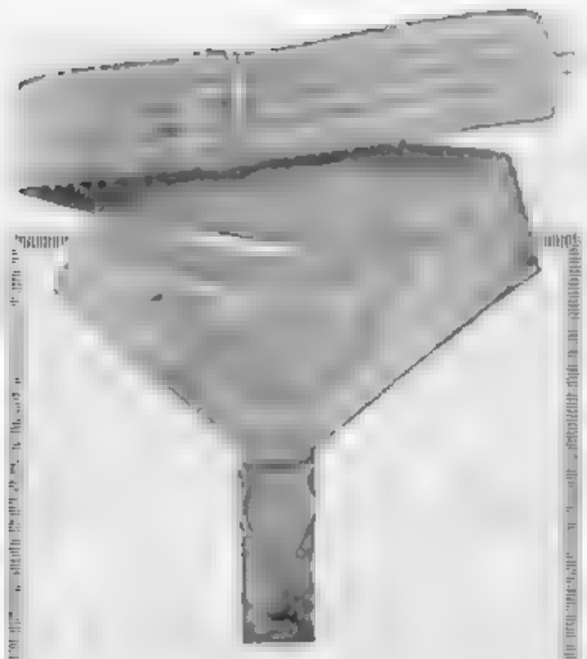

During the hot weather

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

receive their severest tests. No. 1598, made with the long, easy stretch Steinweave elastic, is particularly comfortable and serviceable for this season of the year.

Many men have several pairs of PARIS GARTERS, because frequent changes prolong their wear and service.

50c 35c 25c

The name is on the back of the shield. Look for it.

A. STEIN & CO.

Founded 1887

Chicago New York

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

woods made real progress. Driven by Van Yard, with his grim, tireless determination, the men surpassed in accomplishment Big John Beaumont's expectations, and the reports coming down to him made his eyes glow with satisfaction. His judgment was vindicated. He had picked a man.

Healthy rivalry sprang up between the camps separately and between the two groups of camps, and nightly the men lounged about the big stove in the bunkhouse and listened eagerly to telephoned reports of the day's cut from other camps. Seven and Eight took the lead and kept it. Yard's Roughnecks were lumbermen. Besides that, they realized they were a picked crew, the boss' own men, and they worked for him and for glory as they would not have worked for money alone.

Logs accumulated on skidways; piles of pulpwood multiplied throughout the woods. Yard was able to promise that the winter's cut would answer every demand of the mill, and more—if it could be got to the mill. The river only could accomplish that, and if the river did its duty—was permitted to do its duty—the fulfilling of Big John's contract with the Corrugating Company would be assured. More than that, sulphate pulp would be established. The new industry would be annexed to the United States.

The winter was eventful; no winter in the logging camps can be otherwise, but there was no further attempt by the Power Company to obstruct the work. Perhaps this was because of a visit Yard paid to Langlois at the dam on the day after his return from Boston, and a call made upon Ekstrom in his office. Perhaps it was because Ekstrom was confident of the success of the measures he planned for the spring. At any rate, cutting went forward with only such obstacles to surmount as were imposed by Nature or were incidental to the work.

Yard slept the night of his return from Boston in Camp Four. In the morning he found Sim-Sam waiting for him.

"Goin' to the dam to-day, boy?"

"Yes."

"'Tain't safe. 'Tain't necessary."

"Don't argue, Sim-Sam," Yard said, not ungently.

"Lemme go along then."

Yard shook his head, and set off for the junction where he would catch the up-bound train for Camp Eight and the dam. Sim-Sam waited for him to disappear down the track, then set out to follow.

Yard rode to his destination in the cab of the engine, Sim-Sam on the rearmost truck, unobserved. When Yard walked down the precipitous slope to the base of the dam, where were located the quarters for the employees and the gatehouse, Sim-Sam followed cautiously. Yard met Langlois on the path. Both men stopped.

"Langlois," said Yard, "the other day you put a bowlder on our railroad. It derailed the snowplow and broke a man's leg. I'm not here to talk long to you. But if that thing happens again, if there is any interference with our railroad or with our camps which endangers the life of one of my men, I'll bring my boys down from Seven and Eight and we'll get you—and I'll give you to them to do with what they want. You know what that would be. That's all."

He turned his back on Langlois and strode away. Sim-Sam expected the ex-camp boss to spring on Yard's back; but he did not move, merely scowled and shifted from one foot to the other. The desire was there but the nerve was lacking. Even with back turned Yard was the stronger man. The call upon Ekstrom was in similar key. It did not frighten the president of the Power Company, but left him with a greater desire than ever to possess this young man. Later in the week Sim-Sam surprised Yard by telling him he had to go out of the woods for a few weeks, and the old chopper, lugging his paper suitcase and his much-thumbed magazines, disappeared

Yard had long since moved his office to Camp Four. For months he did not encounter Svea or see her, save at a distance as he passed the house that had been Woods' Headquarters. But that did not mean forgetfulness. Svea was always with him, lurking in a recess of his mind and ready to obtrude on his reflections.

Then spring approached; the sun rose higher overhead; there were sporadic thaws, warning of the breaking up of winter and of freshets to come. Through those winter months the mills had not been idle; their output satisfied even Big John, but output meant consumption of pulpwood, and the supply was running low. Before many days fresh cords of it must come down from the woods or operations must pause to wait for them; and with profits upon the daily production surpassing what able men would consider ample yearly salaries, to pause even for a day was not to be considered with equanimity. So both Big John and Yard prayed for the melting of the snows and the coming of spring rains.

In the woods Yard made everything ready for the drive. Piles of pulpwood lined the river, ready to be thrown in; accumulations of spruce in logs were being gnawed to four-foot lengths by cross-cut and gasoline-driven circular saws. The woods had done their part, were ready. Now the river must do its task, and speedily, or all this labor had been expended in vain.

"She's coming," said the men with eagerness in their voices, and listened each morning, as they got out of their bunks, for the sound of rain on the roof, for the rush and roar of the rising river, the booming, cracking, crashing of ice wrenched from its bed by swelling flood water.

But it did not come. March passed and still the river was closed; still depths of snow filled the woods. If there was a thaw one day, the next day and for days to follow there would be weather that froze the crust thick, or there would be belated snowfalls making necessary the use of snowplow and road roller.

Every day saw the pile of peeled pulpwood across from the mill dwindling and dwindling. Not weeks now, but days only could it supply the hungry mill. The breakup must come, and must come speedily.

Then, on the second of April, Yard awoke to hear the wind sweeping gusts of rain upon the roof, a very deluge of rain. He leaped from bed and dressed—though there was nothing he could do—for he craved action. Nor was he content to stand by the window and look out at the blackness of the night. He thrust on his mackinaw and rushed out of doors and down to the river. The waters were rising. Already little streams of water poured down mountain gullies upon the ice, which groaned and heaved, booming and cracking as it burst under the strain. The freshet had come!

Back and forth from the house to the river he tramped a score of times. Long before dawn the flat space about Camp Four was a sea of slush, knee-deep. The air was warm, soggy. It was the great spring thaw, unmistakable, coming not a day too soon.

Yard planted a wand by the river's edge and measured the rise of the water. Inch by inch it surged upward. The ice began to travel downward, slowly at first, then swishing by, churned and tossed by the sullen, irresistible current.

That it might jam below he had foreseen. Piling on bend or shallow, it might rear itself into a dam ten or twenty feet high, disputing the passage of the pulpwood. But Yard had an antidote for that—little yellowish cylinders, innocent enough to the eye, but containing a frightful energy capable of rending bowlders and of obliterating mountains. More than one ton of dynamite was stored in the East Branch camps ready to be called to duty.

The river rose and still rose, a foot, two feet, three feet before morning. Yard did not wait for dawn, but routed out his men in the darkness and set them to work.

"The freshet, men!" he shouted into the bunkhouse. "Out! The river's up."

Other camps were not behind him. Men working madly were heaving bolts of pulpwood into the stream; horses struggled through the blinding rain, slipping, stumbling in the treacherous slush, with sled-loads from the woods. Then with daylight came the message from Camp One:

"She's jamming in the Horseshoe—fifteen feet and pilin' fast."

"Clear it!" shouted Yard into the telephone. "And keep it clear!"

Again from Camp Three:

"She's pilin' in the Notch."

Again the same frenzied order from Yard.

In half an hour, from the direction of Camp Three, sounded a muffled boom! Dynamite was laboring there. Other explosions, fainter, more distant, told of similar upheavals at Camp One.

"More men! We can't keep her clear!" came the cry from Camp One. Already trains were bearing from Five, Six, Seven, Eight every man that could be spared, bringing among them Yard's Roughnecks, each to give such account of himself as to be rated thereafter as the worth of two men

Five hundred men were working to feed pulpwood into the torrent, tearing at the piles as though they were living enemies It was no silent scene. Teamsters' voices, fluent in profanity, urged their teams; men shouted and bawled; the river roared back at them a multitude of sounds. And Van! From one camp to another he rushed, driving, setting an example of killing labor, and where he appeared men redoubled their efforts, for him to see. He was a man whose approbation all men coveted, whose displeasure all men feared.

Those who recalled his face and his efforts, on that morning—and none forgot who saw him—told the tale that he was no mere man, but the personification, the embodiment of a spirit—grim, tireless, relentless.

And then, with the work but commenced, the rise of the river halted. It lapped for no higher spot on its banks, tore with surging wave at no further foothold. Then, in the sight of all beholders, a thing against Nature happened. Despite the torrents of rain that fell, despite the innumerable gully-washing streams that poured to inflate the flood, the river dropped! Six inches it subsided, the fact proven by the wands planted along the shore to measure its progress, and it continued to subside. The velocity of the current diminished, and before noon there was left a mere trickle, a mockery to those wearied men.

Subsiding, the river left its ice in ridges, jams, gorges. Upon the banks, buried in the ice, thrown helter-skelter against the jams, was every stick of pulpwood the five hundred men had slaved to put into the water. The freshet had been choked at its source.

"What is it?" men asked each other. "What's the matter with the river?"

The answer was not long to seek.

"They've closed the gates at the dam. The dam's shut!"

"They're stealin' our water! They're gummin' the drive!"

It was true. The day of the Power Company had arrived. Those floods which Nature intended should flow down that river to greater rivers, and even to the sea, had been shut off, imprisoned in the reservoir, behind the rampart of that great dam which towered a hundred feet above the valley. Simply by the turn of an electric switch, the starting of a gasoline motor, the gates barring the tunnel through which the water might escape with seething violence beneath the dam had been closed and made fast. The drive was at an end. The thousands of cords of pulpwood, essential to the triumph of sulphate pulp, lay motionless in the river's bed or remained in their piles in the woods. On that day sulphate pulp lay dying of thirst, while water enough and to spare was wantonly withheld by an enemy!

"The dam's shut," Yard telephoned to Big John Beaumont, and his voice was savage.

"Come down," said Big John; "we'll see what's to be done."

"Legally?" Yard asked, and Big John heard without rancor the sneer that accompanied the word.

"Legally first," he said. And Yard banged the receiver in place with a rage he did not try to control.

Big John discussed the situation with Yard, neither man in a humor to resort to half measures; but Beaumont insisted that relief be sought by legal means before others were tried.

"I'm ready for trouble, if they force trouble on me," he said; "but I've tried to be a decent citizen all my life and I want to stick to it if I can. If the laws will help me out I'll give 'em a chance. If it happens that Ekstrom has a private court or so—why, you can go ahead, and I'll back you to the limit."

"We can't spare the time," Yard objected stubbornly.

"Look here, you're in this game not for me or for money, but for sulphate pulp. You've spouted patriotism all over the state. Now when it's our turn to be law-abiding which is about as good a brand of patriotism as they make—you kick over the traces and want to start a private war."

"It is war," said Yard.

"You don't see fairly to-day. But that argument's a dead bird. We try for an injunction. The papers are drawn. Now about what's to be done meantime. We've got hardwood here to run us three days. You've got to keep that coming, or we run out of fuel and the pulp mill shuts down. We've enough pulpwood for a week, and that's got to be kept coming as you can get

(Continued on Page 57)

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(Continued from Page 54)

it to us. I'd suggest using the East Branch to haul pulpwood and the other branch for hardwood."

"That's what we'd have to do. Most of the hardwood that's get-at-able is along the pond by Seven and Eight. I'll haul from there."

"Good enough. Now sign these affidavits, and I'll get busy with the courts. We ought to get action to-morrow. I'll keep you posted."

Yard took the train directly to Camp Eight, and what he saw along the way was disquieting. First, as he crossed the trestle over the spillway from the big pond—the safety valve of the dam—he noticed that the height of the gates there had been raised an ample six feet by the addition of flashboards. This would permit the rising of the water in the huge reservoir to a height never before reached, never necessary. He saw, too, how rapidly the water was rising.

With no escape, the flood waters from the East Branch itself, from innumerable brooks, from torrents formed by melting snows, were pouring into the pond, raising it hour by hour toward the former high-water mark and threatening the tracks. Before he reached Camp Eight there were points where the track itself was submerged under six to eight inches of water, and with those newly added flashboards a further rise of ten feet might be looked for.

That night he sent down a train of eight trucks piled high with beech, birch, maple. It was the last trainload to leave Camp Eight or Camp Seven for days. When this train was loaded and dispatched Van set the crew to launching the gasoline craft which had been stored since fall—the forty-footer which Beaumont had sent up at his request. The high water had been foreseen, and to foresee, with Van Twiller Yard, was to make adequate preparation. Boom logs were ready upon the shore, their ends fastened with a chain. Pike poles had been provided; everything was in readiness for the emergency which Van had feared.

With the railroad useless it was impossible to move logs by land; therefore, he would move them by water, raft them to a point where the railroad emerged to security above high water. There he would load them for transport to the mill. It would be the task of the launch to tow the rafts.

Now hardwood is not pleasant to raft. Its buoyancy is not great; it becomes easily waterlogged and losses from such attempted operations are high, sometimes reaching twenty per cent. But Van's rafts would not be the huge affairs of the Great Lakes or the Pacific Coast. They would be smaller, and each log of them would be dogged to its neighbor so that none might escape

It was slow and toilsome work, and meant the handling twice of every log, first to roll it into the water, then, what was much more difficult, to haul it out again and place it aboard the trucks. But it had to be done. Before noon next day the first raft was on its way to the bay, four miles below, which Yard had selected as his new landing. It was a small raft, might have been laughable to a Western lumberman; but it taxed the strength of the launch, and it was enough if it could be repeated daily.

It was a minor engagement in the war, not of decisive character, but strategically important. It stood an unqualified victory for Yard, and his heart, that had known little pleasure these many months, warmed to it. He was winning. If Beaumont would let him have his way he could see the end of the war.

XIX

BETWEEN midnight and morning of the day which brought Yard to Camp Eight, large sleighs, denuded of bells to make their passing silent, and crowded with men, slid swiftly over the road to the dam. There were fifty of them, of the breed known as professional strike breakers, and Holmquist was conducting them to their destination. They constituted a garrison whose duty it was to prevent a raid on the gatehouse and the freeing of the water.

"Lie low," Holmquist ordered them. "Keep out of sight. If those Roughnecks try anything we'll give them a little party. You see to it, Langlois."

Langlois nodded in surly acquiescence.

"And, Langlois," said Holmquist in a whisper, "you won't have to depend on these fellows alone. There's a little express shipment coming to you—and you can put it where it'll do the most good. If you happened to plant it under this man Yard I'll bet I could keep back my tears."

"I got a thing or two agin that bird myself," Langlois said. "If there's a mix, and he's in it anywheres, he's goin' to git his! And nobody'll stand round sayin' how natural he looks either, after he gits it."

"Don't hold back on my account. I'm going to get a couple of winks of sleep. Be careful to keep these men out of sight till they're needed. Nobody suspects they're here."

But Holmquist was not in possession of all the facts as to this. Someone did know of the importation of professional fighters, and that someone was an old lumberjack with a paper suitcase, much given to "lit'ry pursoots." Sim-Sam knew it, and telephoned his knowledge to Big John Beaumont, who let it go no farther, for he feared the news of it would be a challenge to Van's Roughnecks not to be overlooked by them. He did not want to precipitate bloody war.

In the morning Holmquist drove from the dam, choosing a fork of the road which led past Woods' Headquarters, and there he stopped, well knowing that Van Twiller Yard was elsewhere and much occupied. His errand was not with Svea, but with her father. As a matter of fact, he greatly hoped Svea would not become aware of his presence. He stopped his horse behind the barn and went in to wait for Nord. It was early in the morning and Nord was certain soon to come out to care for the stock. In a quarter of an hour he appeared.

"Good morning, Nord," said Holmquist.

Nord scowled at him.

"What you want here?"

"I want to talk to you, and I guess the way things are you'll listen like a lamb. I want something of you—it isn't for the Power Company, but for me—and I hope you'll be accommodating. Not so much on my account as on yours."

Nord glowered at him sullenly.

"I've been coming to your house for a long time, and you knew why, didn't you? You knew I was coming for Svea?"

"Yes, I knew," said Nord.

"And you didn't object to me as a son-in-law, did you?"

"Not then."

"Do now, eh?" Holmquist laughed unpleasantly. "Well, it don't make any difference whether you fancy me or not. I'm not courting you. Svea seemed willing enough to have me come. Now she isn't. She's refused to see me. I've written to her and she doesn't answer."

"She got next to you, I calc'late. She's got a way of seein' into folks."

"She saw Yard throw me out of the house, that's all. After that she turned against me hard. I'm not a big bruiser like Yard, and I didn't show up to much advantage; but that's nothing against me."

"Yard throwed you out of my house?"

"Yes."

"Um!" grunted Nord. "Well, what you want me to do about it?"

Holmquist, though the thing had been planned out well in advance, found some difficulty in beginning. He had been sure of success before the time came to put the matter to the test, but now he hesitated and stammered.

"I've got to have her," he blurted out after a moment. "I never wanted anything like I want her—and everything was going right till Yard showed up in the woods. I've run against him every move I've made, everywhere. I want Svea because"—he drew his breath through his teeth so that the sound of it was audible—"because I can't get along without her. But if I could, I'd have her to keep her away from Yard"

"Away from Yard," repeated Nord slowly, as if the words planted a new idea in his mind.

"You're her father," said Holmquist, "and you've got something to say about it—you've got to have something to say about it."

"I dunno. I dunno," said Nord. "Svea hain't much to be influenced in sich matters. And if she was I don't calc'late I'd be willin' to do it."

"Willing or not, you've got to. I don't care how you do it or what you say to her, but she's got to marry me. Get that into your head quick. Yard shan't have her. You don't want him to have her, do you? Didn't he kick you out of your job? And he's after her. If he wasn't, why did he let you stay here in this house? Why did he pay your salary out of his own pocket after he fired you?"

Instantly Holmquist knew he had overstepped himself.

"What's that?" said Nord, taking a step forward.

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"Out of his own pocket," said Holmquist, seeking to make the best of it. "Tried to buy her, that's what!"

"The money I've been livin' on came from him? He went down in his pocket and paid me my wages right along? He did, eh?"

Holmquist breathed more easily.

"Just that. Now will you do what you can for me?"

"I don't calc'late to meddle into it."

"Listen here: Svea doesn't know why Yard fired you, does she? And you don't want her to know. There's others you don't want to know. Well, the day she marries me I'll give you back that check we paid you, the one with your name on the back, and a couple of reports in your handwriting. You can make her do it. There's something you can tell her; some way to make her. There'll be a good job with the Power Company too. I've done a good job for them this winter, and it's about finished. When it is I guess I can have about what I want—and I'll see you fixed for life. In a week the Pulp Company will be as good as busted—and Yard's going to get his, for good measure. You wouldn't want Svea to know what you did, would you? She isn't the kind to overlook it."

"Not her," said Nord grimly.

"Here it is then: You do what I say and you get the reports and the check—and a job. If you don't do what I say—Svea gets them. But not till enough other people have seen them to make this country too unpleasant for you to live in. And that goes!"

Nord stood very still, his eyes half shut. He was letting the little man's words sink in. It was the crisis of his life. Vaguely he realized that. His mind did not work rapidly, but groped its way. His standards had not been high of late years; but before that he had not been without his ideals. In his youth he, too, had had his beacon burning on a mountain peak. But it had been dimmed, quenched. He thought of many things as he stood—of the wife, dead these many years, of his daughter, of this man who wanted her for his wife, and of Van Twiller Yard. It was strange, perhaps, but in that moment he thought more of Yard than of the others. In his rough way he sought to analyze Yard's conduct toward himself. Holmquist moved uneasily.

"Well?" he said harshly.

That word, its tone, brought decision to Nord. His mind leaped the remaining gap to decision. It was delivered without words. Suddenly he reached out and grasped Holmquist's shoulder in fingers that clamped down like a steel trap, wheeled the young man about and shoved him toward the barn door. Nor did he stop with ejecting him, but propelled him, despite squirmings and strugglings, imprecations and threats, toward the house. Nord uttered no word till he had kicked open the door and stood inside, still holding Holmquist at arm's length.

"Svea!" he shouted then. "Svea, come here!"

"What are you going to do?" Holmquist panted in a panic, but Nord made no reply.

"Svea!" he called again insistently.

"Yes, father," she answered from the head of the stairs. "I'm coming."

Halfway down the stairs she saw Holmquist and stopped, her hand groping for the baluster.

"Come on, daughter," said Nord. "Hain't nothin' to be afraid of."

She came down slowly, and stopped again a few feet away from them.

"What is it?" she asked in a low voice, her eyes not moving from her father's face.

"A rat," said Nord. "I caught it in the barn. I fetched him in to show to you so you'd know what a rat looked like—and so you wouldn't never have any more trouble from this here one. He wanted me to make you marry him."

Svea's eyes flashed from her father to Holmquist, and back again. She stood waiting for what was to come.

"Daughter, what I got to say don't come easy. I dunno where it's goin' to leave me when it's said. But I thought it out, and it's got to be said plain so as to leave nothin' for this rat to git a holt of."

He shook Holmquist as a mastiff might shake a rabbit.

"When I get through you'll see I ain't much of a man to be talkin' another man names, but mad as I'm apt to be, 'tain't exactly fair to name this here for them. He says to me that if I don't make you marry him, he'll tell you what he knows about me—that and consid'able more, he said. Some of it was about Mr. Yard."

At the tone of her father's voice as he spoke that name Svea raised her eyes quickly. There was something in it that paid a compliment to Yard; something that told Svea her father held the young man in high esteem.

"Nothing Mr. Holmquist could tell me would make any difference," she said.

"Not unless he had proofs—and he has 'em. You're goin' to think hard of me, Svea. You and your ma before you was always strong on a 'man bein' honest and keepin' faith. Well, I hain't kept faith, and that was why Yard took my job away from me. You seen him do that, and you didn't understand it, so you thought he'd done me out of my place to git it for himself. I knew it and I let you think it—because I couldn't bear to have you thinkin' your father wasn't a good man."

"Mr. Yard didn't——" She was unable to go on; her father declared Yard guiltless of the count against him, and his evidence was conclusive. Color crept up into her face; she did not feel a gladness so much as a premonition of gladness. And it was very sweet to her hungry heart.

"Yard acted like I wouldn't have expected my best friend to act that day. He knew I'd sold out to the Power Company for five hundred dollars, and that I was a kind of a traitor to the company he was fightin' so hard for; but, knowin' that, he didn't go to Big John with it, and he didn't tell you of it. He could 'a' told you, and you wouldn't have been thinkin' about him the way you have—and I guess it hurt him bad to see you feel that way. He saved my face and he kept you from knowin'. And then, when I was fired, Svea, he goes down into his pocket and paid my salary to me. It took every cent he got himself, for they paid us both alike. I didn't know that then, or I wouldn't 'a' took it. It wasn't so much to give me the money, I guess, as to keep you thinkin' he'd done me a wrong and didn't dare go to Big John with it and git me fired. He did it for you."

"For me!" she whispered. "He never defended himself. He did all that? You're not—not keeping anything back? It's true?"

"As true as Gospel," said Nord solemnly. He was thinking with a little twinge that her thought was all for Yard, for his sacrifice, and none for him, her father. "Now I've told you all of it, Svea. You know what I did, and nobody can gain anything by tellin' you again." He shook Holmquist once more. "Your teeth's pulled!" he said ominously.

"Poor dad!" said Svea. "You were afraid I wouldn't stand by you? Poor old dad!"

"You—you hain't despisin' me?" he asked, his voice not steady as it had been.

"No. It was a terrible thing to do; but to tell now was good and brave. I don't know why you did that other, dad, but it wasn't the real you. This is the real you to-day—telling the truth, and ready to sacrifice my love to tell it. You told for Mr. Yard's sake, didn't you?" she asked with a penetration that startled him.

"I calc'late that was what made me, even more'n the thought of you marryin' this rat. That would 'a' done it. I know I couldn't 'a' made you marry him, Svea; but if I could, you don't think I'd be such a damn scalawag that I'd do it?"

"No, dad," she said; "but I'm glad the other was the bigger reason. Oh, dad, I saw him when he first came—and I watched

him climbing up. It was wonderful! He grew so big, so strong. Everything he did was done as if he were a man! Then I thought he had done this, and it hurt. I had thought him true and trustworthy—and he proved to be a sneak and mean and self-seeking."

"You love him, Svea?" her father asked.

"If I do," she said, "he must be the first to hear it."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HERBERT QUICK—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 23)

feet the story of this war might be different. General Quick, at the head of the armies of the roused democracy of America—— But there! There! That's one of the oldest of his dreams.

So instead of going to West Point, and training himself for a war correspondent, which was the real object he had in view, he went out teaching rural schools in winter and farming in summer. Sometimes he taught straight through from November to haying, and then plunged right into the thick of the harvest. Farming palled on a man with bad feet, but he stuck to it until he was in his twenties. Then as his sole vocation he taught for a while, but on taking stock of himself discovered that it would be impossible for a man with absolutely no education to become the president of the state university or to reach any of the other educational eminences to which he found his fellow pedagogues aspiring. He had no tail to his name. He did not belong to the union. Another dream shattered! What should he do?

Perfectly obvious. Being too illiterate for anything else, he could go into the law. This he accordingly did, and still regards himself as a good lawyer, and is willing to go into court and prove it on the body of any doubter on any fine day when the other places are all shut up. For seventeen years he practiced law—but why keep on doing that when there were books to be written and so very, very many words in the English language yearning to be joined together in the holy wedlock of literature? Echo answered "Why?" and our author, after becoming one by dint of a book or so, turned the key on the outside of his law office and dropped it into a manhole.

(Another of those curtain tricks. During the time hereby indicated our author becomes a conservationist, and proves it by the left-handed method of publishing more writings—newspaper, magazine and book—than almost any other man in America. All this was printed on paper made from our forests, which at about this time became the peculiar anxiety of Gifford Pinchot and others. Our author drifted into editorial work. No, he was dragged in against his protests. Once in, he devoted himself to agricultural journalism, because, in spite of the law, politics, literature and teaching, he still was a farmer. He found, too, that pavements are about as hard on the feet as plowed ground.)

We now find him on his farm in West Virginia, to which he repaired to grow fruit and raise livestock, and about every eighteen months to publish a book. He has in mind five novels, several plays, some poems, and many very able books of an elevating nature which he expects to write; and he built this house on the West Virginia farm for a workshop in which to create them. It looked like great fun, but he worked himself out of it. As a part of the business of being a farm editor, he had done what he could to have passed the Federal Farm Loan Act. After it was passed he was honored by a request on the part of the Administration that he take a place on the Federal Farm Loan Board. He could not welsh, and took the place. Gone the dream of bucolic literary pursuits! In its place the asphalt of Washington, and the most interesting work of his whole career.

Ambitions in life: To write the Great American Novel. To make over the rural schools of the world. To see a statue of Henry George in every public square in America. To get "copy" out of every experience. To write that copy out and print it. To see the interest rate to farmers on mortgage loans drop to four per cent.

Motto: Not to possess degrees conferred by some colleges is in itself a liberal education.

Slogan: Whenever you're afraid of losing your job resign!

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Black Cats fit snugly but have such stretch and give that it takes a mighty tug to tear them. Dragged on legs dripping wet at the swimming hole, they neither rip nor run. And Towser can help him take them off at night.

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BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear for Men Is Made and Marketed by Black Cat Textiles Company

PLAYGROUNDS DIM

(Continued from Page 18)

"He starts it from bedrock," stated the old lady grimly.

One day she even consulted Grimshaw on the advisability of compelling her nephew to shift for himself until he developed some initiative and energy, but he dissuaded her.

"Poverty's a terrific experience, and Jim might go down and out," he explained. "Now, I never would have been here if it had not been for a responsibility which put me on my mettle."

Nightly, after reading in the trade magazines, Grimshaw congratulated himself on this responsibility which kept him on his mettle; and he often chuckled when thinking of Miss Carnes, though afraid to call lest he be tempted to invite her to dinners or theaters which were beyond his means. But on the evening when the quarter ended, he stood in her dim doorway, peering eagerly; he could hardly discern her where she sat, all in white, watching out of the window.

Grimshaw lighted the gas; he wanted to see her face, and in the handsome, assured young woman who greeted him could hardly recognize the demure little home body he had met here three months before.

"Proves what even the prospect of money will do for a person," thought Grimshaw, and presently was listening beamingly to the girl's sane and definite planning.

Miss Carnes was going to move into a little apartment uptown with an elderly business lady, and spend her income as fast as she got it for a really good time.

"Beats imagining," grinned her financial agent, and she said:

"Yes. Of course I'll keep my position—I like to talk books; but I wish to wipe out the very memory of this captivity in the slums. I must have been starved socially and mentally into a delirium; how else could I have been living here in actual contentment, only three months ago?"

She talked without constraint, in a pleasurable excitement which never quite subsided so long as Grimshaw knew her. She showed a list made out during those three months, with so much set down against theaters, dress, restaurants and all sorts of gewgaws, which made Grimshaw scratch his ear.

"Are you sure you'll have money enough for all this?"

"Look at the footings," she answered triumphantly. The list was a wonder; with the nicest calculation she had arranged for the spending of the last penny of dividends and salary upon herself. "The beauty of it all is," explained Miss Carnes, "that I don't have to save against sickness, and I can live it all up to the day I die and still be buried like a Christian gentlewoman."

She wished to hear of Grimshaw's experience with money, and he recalled many amusing ways of spending it.

"Of course my income seems small to you," she laughed, "but remember I haven't your extravagance either."

With this she reviewed her plans again rather greedily and, upon being assured by Grimshaw that the dividends would increase from time to time, immediately thought of some other things she wanted, and set them down on the list too.

Grimshaw returned home to read his trade papers and smoke with great satisfaction.

"This is what I call life," he said, and chuckled when thinking of the liberated butterfly. "That girl surely deserves a good time after all she's gone through. It must have been hell! How animated and pretty and sensible she was to-night; it shows what money will do."

So the girl of the tenement, the unhoping girl, maintaining a home for body and mind and soul at bedrock, was made away with by these two—the complacent young man and his selfish little protégée! But for a long time Grimshaw, delighted with the working out of his theory, did not realize his crime.

In the course of two years his salary was increased until he was drawing one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and Miss Carnes' dividends rose accordingly to seventy-five, which she admitted was barely sufficient because of many new necessities.

Grimshaw, who continued to be Miss Carnes' financial agent, because she was afraid to trust any other, thought her remarkably clever to get by on so little money. She made a number of friends in her neighborhood and had a good time generally, which she liked to talk about. One gentleman's name came up frequently in her conversation, but Grimshaw did not feel jealous, and though the two enjoyed an evening together four times a year, they seemed to agree tacitly that this was often enough.

These circumstances alone should have convinced Grimshaw, who thought incessantly of the girl ironing, that something was amiss. How had he found the girl first? And again on that great evening when he had called with news of the dividends?

"I had been walking that day," he would recall, "and came in the door while she was cooking dinner. She turned away to the window when I told her, and the ham might have scorched, only I could reach it from my tracks."

He would carefully review that evening to make sure he had overlooked or forgotten nothing, and then gaze steadfastly at the walls. Yet he never thought to go uptown to call on Miss Carnes before the end of the quarter!

At last, leaving home one dividend evening, he fell into such depression that he could not help saying:

"I wish it were the old times, and that I were going to the tenement and she were there ironing."

But the girl in the black dress with white collar and cuffs had vanished long ago, blown out like the flame of a candle, into the great shadow of time.

"What a dreadful thought," said Grimshaw, and sat down with his head between his hands as on the night his story began. "But it is nonsense," he declared after a time, and, coming to believe that he had really fallen in love with Miss Carnes, he hurried gayly uptown to see her.

This evening he observed particularly how lovely she had grown, and she was dressed all in white, as he had seen her coming through the dusky room on the evening of the first dividend. She had now a clear complexion with a rose tint in her cheeks, and her eyes were even brighter; her manner, too, had improved, being both confident and gracious. Although they were old friends now, the business relation was the basis of their intercourse, and dividends were paid over and prospects of an increase discussed along with Miss Carnes' increasing necessities, before they settled down to social chat.

Grimshaw had always enjoyed hearing of her good times, but this night he had not come to be entertained, and instead listened intently to the tones of her voice, which seemed to have lost a certain melody which he had not forgotten. Suddenly, concentrating on the story she was telling, he marveled that it should be so uninteresting and commonplace. Anxiously he studied her—the disenchanted minstrel of the old far country.

"Those were not such bad times when you had a home in the tenement," he asserted. "There was a sparkle to that room which I remember yet—as if some of the things you imagined really came there."

"I did use to imagine things, didn't I?" mused Miss Carnes. "And I suppose they were company, in a way. But that was before I had lived among the realities with money."

This shocked and silenced Grimshaw, who began to feel sorry for her in the queerest way, for he was an unsentimental man and she was a contented materialist.

"There might have been more to those things than we understood," he hinted after a while.

Miss Carnes raised her eyebrows.

"You are becoming a mystic," she declared, and related an anecdote of one of her set who saw things, which ended the subject for good and all.

During the following weeks Grimshaw became so lonesome that he thought of going to visit the good spenders, but after buying a new necktie and making all ready, he took a long, hurried walk instead, and returned slowly home like a truant, choosing now consciously and openly the companionship of a mere phantom, a memory. He could remember his little fellow exile of poverty in her black dress, with the inquisitive hazel eyes and hair parted boy-fashion—remember all this with infinite regret.

"And I taught her that money and what it buys are the only things worth while," he said. "'Fool' is right!"

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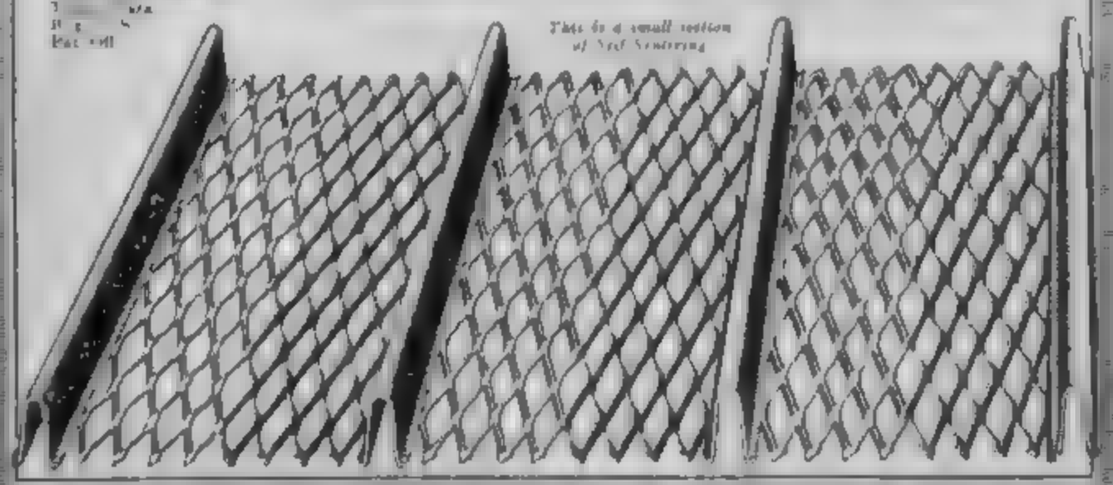

Even yet he could not quite realize that this girl and Miss Carnes were two distinct identities, and at last broke into open rebellion against fate, and resolved to tell his protégée all about the fictitious inheritance. Deprived of the dividends, she would be driven back to her old life and her old self! Then he paused.

"The mood of old times has left her," he confessed; "she is quite a worldly little person now, and without money would have no resources whatever."

He could not bear to think of such a bankruptcy as hers would be, and had, besides, a terrible misgiving that the miser's niece would reappear in poverty as a monstrous changeling. So he held his peace. Another evening together passed like the ones before, and they parted without much regret—it so chanced, never to meet again.

Grimshaw pursued his long, hurried journeys by night, and read in his trade papers, or stared fixedly at the wall with an ineradicable wrinkle between his eyes. He had ever the tragic abstraction of a poor young man who has murdered his sweetheart unjustly, but instead of giving way to remorse he admitted the conditions like a practical fellow and made welcome the phantom which had come to haunt him.

One evening he walked down as far as the tenement on a sort of pilgrimage, and climbed the stairs. The well-remembered door was ajar and he looked in. The miser's niece in the black dress with the white collar and cuffs stood there, ironing.

Grimshaw scrutinized her closely, but still felt that he was going too far in this business of the phantom.

"How did you get back?" he inquired almost casually.

"I have been here all the time, except when I met you uptown at my friend's apartment." The same sweet voice, the same inquisitive glance of the hazel eyes, as if greeting a strange guest come to the far country.

"Well, well, surely! But the parties and shows and good times?"

"I told you I liked to make believe." Miss Carnes touched her finger tip to the sizzling iron. "I was about to send for you or call at your office with a suggestion, Mr. Grimshaw. Why don't you buy into an automobile business?"

He shook his head: "Not strong enough."

He glanced at the open bank book she gave him, which recorded the deposits of the dividends for three years with interest; the sum totaled over twenty-five hundred dollars. On the cover was written Grimshaw; the account was in his name.

"You will remember my looking over the stock in the envelope on the night you came as my uncle's messenger?" she said. "I suspected it was worthless; the next day I made sure."

"But you can keep—the dividends—anyhow," faltered Grimshaw. "Can't you?"

"I've enjoyed playing banker." Miss Carnes smiled indulgently; the man was her protégé now.

"I had built up better with this responsibility," said Grimshaw. "My life, you understand—on bedrock ——" He was too dazed by the catastrophe to explain further; no longer on his mettle.

Their glances met and the girl dropped her eyes, but too late. They had indeed watched over Grimshaw from afar, and in them he read a long-delayed message.

"Cordy!" It was the only plaintive cry ever wrung from him. "I thought I'd murdered you!"

"You're imagining things," she said faintly. She was ironing, but slowly a hand was outstretched; Grimshaw took it. Then slowly she raised her face, gazed at him incredulously, and kissed him.

After a time, when Grimshaw was sitting by watching her, Cordy nodded shrewdly:

"I have known about you all along; you are the patriot of the far country."

Unwittingly Cordy had answered the old question, and the secret that the boy had wished to tell his mother was out at last—Grimshaw was the patriot of the far country where to work for others is like play. But he did not suspect this was the answer, and to him the secret forever remained untold.

"Well, I am glad you belong to my country, Cordy; and that we are both practical people," was all he said, and looked so peaceful here at his journey's end that Cordy could not help setting down her iron and coming to stand by his chair, in great confusion laying her hands on his shoulders.

They planned how they would invest the bedrock dividends and the home they would make with the things money cannot buy—which may seem unreasonable to some. But these two, seasoned by experience, knew what they were about—both practical people.

APPLIED HYDRAULICS

(Continued from Page 15)

differing from the army instruments as a full-jeweled split-second Swiss chronometer differs from a ninety-cent tin alarm clock.

Two days later the monotony of trench life was relieved by the arrival of a dozen capable young engineer officers, with transits and artificial horizons and other unusual paraphernalia. Over these was Dutin.

Now to run a level for two miles with a minimum error is a matter of careful technic at the best of times. But when you have to take your sight through small holes in slanting steel plates, to shield yourself from deadly sharpshooters only a scant three hundred yards away, the problem becomes one of real professional interest.

In the week that followed only two of the young engineers were carried off with brains and blood oozing from their foreheads—which wasn't such a very bad record. Smithers was not one of the two, for he was under peremptory orders not to expose himself to the enemy fire under any circumstances. Those orders came direct from Division Headquarters.

At the end of the week another meeting was held with the general.

Dutin was there, with his papers. He showed the engineers his graphic profiles, and then—very casually—his field notes and basing figures. For the moment the chief of engineers forgot the military importance of the thing in his professional amazement at the marvels of those calculations.

Dutin had begun by establishing an imaginary plane parallel to a tangent to the earth's surface at the upper point of the most southerly station. That point was the protruding tip of the trunnion of a buried German cannon. Working to this plane, he had allowed the necessary approximate eight-inch curvature of the earth's surface for the first mile—about thirty-two inches for the two miles. Such are the vagaries of geodetic precision!

On this correction was a further correction to allow for that long gradient which marks the flattening of the earth at the Pole; and this correction was further integrated for the precise parallel of latitude on which he was working. His observational figures carried corrections for refraction, and these refraction corrections carried within themselves further tenuous and interrelated adjustments for barometric pressure, humidity, temperature and light intensity.

The thing soared into regions of abstract calculation that never had presented themselves even to the imagination of those officers—and they were no children in their mathematical training.

At the end of it Dutin handed the general a certificate, over his own sign manual, to the effect that the profiles of his basing points for those two miles were correct to twenty-five one-hundredths of a millimeter—about one-eightieth part of an inch.

The general raised his eyes to the astronomer and lifted his hand in deprecation of the unnecessary work all this must have meant. But Dutin's whole personality became a polite Gallic shrug.

"Monsieur le General had emphasized the necessity for precision."

It was Dutin's little joke—Hesperus rebuking Mars. His work accomplished, the astronomer withdrew. There remained Smithers, the colonel, the chief of engineers, and the general.

This time they had the profiles and the maps in just exactly the shape they wanted. More than that, thanks to a few very dark nights and the dare-devil activities of a couple of noncoms with a hastily improvised boat and sounding lines, they also had a very fair chart of the bottom of the river just above the Falls.

The gentlemen concerned examined these various charts and maps with much interest;

(Concluded on Page 65)

Show Your Faith in Democracy When You Buy Your Fall Shoes

IN Bond Street, London, there used to be an extremely high-priced boot-maker's shop—a narrow place with a low entrance and a single window. In the center of this window on a raised dais of mauve velvet, the awed spectator beheld a single shoe—just one. This was supposed to express the exclusiveness of the place—the high privilege of paying excessive prices—of having a "Purveyor to His Majesty" deign to accept one's order for boots.

Fifty shops in London made better boots for less and sold more of them. But this particular shop appealed to the trait of snobbishness in certain people that rejects whatever the many find good.

Right here in our own country we see constant evidence of this trait as a factor in buying—the tendency to pay for the shop, the location, the window, the fixtures.

No matter who made the goods some people buy the surroundings instead of the merchandise.

While America goes to war for the principles of Democracy in Government why not apply these principles in our daily lives, in our thoughts, in our purchases? Why not root out affectation, pretense and extravagant snobbery?

In this country we believe in Democracy. We can prove its virtues any day in the things we wear and use. We have learned that popularity is a better guarantee than exclusiveness.

The fact that there are two million wearers of Regal shoes says more for their value than any affected distinction.

We know that a man can walk into a Regal Dealer's store right off the street and get better fitting shoes than that London boot shop could make him.

We know that with our fifty Regal Stores in the great Metropolitan centers our styles must be up to the minute and we learn to meet every type of foot with the shape of last that best suits it.

Our business is a study of feet and their proper fitting. In our own stores we get our contact direct, our shoe experience at first hand, and you have the benefit in Regal shoes even if you purchase them a thousand miles away.

You know as well as we do the advantage in purchasing power and economy of making that go with this great business—the first selection of hides and skins; the special tannage; the choice leathers, pliable but tough, making a durable glovey shoe.

Regal shoes are not sold under any other name.

The Regal Institution is back of every shoe you buy—quite different from a shoe made "Somewhere in America," decorated with a shoe-dealer's label and featured as "Made Exclusively for This Store."

Doesn't it appeal to you as good Democratic principle to have a popular and reliable known maker's name in your shoes?

You will find the Regal Stores and Dealers from coast to coast now are opening a wonderful Fall season with the new Regal Models—and doing a record business.

If you cannot find Regal Shoes in your city send for a Style Book and Measuring Chart. We can serve you direct

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Endurance is your chief demand, if you have known a motor car without it.

We answer with a lifetime car. In the past three years, despite high steel costs, we have doubled our margins of safety. Our present standard for every part is 100 per cent over-strength.

Mitchells are being run for years with almost no cost for repairs. And two Mitchells have proved that the car can render 200,000 miles of service.

Lightness, in our opinion, has been over-urged.

Our answer is moderation. We have almost eliminated castings. We use hollow shafts and costly steels. Few cars of this size, in miles per gallon, come anywhere near the Mitchell.

But our safety parts are vastly oversize. We place endurance above lightness, though lightness costs much less.

Completeness beyond any other car.

The latest Mitchells have 31 features which nearly all cars omit. We aim to combine in this car all the known attractions. Our designers examined 257 models in planning these new Mitchells, so that no desired thing could be overlooked.

Full Value for every penny spent.

John W. Bate, our great efficiency expert, sees that you get that. He built and equipped this entire plant, just to build Mitchell cars economically. We build the complete car—chassis and body—under these efficiency methods. The result shows in the Mitchell price and in the Mitchell extras. No other fine car compares with this in value for the money.

Comfort is a very strong demand.

The Mitchell is the only car with Bate shock-absorbing springs. No other type of shock absorber ever gave such riding comfort. Yet these long springs seem also all-enduring. In two years since we adopted them not a single spring has broken.

Beauty is a woman's first demand.

We build all Mitchell bodies, and put that factory saving into luxury and finish. Out of that saving we this year added 24 per cent to the beauty cost of Mitchells. Never before has a luxury car, with every final touch, sold at such a modest price. In addition, every Mitchell type is an exclusive model.

Mitchell cars are built to most unusual standards. They have more strength, more features and more beauty than is generally demanded. We can afford it, because Bate methods save us millions on factory cost. We put that saving where it multiplies for you—by adding to your motor joys, to your car's endurance, and by cutting down your upkeep.

Examine these new Mitchells in both sizes. Every principle behind them will meet your full approval.

Mitchell SIXES

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

$1525

Four-Passenger Roadster, $1560. Sedan, $2240. Cabriolet, $1960. Coupé, $2060.

Also Town Car and Limousine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor. ¼-inch smaller bore.

$1250

All Prices f. o. b. Racine

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 62)

in fact, the conference did not break up until the small hours of the morning.

For the ensuing two weeks the sector of the French trenches just above the Falls was guarded with the most extraordinary care, even from the French soldiers themselves. Only certain picked men were admitted to the forbidden zone, and these men had a special countersign and secret orders of their own. They ate and slept by themselves. An able-bodied ground squirrel could not have wriggled into that sector.

The only outward sign of activity was on the commissary railroad. The little locomotive that served this road was very busy on dark nights hauling loaded cars in and loaded cars out. But whatever was in the cars was carefully covered with canvas. No one was curious enough to lift that canvas, for the good and sufficient reason that the train crew were under orders to shoot the first officer or man who tried to do so.

After a couple of weeks the mysterious canvas-covered cars stopped running and the French began to mass extra troops in the two miles of trenches just below the Falls. This was done somewhat ostentatiously. Many aëroplanes came up. Machine guns began to appear in unheard-of profusion. The sisterhood of the seventy-fives was augmented by a large number of debutantes, who delivered frequent *billets-doux* to Fritz, across the river.

Naturally Fritz replied. Whatever his other faults, he is never slow at cannon repartee. By the end of the third day the thing had developed into a regular pitched battle, with the Germans throwing in reenforcements and packing their trenches more and more to the similitude of a lengthy *Wiener Wurst*. The French planes kept pretty accurate tab on that part of it.

Late in the afternoon of the third day the Frenchmen brought up several trainloads of pontoons—the kind used for crossing rivers. Those pontoons were so disposed as to be clearly visible to the eye of Fritz.

"So!" said the German general commanding—for by this time it had got beyond mere colonels, and the division commanders of the respective forces were there to see to things personally. "So!"

And, turning to his aide, he delivered an order, which resulted in crowding those two miles of trenches with Germans as no two miles of trenches ever were crowded before or ever will be crowded again; and there were three lines of trenches, one behind the other, but all on the same dead level with the top of the river bank.

That evening at supper the French general remarked to Smithers:

"To-morrow at sunrise!"

Precisely and punctually one hour before sunrise the next morning the French forces began certain activities which conveyed to watchful German eyes the clear story that the French were about to attempt a direct frontal infantry attack across the river on pontoons.

The German officers smiled complacently at the sheer madness of the thing. Word was flashed far back to the German artillery to load with shrapnel and elevate for the French side of the river bank, but to hold fire until the word came. The German machine guns were also put in readiness.

Both sides now waited in tense silence. Even the sporadic flashes of the sharpshooters ceased. Somewhere along the river bank a lark trilled into song.

Then, back of the German lines, the thin rounded red of the sun's upper disk showed above the dim landscape, and the French general turned to Smithers and said:

"Now - lieutenant!"

With the words Smithers pressed the middle finger of his right hand on an electric telegraph key—and as his finger descended a muffled explosion was heard just below the Falls, on the German side. A column of clay shot up from the German trenches at that point.

The surprised French soldiers who looked at this clay noticed that it did not fall, as dirt falls after a mine explosion; but that, by some miraculous suspension of gravity, the dome-shaped thing held its form in the air—spreading out like a monstrous mushroom ten feet or so above the top of the trench. Then they heard a mighty rushing sound, as of water, but different from the sustained note of the waterfall; and to their amazed eyes the waterfall itself began to dwindle and disappear, and the mushroom at the head of the trenches began to mount higher and to change to the hue of greenish glass. Then a French captain, who was not in the secret, caught up his binocular, leveled it at that miraculous dome, and cried:

"*Mon Dieu!* The whole river is running into the German trenches!"

What befell in the next thirty minutes is not for brush to paint or pen to write. The Germans had the choice of drowning in their trenches or climbing out to face the hail of the French machine guns. In no proper sense was it war; for in the idea of war there inheres the concept of bipartisan conflict, some sort of give and take, a kind of *quid pro quo*, as it were.

Not so here. It was simply a matter of careful, methodical, unhurried, impersonal, scientific annihilation. The Germans who did clamber out of their trenches could not even start to rush the French position, for the river bed still held enough water to stop them. They could not retreat, for bullets walk faster than men. Thirty minutes with the French machine guns did the trick.

Then the French got out their pontoons, crossed the river—foot, horse, guns and all—swung the river back into its normal channel, and established themselves firmly in the German trenches, not forgetting to include about half a mile of the German trenches just abreast of and above the waterfall. A little grim work with hand grenades fixed that part of it.

Thus was achieved a result the French General Staff for four months had been wondering how to accomplish.

That's about all—except that when Joffre heard of it he made Smithers come up to Staff headquarters and permit a cross to be pinned on the left breast of his tunic. But the provoking part of it is that, under orders, Smithers cannot tell just exactly how he did it. After the war he may tell; but not now.

PIGS AND VICTORY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Ocean tonnage for the importation of foreign grain will be extraordinarily short, and will be needed for the import of raw materials for which there is greater need. The low state of the mark exchange will make it advisable to import as little as possible from abroad and to exert our every effort in order to increase our exports.

"Further, we must take into consideration how much our foreign trade will be injured by unfriendly unions of our enemies even after the war period. Finally, it must be remembered that in all of the neighboring lands, and even in America, harvests have been greatly reduced, and that in all Germanic lands adjacent to us there will be a terrific lack of necessities of life, especially grain.

"But if Germany is to be dependent upon herself then there will be great need for bread and fodder; nor will there be any too much of fats, even if all of our available fields are tilled, and with them additional territories. Even in normal times Germany has not been in a position to produce the requisite amount of grain for man and beast. The harvest, at its best, will only last if it is doled out in rations. So much for normal times.

"But to-day the productivity of German agriculture has been considerably undermined by the present 'robber cultivation' which war has made necessary. Whatever could be done has been done. Those who remained back of the Front have worked with all their might. But the scarcity of agricultural laborers, particularly of the farmers themselves, the restriction in supply of artificial fertilizer, the handicapped agricultural machinery, because of difficulty in coal transport—such things as these have limited production so that, even if we have continuously favorable weather, we cannot reckon on full harvest for many, many years.

"So, even after peace, it will be necessary to keep our belts pulled in, and the German people must continue to go on rations. The government will have to seize all sorts of bread grains, even less valuable kinds, and control their distribution through the baker to the consumer.

"The removal of such restrictions can take place only gradually, but they will meet with great satisfaction. Above all, we must accustom ourselves to the solemn thought that at the close of the war there

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THE GIRLS' CLUB
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 372 Independence Square, Philadelphia

will be no immediate improvement in the supply of foodstuffs—at least, not so far as the ordinary sorts of food are concerned.

"The longing cry 'Give us peace. Give us more bread' has no essential foundation in fact."

Economically bankrupt; eating, dressing, riding and keeping warm by card during the war, Germany faces the future with no better prospects unless she defeats the Allies decisively and takes everything she can get. The Imperial Government, however, is not making its plans for to-morrow on the basis of a knock-out. Doctor Michaelis indicates this in his article. The future is to be as lean as the present.

About a year ago the Imperial Government began to plan for peace. A Reichstag committee was appointed to study ways and means of adjusting Germany's economic and labor problems to peace conditions. This was done at that time because many officials really believed there would be peace by November, 1916.

The committee began with the idea of adjusting Germany to normal conditions on the basis of a *status quo ante bellum* peace. If there was a decisive victory the committee knew the general staff would make peace terms that would solve the nation's internal troubles; but if Germany lost, or if peace meant a return to conditions as they were in July, 1914, Germany had to make preparations. Returning soldiers will demand work. Factories will need raw materials. People will demand food and clothing.

So the committee made its plans. Soldiers were to be returned from the various fronts in companies. Each company, under an army officer, would be assigned to some special work. Company A, for instance, would be reorganized to include men capable and desiring to work in a certain factory. Company B would be of men who were formerly postal clerks and who wished to resume their old work.

This plan had many German merits. The government has always feared that when the soldiers returned en masse they might join their dissatisfied families and cause trouble, because the German *hausfrau* and her family will never go into another war. The people back at home are against any and all kinds of wars. The military leaders believe that when this war ends the German people will never fight another. But any danger of trouble will be minimized if the government, according to the Reichstag program, can place all workers and keep them under military order. The committee at that time was working on the basis of a continuation of the present method and system of government, which makes the state a sort of divine guardian.

How Germany Plans for Peace

While the Reichstag committee was working along these lines the government issued an order forbidding any German from selling stock in any shipping company. The government also loaned money to agents in neutral countries to try to buy neutral tonnage. When the war is over Germany will need ships. During the war—before every available and capable man was called to the colors—Germany built merchant ships, but this work has practically ceased. In Hamburg and Bremen shipping circles there is talk of governmental operation of the merchant marine. It is said that the government will pay the companies ten per cent interest on their investment and superintend all sailings.

One of the plans that Dr. Karl Helfferich, former Vice Chancellor and Secretary of the Interior, was reported to have been working on was for the government to do all the importing and exporting. A general order was to be issued by the Kaiser forbidding any German from purchasing any manufactured article or any raw material in the foreign markets. The government was to appoint a purchasing and selling commission. The former was to invade neutral countries after the war and purchase raw materials and food. This was to be shipped to Germany in German bottoms and sold to the factories and the people at a profit. The profit was to be used to pay interest on the war debt. Then any manufactured article was to be sold to the government, and the latter in turn was to sell it to foreign buyers. The profit by this transaction was to be used to pay the costs of the war.

These plans were certainly not based upon the idea of a German victory, but they indicate to a certain extent some of the plans that the Imperial Government had in mind for peacetime.

Germany's biggest after-the-war problem, however, will be the same as her biggest problem to-day. Germany needs fats, and Germany will need more fats. Pigs Germany needs, and pigs and pigs she will need. No one in the world probably realized how important fat was to the human race until the war was several months old.

When the German people to-day think of a feast the chief food on the menu is pork. When Germans go to Copenhagen, The Hague, Rotterdam or Budapest the first thing they order is ham or bacon. Their systems demand it, just as an engine requires oil. They raise pigs in Germany to-day wherever there is room for one to turn round. I have seen them on balconies of apartment houses and in thirty by forty foot courtyards. Before it was impossible to get pigs in the country, I saw men and women go out to farms by train, buy small pigs and bring the squealing animals to Berlin in sacks, there to be fattened on household garbage.

Pigs May Help to End the War

Reports from certain sections of France indicate that there is a shortage of fats in that country too. In Brittany, they say, horse flesh is being sold for food. These same conditions prevail in Germany. Horse meat has been sold to the poor whenever a horse was so worn out that it couldn't pull a cart. But in the United States, where there is plenty, it does not seem to be realized what a vital and necessary thing fat is. The price of pork in this country is increasing weekly, but there is no concerted move to replenish the stocks.

We in the United States are apt to make the same mistakes the Germans did. When the first shortages were reported people began to cultivate every vacant lot, and vegetables were planted in flower boxes. The government centered its efforts upon the fields. There was a national demand for grain and vegetables. Then when the country had sufficient grain it was realized that there was no fat.

Germany has tried every possible substitute for pork, but with little success. A Berlin police lieutenant discovered that meat bones could be rendered in a way to produce fat, and everyone was urged to save bones. Then a scientist discovered that fruit pits contained fat, and a national woman's committee was organized to collect fruit seeds. Signs were posted in every railroad carriage, in all stations and throughout every city, urging the people to collect fruit seeds. Baskets were placed in the subways and depots for passengers to deposit their seeds. From these seeds last year one hundred million pounds of fat was obtained, but this was enough to allow each German citizen only thirty grams of seed margarine a week. It was a substitute for pork, but not a satisfactory one.

Pigs may indeed help end the war, but not if the United States kills them off and fails to raise more than she is producing to-day. The world demands fats to-day, but the foreign nations, including Germany, France and England, will demand more when the war ends. Europe will not be in a condition to raise pigs as soon as peace comes. Certainly Germany will not be able to do so without importing fodder. The United States, with its almost unlimited fields, will have to supply the greater part of the world's demand.

When Germany gets ready to make peace with the world her first terms are not going to be demands for territory and indemnities. Germany's first needs will be food and raw materials. And Germany will have to make concessions to get these things. If the United States and the Allies control the raw materials of the world and have the quickest available supplies of fats, Germany will have to meet their terms, because there is no possibility of Germany improving her present condition without the world supplies.

The future food supply of Germany is in the United States and South America. This country is a belligerent, and the Allies control the sea lanes to Latin America. The peace that Germany makes will be dictated by her economic needs, and the longer the war lasts the more pressing these needs will become. If we can offer the German people peace on the basis of their own political freedom and promise them food we shall win. Peace for the German people means—freedom and food.

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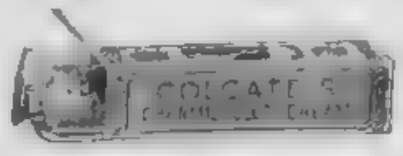

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FOR THE GREAT ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 7)

For those who would like to know the duties, at the Front, of even the lowliest and least important of the newly commissioned officers we are going to send over, here are some notes from a lecture I attended at Cambridge. It was given by Lieutenant Morize, one of the French officers assigned by his government to Harvard. It is called the Platoon Leader in the Trenches.

"I am supposing that we have arrived at that great day when the soldiers of the American Infantry shall have come to take their places in the French trenches. A platoon commanded by an officer once a student in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps has received an order to relieve, on the French Front, a platoon of one of our infantry regiments. For the first time it will be necessary for him to take in hand the government of that little kingdom, a section of Front—to know exactly its boundaries, its constitution, its customs and its resources. I am sure that the former student of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps will make an excellent monarch, but perhaps, for the first day, he might consent to accept a guide and an adviser. As it has been my privilege to live in that land for nearly three years, I offer myself to lead him to his new domain and to stay at his side for twenty-four hours."

Then follows a carefully elaborated and rather technical description of the relief, including the plan of defense, which the platoon leader obtains along with the map of the sector from the officer he is relieving: also the *liaisons* maintained with the platoon on the right, the left and in the rear, and with the artillery.

"Now when you, as platoon leader, take over a short section of the line you must remember that you are personally responsible for it. This word responsible has a deep meaning. You are responsible for the human lives that are intrusted to you, which a moment's negligence may squander without profit. And you are further responsible for any human lives lost in a counter attack if because of a mistake on your part the enemy gets into your lines. This little corner of earth, captured from the Germans, was recovered at the price of generous sacrifices; it is as though a treasure had been intrusted to you. You should understand this yourself and make your men understand it.

"In the trenches during the day the platoon leader takes with him the non-coms who will have charge of the work and shows them exactly what there is to be done, and if necessary makes them place landmarks so that they can find their way in the dark. It is often useful to prepare sticks marked with the measurements which should be observed and give them to the heads of the working parties.

"Remember, the platoon leader is responsible for the drainage and the cleanliness of his trench, and these two last points require special attention.

"You see, the platoon leader is the superintendent of the work in his sector, and that is already a big job.

"But that is only a part of his duty; he must, besides, arrange all the service in all its details according to the orders and instructions of his captain."

The Platoon Leader's Kingdom

"The first thing is to regulate exactly the service of each squad, and in each squad, of each man. It is necessary that the hours of rest and of service should alternate exactly; that sleep and rest should be considered obligatory for the men, and that no one should ever be neither resting nor working, thereby getting needlessly tired.

"The principle to which we must always come back is that a platoon leader, at any moment of the day or night, ought to know who is sleeping, who is on watch, and who is working.

"The keeping up of fire, for defense and for attrition, requires constant vigilance and ingenuity on the part of the platoon leader. We must always ask ourselves certain questions:

"First let us look at the loopholes. The platoon leader should examine each one to make sure it is not obstructed, that it points in a good direction, that it is of the right height for the man who is to use it. For every loophole should have its proprietor. In case of alarm each man should know where to go, and in the shelters the soldiers should be placed in order, so that the man lying nearest the door should be the one who has the furthest to go to his loophole in case of an alarm.

"We must next organize our grenadier service in the listening post, and see that the grenadiers are regularly relieved and supplied with plenty of grenades in good condition.

"We must be careful to place at favorable points the best shots, the snipers, supplied with rifles with telescope sights, enabling them to bring down men at a distance impossible for ordinary riflemen.

"We must try in the same way to find the best stations for the V.B. bombers, who shoot grenades by means of the apparatus described in my former lecture. And perhaps we shall have in our sector some of those little trench cannon which throw large or small bombs into the enemy lines. The platoon leader should supervise and direct the men who serve them.

"The platoon leader should know where to send the wounded, the location of the dressing station and the *boyaux* leading to them. Such are a few of the tasks of organization which fall to the platoon leaders.

"Our service once organized in the trenches, we shall examine the necessary *matériel*, which should be as complete and in as good condition as possible. We need planks, gabions, flooring, sandbags; we need periscopes; we need rockets as signals; we need tools—spades, picks, saws, hammers and wire clippers; if there is water in the trenches we need pumps and dippers."

Armed Against Gas Attacks

"On the other hand, we must maintain the supply of ammunition, cartridges and grenades. Each day the platoon leader must see to this supply. He sends the captain a requisition which sets forth his needs as to ammunition and other *matériel* that he lacks. At night a detachment from the reserve company will bring up all these supplies to the first line.

"Finally the platoon leader must remember that whenever the wind is suitable he is exposed to attack by asphyxiating gas. Protection against gas requires apparatus that must be constantly kept in order. We must have alarm signals, horns, gongs and bells—as well as machines for manufacturing or purifying air, atomizers, and other contrivances that will be described to you in a later lecture. Above all, the platoon leader should incessantly make sure that all his men carry their masks and know how to put them on quickly and well. Every time he goes through a trench he will make a certain number of men put on their masks and see how they are put on and whether they are in good condition.

"Such are the principal concerns which should always be in the mind of a platoon leader. He should, in short,

"(A) make sure of the defense of his trench;

"(B) organize the work and service;

"(C) take care of the supply of *matériel* and ammunition, and keep an exact written record of all that he uses up and of all that is issued to him.

"We shall now see him at work, and follow him from morning to night and from night to morning, executing his different duties from hour to hour.

"It is morning. We have our sergeants call the roll; we establish that everyone is present, or at least that we know where everyone is. We ascertain the number and the names of the sick, and take note of all the details relating to the life of the platoon. We report immediately to the captain something like this: First Platoon: Missing—none; one sick; one rifle destroyed by a shell.

"Then we begin the inspection of property on our domain. How much there is to look at, to correct, to foresee! First let us examine the rifles; in the first line, have all the men on guard got their rifles *in their hands?* Are the pieces clean and ready for use? We remind the sergeants and corporals that arms should be cleaned and greased every day, but that it is very risky to take apart all the rifles of a squad at the same time. It is such details as that which assure the security of a trench.

"Have all the men got their helmets, which may sometimes seem heavy but

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which protect them effectively against small shell fragments and flying stones? And in the shelters are the sacks, the canteens and the blankets arranged in order? Is all the material, such as lumber and planking, collected and economized—especially economized?

"This struggle against waste should be carried on energetically by the platoon leader. One cannot emphasize it too much. Wood, which in this country you consider of no value, when you are in real trenches you will look on as priceless treasure. You will realize then that the smallest piece of board represents not only a part of the resources from the rear but also the effort and the weariness of those who brought it to the first line. And you will understand that all waste is both imprudent and culpable.

"Continuing our walk along the trench, we shall go down into the shelters and see if the straw on which the men lie is still clean and dry; we shall ask if anything is lacking—for instance, light, water, grease; and if there is too much of anything—for instance, too much vermin, which we must fight against with the most active means."

Special Dangers at Daybreak

"At the hours of meals we should be busier than ever. That is one of the most important and most necessary tasks of the platoon leader. Troops are worth much more if they eat and sleep well. Of course it is not the platoon leader's fault that food is prepared far from the first line and arrives only after all sorts of adventures and difficulties. But he can successfully take care of two things: the heating of food and the proper distribution between squads and men. And you may be sure that that is not the worst way of winning the confidence and affection of the men.

"It is the same with water; we shall send details regularly to the nearest water supply, and we shall make every effort to secure for the men water as clean and wholesome as circumstances permit. I dare not assert that it will always be delicious!

"Another rule of hygiene that the men must be made to observe strictly is the cleanliness of latrines and dump holes. We shall be relentlessly severe with those who neglect this and throw remains of food into every corner.

"And if it is winter we must be careful to make all the men take their shoes off every day, and insist that they rub their feet with grease and talcum powder—the only way to prevent terrible frostbite.

"So the day goes by. In the course of the afternoon we draw up a report according to regulations to send to the captain. There is no strict rule, but all the forms used are something like this:

Company Report of the to the , 19
1st Platoon
I Events
II Information on the enemy
III Work Done
IV Losses
COMMANDER OF THE 1ST PLATOON

"Now night falls in the trenches. It is the signal for redoubled activity, for still more vigilant watchfulness; we must be on the lookout for surprises, raids, the approach of enemy patrols, all sorts of tricks and treacheries. It is the moment, too, for the execution of all the work prepared during the preceding day, and for the arrival in the first line of transport details bringing ammunition and supplies.

"Our first duty and our first concern will be to make sure of unfailing supervision all through the night. What must the platoon leader do? First see to it that the noncommissioned officers on guard go on duty at exactly the prescribed time, then make frequent and careful rounds, making sure that everyone is at his post, rifle in hand, ears alert, eyes striving to pierce the threatening darkness, over which every few minutes illuminating rockets spread their harsh glare. We must regulate the use of illumination and take care that our rockets are not wasted. We shall stop, especially, in the listening post, where our presence will cheer the watchers, who are likely to feel themselves cut off and in danger. Also, we shall direct the sending out and use of patrols.

"These patrols which, leaving the trench, pass through our wire entanglement and go up to the enemy entanglement, are at the same time a valuable source of information and an excellent school for the men. They are thus accustomed to getting out of the trench, and they get to know the ground they may have to cross in an attack. These patrols should be picked in advance, and all night long in every first-line squad we should have a patrol ready to set out. We shall fix the hour and the point of departure from our lines, the route, and probable place and time of return. Above all, we shall not forget to forewarn the commanders of neighboring platoons, so as to avoid mistakes.

"So the night passes, more or less calmly according to the humor of the people across the way. And we shall feel greatly relieved when the light comes back again. To my mind no time is more dangerous in trench warfare than the last hours of the night. The watchers begin to tire; eyes do not see so clearly; often mists hang over the ground; there are general weariness and enervation. The Germans like this hour for making attacks, so we must be in the trench, waking and rousing all our men. A rule that the French Army observes, and a good one, is to have a general alarm an hour before daybreak. Everyone must occupy his combat station, ready to fire, searching with his glance the dwindling shadows. Many German raids have failed because they have fallen upon French platoons that were all ready for them.

"At six or seven o'clock we shall send to the captain our report on the incidents of the night, with all the information the patrols have been able to bring back.

"You will ask me, When does the platoon leader sleep? The answer is, Rarely. An hour or two at night, between rounds two or three hours in the afternoon—a few minutes snatched when you can; that is all. We must wait for the days when the regiment will move back a little toward the rear and we shall have, if not a delectable bed, at least a roof and a good layer of straw, where we shall be perfectly happy."

That is all! I suppose in the intervals the unlucky platoon leader mends his clothes and writes letters home and settles disputes and administers the summary justice of the trenches according to the book on courts-martial, which he is painfully studying now. And now and then he has time to worry a bit about the enemy just across. But not often. He is too busy.

The actual result of this very practical linking of training with the atmosphere of the battlefield has been not only experience but also the gain of an enthusiasm among these college men that will make them fight for a shovel to dig with.

Trench Warfare in New England

I stood with Lieutenant Morize on the edge of a trench in process of construction. Map and blue print in hand, he was carefully watching the work. Following his instructions to his men to use what was available on the battlefield, some of the men were making the lattice flooring that covered the muddy bottom of the trench.

"I have told them to use the wood they could pick up," he said. Then he smiled. "I do not inquire too carefully as to where it comes from."

But some of it looked suspiciously like the fragments of what had once been a New England picket fence.

Through long narrow cuts the trenches in a wet part of the field were drained into deep sand pits. Here and there pumps had been installed. The pumps had been necessary, but they have been doubly useful, for when these men go to France they will know how to drain their trenches.

Under the palings that made a dry floor shallow pits had been dug, also for drainage. Scientifically constructed latrines, deep and actually bomb-proof dugouts, wood lined, wood floored and ceiled with heavy beams, there were also.

Suddenly Lieutenant Morize left me, leaped across the trench and hailed a man working with a pick in a new traverse.

"Just a moment!" he said. "Don't stand so near the other men."

He moved them along to safe distances apart.

"Three men in my regiment in France have been killed while digging trenches," he explained, "by being struck on the head by the pick of the next man."

If I have written more of Lieutenant Morize than of the other officers it is because he was my field guide. He speaks excellent English, and was at one time a lecturer at Johns Hopkins University.

(Continued on Page 73)

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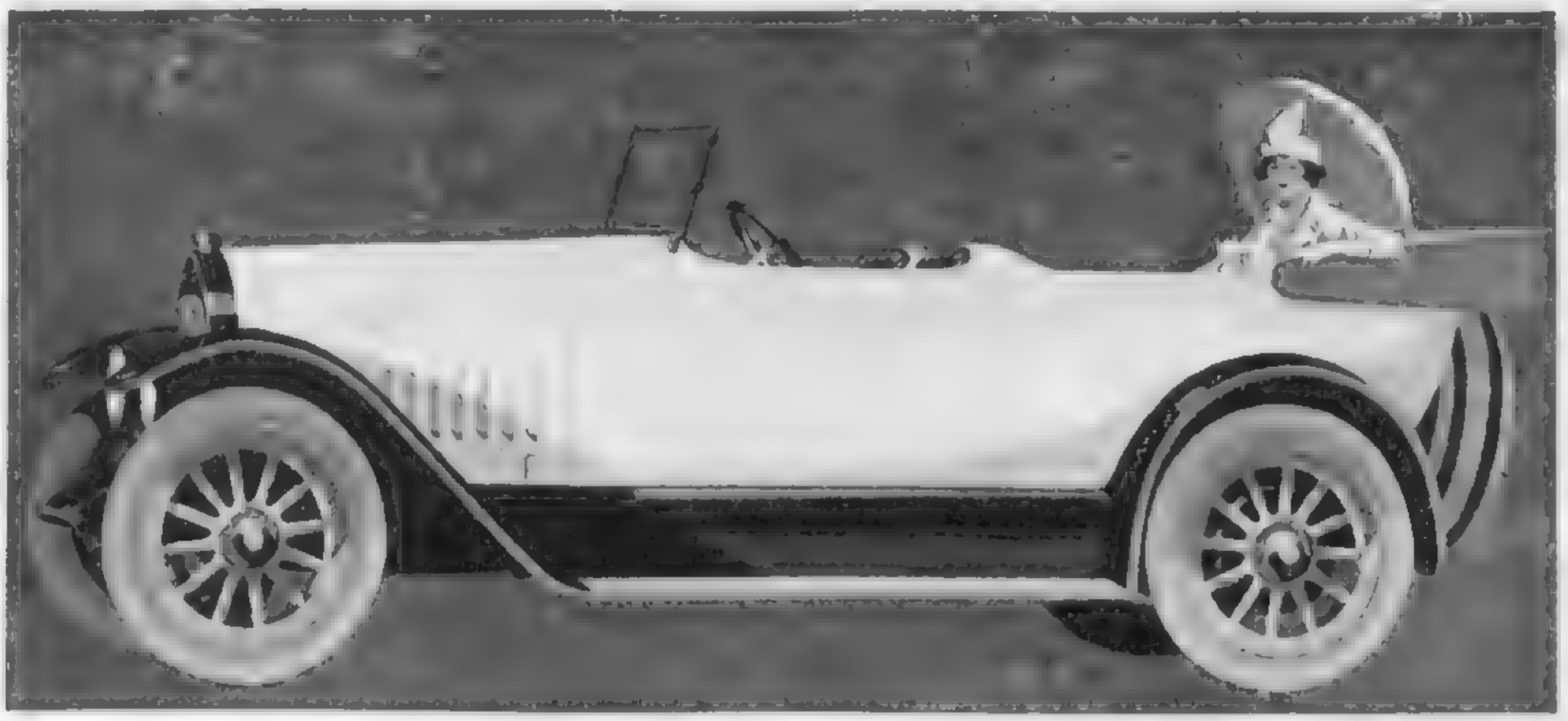

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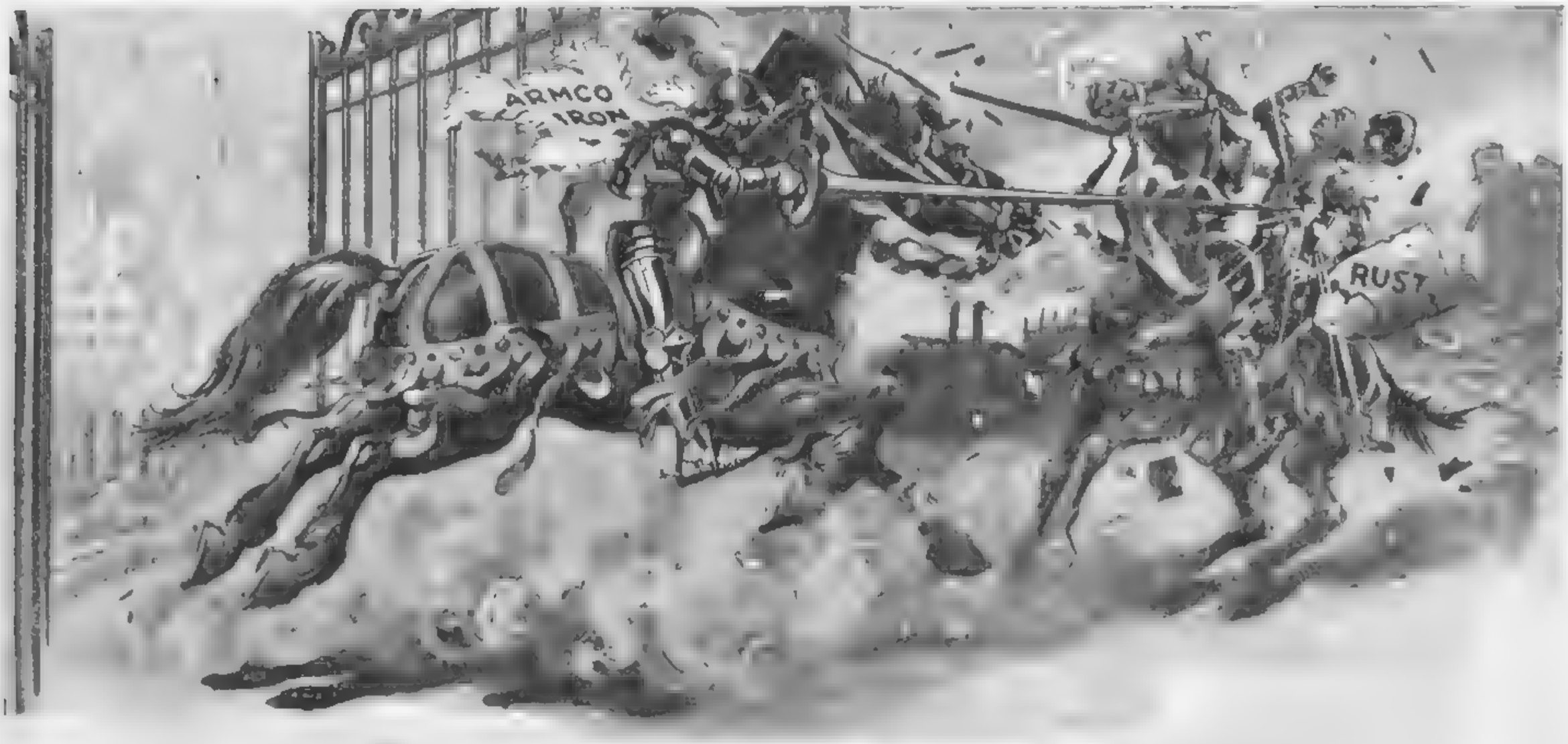

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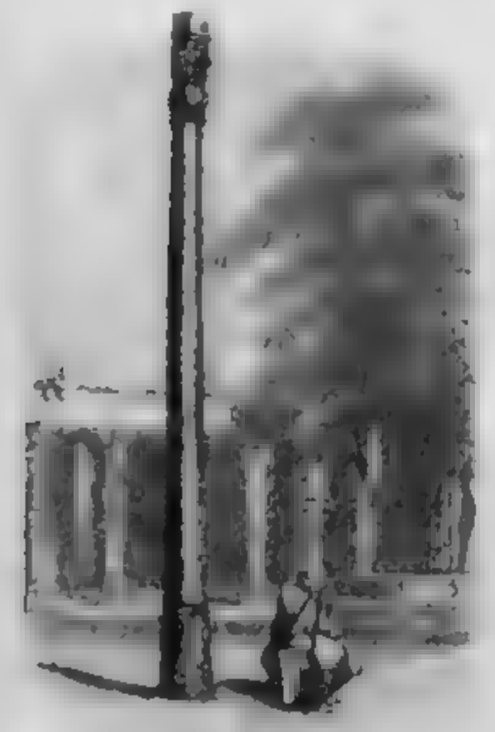

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ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

(Continued from Page 70)

Once a week these men, who have built their trenches by weeks of grueling hard work, have sham battles—real trench battles that last all day, and often far into the night—and engage a German trench across No Man's Land. The supply of machine guns being limited, student officers with white handkerchiefs on their arms become machine guns, and are carefully placed. Whitewashed stones are used as hand grenades, and not always without casualties.

A grenadier attacks a clump of bushes with great ferocity and much throwing of grenades, and out rolls an infuriated machine gun.

"Here, what the ——" he sputters. "Stop that!"

"Roll back, son," says the grenadier cheerfully. "Roll back and die. You're a machine gun, and you're out of commission. You're jammed."

So the machine gun sulkily rolls back and the battle goes on.

The whole theory of this training by the French officers is that these men shall not only be able to drill their men in infantry formations—by the way, in one of the camps I heard the little men alluded to as Small Problems in Infantry, the title of a textbook being painfully studied—but they shall be able, even the least of them, to take a platoon into the trenches in France and keep it there.

And that, after all, is our problem.

On military law the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps is receiving lectures by Prof. Eugene Wambaugh, leading authority and adviser to the National Government. He has also prepared for them a small pocket-size book called A Guide to the Articles of War, with here and there blank pages on which the men take notes during his lectures.

Thus instead of our rather complicated manual for courts-martial these men have all that is necessary for them to know in their pockets—and, I trust, in their heads.

It is a very human little book, that Guide to the Articles of War, by Professor Wambaugh. It appears that the articles of war are not guns or bully beef or bayonets or metal helmets. They are laws. Under them every misdemeanor becomes a crime. The company commander, whose duties are to the platoon leader's as x is to x^2, thus becomes a justice of the peace as well as everything else.

The Madness of Private Fish

Here is a typical problem—a short narrative that should be entitled The Madness of Private Fish.

It appears that Private Peter A. Fish got drunk in the company's quarters one evening at seven P. M. That same night, while still drunk, he stole from the camp twenty-five pounds of pork sausage worth $7.62 and twenty-two pounds of ham worth $4.81, or a little less than twenty-two cents a pound—which must be army rate. He then, following his nose, found seven pounds of cheese worth $1.42, and proceeded to conceal the entire booty in a bake oven.

However, this was not madness. It might indeed, under some circumstances, be considered extremely sane. But he then told the cooks what he had done! Which was mad indeed.

Unluckily I do not know the answer to this problem, except that Private Fish's comrades undoubtedly led him aside and remonstrated with him about letting the cooks in.

Naturally the weeding-out process in the training camps has been a slow and painful one. Officers cannot tell a man's ability or lack of it until he has been under observation for some time. Some men learn readily; others are slow.

Even physical examinations, with the limited medical force, took time. Some men drilled for weeks, only to discover that the examiner in the recruiting station had overlooked a heart murmur or a visual defect that automatically disqualified them.

There is no answer to this except unusual care on the part of examiners of new recruits. And even at that, dormant conditions now and then become active from the new physical activity, and men who have felt secure have to be sent home.

The unfortunate result is that the very young men, less liable to show defects of vision, physically at their best but unaccustomed to handling men or affairs, are at an advantage over the older ones. Yet we shall need all the experienced men we can get for the new army—men in their thirties, even in their forties. Not because they make better officers—boys fresh from college take to the game of war like ducks to water—but because age and experience in handling men will have their psychological effect on the new army.

The War Department, realizing this, is asking older men to volunteer for the new officers' training camps.

But in the developing of the new system we have left a loose end, entailing an enormous waste of training and of efficiency and of willingness. A man who has been trained for two months or more is an asset to the country just now. If, when we find he is underweight, for instance, instead of sending him home he could be sent to the aviation department, where lack of weight is a positive asset, two things would be done: We should gain an aviator, and we should save that candidate and his friends from a feeling of resentment—of being badly used. Patriotism of the sort that sends a man to one of these camps is too valuable a national asset to be wasted.

There are men who are underweight by nature. Healthy men are sometimes flat-footed. An aviator may be both underweight and flat-footed and yet be the best of his kind. One British aviator has only one leg. Two of the best French airmen have to be carried to their machines.

The Dejected Rejected Candidate

Not very long ago in the adjutant's office of one of the large camps I was present when a man who had been summoned reported to be discharged. He had known that it was coming. Naturally I did not hear the conversation that ensued, but after he had gone out an officer said to me:

"This is the most difficult part of the whole thing. There is a man who will never be an officer in the world, but he has certain special qualifications that it is a pity we cannot utilize. He speaks French and German fluently. He has been an instructor in French for years at a leading college."

Yet we shall need interpreters in France. All the armies have them. And we shall need here, with the new national army, instructors to give our men a bit of conversational French, just enough to get about with over there.

Here again are men without the quality of leadership that officers require, but business men, organizers and office men, who could be used in the quartermaster's department or with the great motor-transport system we shall have to inaugurate in France, as involved—and indeed more so as a trunk-line railroad at home. During the great drive on Verdun the French on one road had forty thousand motor lorries carrying up supplies, routed and, as nearly as possible, scheduled. Yet our present system sends such men home.

Yesterday I had a visit from a young man who had just, after eight weeks' hard training, been rejected by one of the camps. He is thirty-five years of age, accustomed to managing men, is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, passed a perfect physical examination, and his eyesight is normal with one exception. He is slightly color-blind. He knows the strong colors, but he is slightly confused on the variations. Red and green for him are quite plainly red and green. I tried him out myself.

"I am not sore," he said. "I have no complaint at all. I expect I am the better for the two months' training, for that matter. But isn't there some place where I can be useful? I gave up my position; I was examined before I gave it up and passed without any difficulty. Now here I am. I am an expert shot, free as to family, physically perfect, not too young, and accustomed to handling men—and the Government doesn't want me."

Do you remember how Mr. Britling went up to London and tried to find something to do, only to decide that his country didn't need him?

"Why, I can't go home!" said one rejected and dejected candidate the other day. "My girl cried a week when I left!"

The point is, I think, that we should arrange some way to exchange these men and not dismiss them. It is waste—the very thing we are trying to guard against. For these camps, in addition to the officers to be selected for the new army, are called upon to furnish them for the quartermaster's corps, for ordnance and for aviation.

One commanding officer said to me:

"I have several very desirable candidates, disqualified by my surgeon for all the

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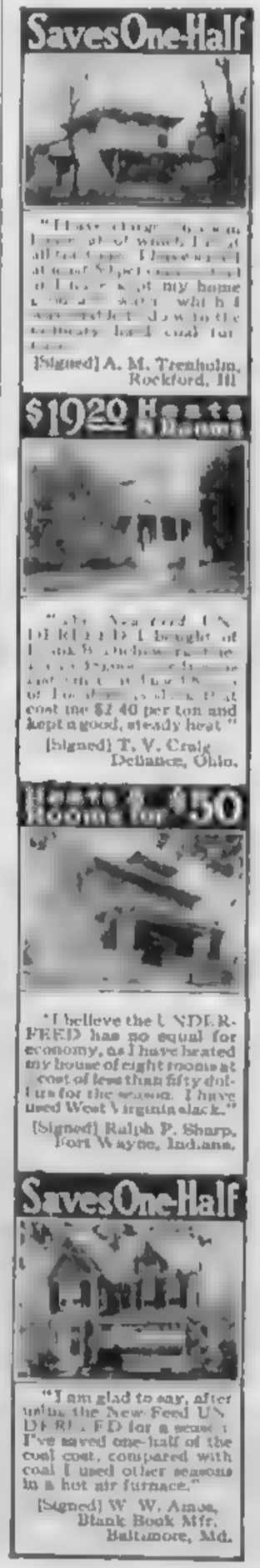
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branches of the army, because of either color blindness or flatfoot or for eyesight not up to the standard in both eyes, and so on. Flatfoot, where not excessive, should not disqualify for aviation, quartermaster's corps or ordnance. If a man does not wear glasses and his right eye is up to the standard and his left eye is not excessively below the standard it should not disqualify him for any service!"

It is this rule of thumb that is causing so much dissatisfaction among the officer candidates who are suffering under it. The emergency is real; time is the one thing we have not got. I have seen, in one company, twenty-three men rejected out of one hundred and fifty, for vision slightly below the peace standard, but easily corrected by glasses.

A rigid adherence to peace standards will automatically eliminate many of the newly drafted men. We are a nation of spectacle wearers, given to correcting our most minor defects of vision. Take off a man's glasses, after he has learned to depend on them, and he will do himself less than justice at the chart. Many a man who cannot see to lace his boots in the morning without his spectacles could, with them on, in many instances, sit in the fork of a tree and knock a German meerschaum out of a Bavarian mouth without any difficulty.

Our rigid adherence to a peace standard has worked other injustices with the men in the first camps. Flatfoot we shall always have so long as we continue to hold the ridiculous idea that the normal position of the foot in walking is with the toes out. Watch an Indian on the trail, toes straight ahead, going tirelessly mile after mile. Yet it is quite true that if a man has not flat feet when he enters the army he may end up with them. Why, in the name of all that is sane, we insist on the position of attention with the heels together and toes out is something difficult to understand. Probably that came into fashion when some splayfooted general in centuries gone by made it obligatory.

Men Who Get on the Skid List

And while we are on the physical requirements, there is another point that is vastly concerning the medical men of the army: Nephritis automatically disqualifies a man, yet, owing to the changed conditions of their lives, the enormously increased bodily activities of drill and physical training, fully six per cent of the men in certain camps have developed a temporary nephritis. It is mild, not necessarily chronic. In Europe it is known as trench nephritis and does not disqualify. If no allowance is made for this condition the first weeks of training of our new army of six hundred and eighty thousand will see forty-one thousand sent back home for a condition that is neither serious nor permanent. These are big figures and they deserve consideration.

Much of the injustice that has been done to the men in these first camps has been due to a lack of understanding by the civilian doctors who examined them for admission. If the Army Medical Department would issue to all civilian doctors in the United States, before examinations commence for the new army, a pamphlet giving them complete instructions as to the method of examination, the disqualifying factors—reduced, let us hope, from a peace to a war footing; and if those civilian doctors are instructed to examine the men more carefully, an immense amount of waste motion and time will be saved.

In a recruiting office not long ago, behind a screen, a civilian physician was doing his best to examine applicants for the service. The office was on a busy street, crowded with traffic. Even to speak required raising the voice. That examining physician could not have heard a heart murmur unless it had been as loud as Niagara Falls.

Here's a boy, a rifle expert in the National Guard for five years, put on what the men call the skid list for a bad right eye; while another man, who cannot shoot at all, is afraid of a gun, and has a physical inability to close his left eye while his right remains open, so that he must wear a patch over the left eye, is retained.

Curious things have developed in the course of these examinations. The buyer for one of the largest silk importing firms in the United States was disqualified for color blindness.

It is serious because, as I have said, men who have been turned down once are not likely to reënlist, and because, going back

(Continued on Page 77)

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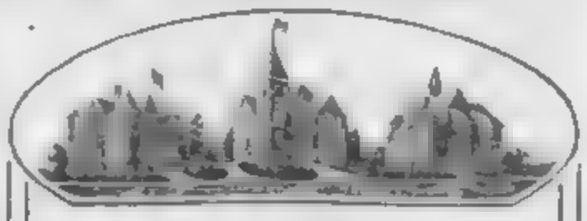
WESTERN STATES—Continued



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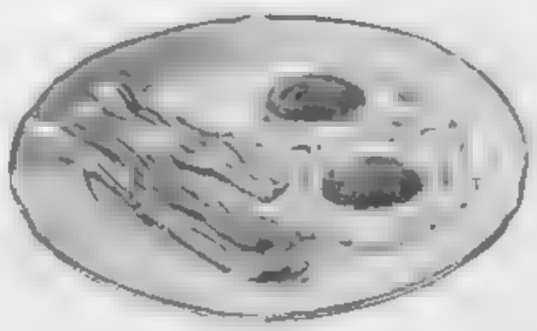

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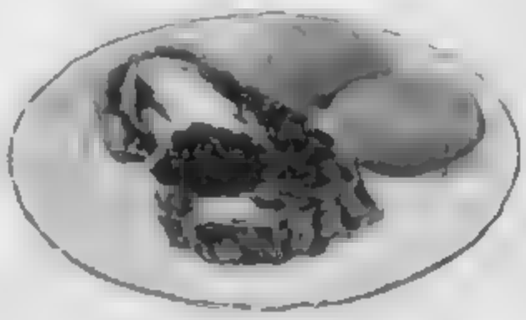

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Cost several times as much when measured by food value.

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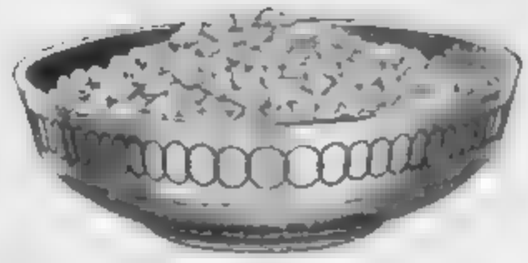

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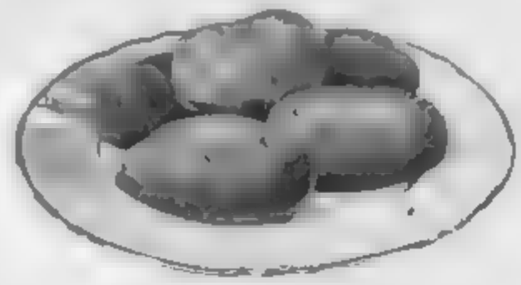

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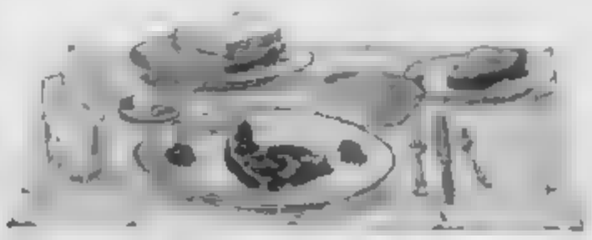

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Try This Quaker Oats Confection

Sweetbits—Oatmeal Cookies

1 cup Sugar, 1 tablespoon Butter, 2 Eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon Vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add Vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, CHICAGO

(1692)

(Continued from Page 74)

home, they are apt to discourage other applicants for the second camps.

The difficulty perhaps lies in this: That to men whose business has been the army for many years, the army becomes an end and not a means. They want a perfect army, a fine machine. But to the civilian, asked to give up everything—his income, his time, his sons, perhaps his own life—there is but one object that he sees in all this, and that is to defeat the enemy and bring the war to the quickest possible conclusion.

There would seem to be then, to the outsider, two solutions of this problem: First to lower the physical standards from a peace to a war basis, as every other country in the war has done long ago; second to utilize the material we have, when rejected by one department, in another. When men are actually incapable of active service we can still capitalize their desire to be useful by using them as clerks.

Yet, in spite of the fact that the Army Medical Department still adheres to a peace standard in its physical requirements, one thing stands out clear and distinct in all the welter of politics and diverging opinions:

The greatest single step forward, outside of our new system of expansion itself, has been made by Surgeon-General Gorgas and the men who are working with him in Washington. I have recently seen the chart of the department's activities. It is overwhelming—and it is reassuring. It covers every phase of physical disability with a mantle of competent care. It provides specialists for every condition our men may develop. The best men in their lines—psychiatrists, orthopedists, surgeons, specialists in tuberculosis, men whose work is the eye, these are only a few of them.

For instance, tuberculosis is rife in the armies abroad. We are not going to have it, because it is the plan of the surgeon-general of the army to eliminate every incipient case here in the camps.

Men go mad everywhere. The conditions of warfare tend to a greatly increased percentage of these cases. Under competent care they often recover. We are going to give them that care.

And so with everything. The best doctors in the country have left their lucrative practices and have gone into uniform, to the end that the salvage of war may be as complete as possible. Sanitarians will guard the camps and oversee conditions in the trenches. Men whose specialty is the correction of deformity will perform their miracles. Shell shock, gas—all will be treated by men who know.

Somehow we always think of the machinery of mercy as being the Red Cross. Magnificent as is the service it renders, it is under the Army Medical Department that it does its work. It is but one division of a most comprehensive plan. It is the great clearing house through which the people of a nation place their money and their service at the disposal of the army and the surgeon-general.

So—we send our boys, and we ask that they be cared for by the medical staff. And the medical staff works all day and half the night planning to do it. And all the time it is laboring under a great injustice.

Democracy in the Camps

I want a representative of the Army Medical Department on the general staff of the army. So do you. So does everyone who is sending a son or who realizes that the machinery of mercy must be mobilized for a battle. We have a right to demand it too; and we must.

To-day we are thinking not so much in terms of victories as of wounded men. We want every chance for our boys. The recognition of the Army Medical Department by giving it a place on the general staff is not only its due—it is vitally essential.

I have said that when men are actually incapable of active service we can still capitalize their desire to be useful by using them as clerks.

The paper work of an army is enormous. In our army the system, built up by years of peace, is complicated to the extreme. In some of the camps reserve officers are sitting up at night, after drilling and studying all day, filling in a dozen or so reports. In others the commanding officer and his staff are buried under masses of detail.

Washington has learned to delegate authority. Our army officers have not, in many instances, even the privilege of doing so—or clerks to whom to delegate it. Why not use these rejected candidates, where they are willing, for this sort of labor? Even a man with flatfoot can operate a typewriter!

It is a pathetic sight to see a six-foot officer in a uniform, a fighting man and used to handling the things of war, practicing what he terms the "hunt system" on a typewriter, in order to keep up with the growing mass of business detail before him.

But, after all, these difficulties of ours that we have frankly discussed are only the minor problems of a big enterprise successfully launched. Whether we lower the physical standard or not, whether we eliminate part of the paper work or go on burying our officers under its mass of detail, the big, fundamental thing is being accomplished. Democracy with a little *d* is the watchword of all the camps. A commissioner of the District of Columbia was grooming horses at one. The President's nephew was in another. The commanding officer did not even know him by sight. Majors, captains and lieutenants in the reserve corps are on an equality with the privates. Already holding commissions, the only difference is they have to make good, whereas the others have to make good to get them.

There is no provision made for punishment in these camps. It is not necessary. Of course if a man is yellow he does not remain. But the eliminations for that cause are practically nil.

An Object Lesson for Bleak House

The great problem, the one on which the success of this new system must hang, has been this: Is this method going to turn out officers—or only an extra quality of privates? The men have been taught to obey. Have they learned how to command?

And for a time it was really a problem. There were many men. Not often could each one be given the chance to command. Do you remember what Ian Hay said about the squad that, in a spirited but misguided endeavor to obey an impossible order, had wound itself up into a formation closely resembling the third figure of the lancers? Or of that other, which had adopted a formation that piled it up like a tidal wave on the veranda of the married quarters? Or, again, of those forlorn six files who were advancing in skirmishing order straight for the ash bin outside the cookhouse door, looking piteously over their shoulders for some responsible person to give them an order that would turn them back into the fold?

Well, such accidents were not unknown in these camps of ours in their early days. Nervous gentlemen, acutely conscious of the colonel's presence on the side lines, tied their men up in strange knots. Voices usually loud and clear became, before a portly major with a cold eye, mere nervous squeaks.

Again let us quote Ian Hay, who gives as the correct procedure and etiquette when a superior officer strolls across the parade ground just when you and your platoon have mutually got yourselves into difficulties: "Lie down flat upon your face, directing your platoon to do the same. Then cover your head with gravel and pretend you are not there."

I heard a man who at home has charge of four thousand men say that the hardest thing he had ever done in his life was to get out in front of a platoon of thirty-two men and try to tell them what to do. His knees shook. Another, a Philadelphia lawyer, thoroughly accustomed to large audiences, could not command his voice enough to say "Squads right!" Not that these are at all representative cases, but they do indicate the difficulty that many of the pupils in this new college of war are facing.

However, this stage of nervousness is safely past. In some of the camps it vanished earlier than in others, owing to a case of insomnia on the part of Major Koehler, physical instructor at West Point for, lo, these many years.

Now Major Koehler has been training men at West Point for thirty-three years. Of those thirty-three classes all but one hundred and eighty of the graduates of West Point have been Plebes under his physical direction. He is a born trainer of men. I have seen him take four thousand men on a parade ground, he himself standing on a platform and giving directions in a voice that is, I should say, easily the most far-reaching I have ever heard, and I have seen those four thousand men without the variation of a fraction of a second follow him through a series of such exercises as made me ache to watch.

Then again I have seen him teaching the bayonet drill. He does not like to teach it, but it is his work. And again the results were marvelous. I quite believe that with Major Koehler behind a bayonet squad and the Germans in front, the man who made an error would find it much easier to face the Germans than to confront this outraged soldier with his great voice and commanding presence.

They say of Major Koehler—and he will probably write me an infuriated letter about this—that when a Plebe in one of his classes is lazy or deliberately irritating, perhaps in an Indian-club drill, where the Major has no comeback, he has been known to change the drill, say to fencing or boxing, and then to give the recalcitrant such a drubbing as sets him up in his work forever more.

Now, it is Major Koehler's business to instruct men in great numbers. He has no time to take them in handfuls. So he had his insomnia, followed by his great idea, and here it is. Do you remember the boy in Bleak House who was asked to spell window? "W-i-n-d-e-r," he said. "Correct. Go out and wash it!"

This is Major Koehler's idea. In a great rolling shout, properly intoned, at proper intervals, the men, under his direction, give the command in unison, and then execute it. Actually each man is commanding the entire company when he does it. He gets used to the sound of his own voice. From a lot of privates executing the other man's orders, by this one step Major Koehler developed each man in each company into that company's officer.

In the bayonet drill he divided the men into two detachments facing each other. One side sang out the orders in unison, the other side obeyed them. Out of five hundred men each man was then commanding four hundred and ninety-nine others.

It is immensely simple, tremendously far-reaching. And that the men get it quickly is shown by the fact that one day, after watching Major Koehler's new method on the parade ground, hearing roaring commands issuing from a grove, I followed the sound to find a platoon practicing the bayonet drill on its own, under the trees. The authoritative commands were coming from one of the student officers. There was a new zip in that bayonet practice; a new air of authority in the voice of the leader. As nearly as he could be, he was Major Koehler.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work Major Koehler is doing. New enthusiasm, a snap and ginger follow him wherever he goes. It is only a pity he is not twenty men, or one hundred.

And this is not my own opinion only. It is the opinion of the commanding officer of every post where he has worked. I am not afraid to say that he is the greatest single influence in the making of our new officers. I am willing to go further and to say that if he is given what he wants he will be the greatest single influence in the *morale* of our new great army.

Teaching the Bayonet Drill

And this is what he wants: When these camps are over he will have one thousand seven hundred and fifty men, specially instructed in bayonet fighting and physical training. He wants five hundred men out of that one thousand seven hundred and fifty, or one man in every battalion, for the new increment. To these men he would give three weeks' special training in bayonet fighting, in physical training and in musketry, and these men would in their turn train others so as to have, finally, one trained man in every thirty-two, or platoon.

Now Major Koehler goes further than the mere manual of the bayonet. He teaches that first, then he follows it with the next step in advance.

Down at the end of the great parade ground at Plattsburg he had two trenches dug, an Allied one and a German one. In between he placed two wire entanglements in front of the Allied trench. Beyond the entanglements, hanging to a wooden frame, were swinging bunches of branches tied together, man-size. Beyond that were two hurdles, and beyond that the German trench, a deep one.

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ran forward, crossed the second wire entanglement —— [I have put a dash here because it represents certain exclamations while in the wire that do not belong in the bayonet manual] then a jab at the hanging figures, two hurdles, a run at full speed to the German trench, and some very panting assassinations carried out on further green bundles in the trench.

Taken all in all, that one-hundred-and-fifty-yard dash is one to try men's souls. But they did it, not once but many times, and they did it well—though the yell with which they were instructed to descend on the German trench was sometimes little more than a breathless gasp.

Primarily this has been written for the people who have already sent, or are about to send, their sons to these training camps. I have tried to give a fair and very frank description of conditions, of the new soldier's daily life, his problems, and the problems that confront the Government.

For a moment then, and in this open manner, let me answer a question that has been embodied in many of the letters that have been written to me since war was declared.

Briefly, this question refers to the influences that will surround our men, officers and privates, but particularly privates, in the cantonments here and abroad.

The attitude of the War Department toward this question is both grave and receptive. It is not true that American men need to be protected against themselves. It is true that a certain percentage of young and thoughtless men may need to be protected against others, against the ghouls who fatten on a country's distress, against those who are always watching for the lonely moment, the hour of relaxation after strain.

This protection I am authorized to say is going to be given, by both the War and the Navy departments, so far as government may go.

But governments have their limitations. Morality is an individual matter, a thing of the man as well as of his surroundings. There are rotters everywhere, just as there are gentlemen.

After all, if parents have failed with their boys it is asking too much of the Government to expect it to succeed where they have failed.

The real question is up to the American people, to the strength of home influence and early years, to the fundamental decency and self-respect of the American man. It is, also, up to the frank knowledge that the soldier is always a mark for undesirable attentions.

If, for a moment, we would lift the veil which it is our national instinct to draw over the sordid and the ugly; if we could speak openly, to the boys who are going, about what is really a national matter—the prevalence of disease, the different standards they may encounter as the result of war conditions; and if—as vital as anything—we will provide as fully for the hours of relaxation of our men as we will for his fighting and his wounding—we can win this battle. If we do not ——

An enormous element in this fight against loneliness and detachment from home ties is the Young Men's Christian Association. I believe the Young Women's Christian Association is also planning a foreign campaign against the twin enemies, loneliness and detachment. All we can have of this sort of effort is not too much. Men must play, as they must sleep and eat. We must provide amusement, athletics, anything that will take the soldier who is off duty and give him a legitimate outlet for his energies. Red Cross work is vital. Providing warm garments and comfort bags is important. But striking home to every family that is making its loyal contribution to our great cause to-day is this one of keeping our soldiers happy and well.

Under that banner I would enlist to-day every man and woman in the country, to talk to their boys, to give money and effort, to cooperate with a willing Government, to inform Washington of wrong conditions here, and to send people to watch conditions abroad.

Here is an extract from a letter from France. May the high-thinking and clean-living men of the new army forgive me for quoting it, because of their weaker brothers. It is written by a woman who has been doing philanthropic work abroad for years:

"I think that if the good mothers of America would only set to work to make a clean army and should succeed, they will have carried off one of the greatest victories in all history. If in some way those fifty thousand young men who are preparing themselves to be officers could be got to pledge their honor to drink nothing and to keep themselves chaste while on their crusade, like knights of old; if they could be persuaded to set a splendid example to their own men; if each private could be persuaded to hitch his own particular little moral wagon to a star—there will have been done a greater thing, a far greater thing, than the extirpation of militarism in Europe."

Then she wishes some woman—a mother—would write a letter that can be nailed up somewhere in the lounging places of the men. I have tried. I find I cannot write that letter. It is too arrogant, that letter to a million men. It assumes a right I do not possess. But if I were writing it I should say something like this:

"When things get a little strained, over there, as they will now and then, we just want you to remember this: We are here, all of us, solidly behind you. We love you and we believe in you.

"You have entered on a new life, always strange and often terrible. Home and the things of home must seem very far away. But we are going along in the old way, and some day, we are praying, you are coming back to us and to the old familiar things again.

"Remember that. If prayers and high hopes and sleepless nights avail, you are coming back to us, to take up life again where you left it off.

"We know things are different, over there. War levels many barriers. The very proximity of death makes life seem a thing to be lived fully. But war itself is a great adventure. Is it not enough?

"Here, back at home, things go on in the same old way, but with this difference: Our hearts are not in the things we do. They are with you, across there in France. Our eyes are strained ahead, to the time when you are coming back. We are waiting, only waiting. All of this great country is waiting. You'll remember that, won't you, when things get going a bit strong? We want you to come back to us. God only knows how we want that. But we want you to come the better for having gone, the wiser, the finer, for having fought for a great cause. We want you, whole of body if it is so ordered, but whole of soul by your own strength.

"For war does one of two things: It kills a man's soul or it burns it white with fire.

"Do you remember how, when you used to go out to play, we warned you not to get hurt? That sounds funny now, doesn't it? But there are so many ways to get hurt.

"We have never preached at you. You know that. We are not a preaching people. And so we are asking only one thing of you—a clean slate. We want you to come home from this school of war with a clean slate. And if, in the fullness of a purpose we do not understand, you are not to come back to us here, but must meet us again in a land where there are no more wars, but peace everlasting, then that clean slate of yours will be a fine thing to take Over There."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mrs. Rinehart.

GRACE PARKER—HERSELF

(Concluded from Page 23)

domestic policies affecting immigrants, later developing an out-of-doors organization for business and professional young men and women, with summer camps in addition to year-round activities. I am now in woman's war work. Through the war work in this country, I believe, women are getting closer together, are coming into a better understanding, just as the women in other war-stricken countries have already done. There are obligations and sacrifices in wartime which all women share alike—mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts—each silently carrying her anguish in her own heart, encouraging, inspiring her men, her boys, as they go forth to answer the call of their country. She gives them up and prays that her sacrifice may not be in vain. Yes, she prays for strength to endure, for courage and understanding to serve, for patience to wait with a never-failing hope for the early victory of right. This has always been woman's portion in wartime. With changing conditions—economic, social, military—woman's responsibilities in this present world war have tremendously increased, not only in the field of medical, nursing and relief work, but in industrial, agricultural and social welfare, and all lines of economic work. In the countries that have been at war for three years great organizations have been developed through which woman's service is being delivered. Realizing that in our organization work in this country we might benefit by what had been developed in England, I went to England last November and spent two months with the leaders in woman's work there, studying at close range some of their great organizations. The tremendous need of organizing and training the volunteer forces of a nation in time of peace for service in time of emergency was emphasized again and again. I was also impressed with the importance of every woman serving in the place in which she is best fitted to serve.

The National League for Woman's Service, of which I am National Commandant, was organized in Washington in January, 1917. Its program of activities is based upon the work required of volunteers in wartime. Its plan of organization is based upon the most successful plan developed in this country and in England. To-day in thirty-nine states, in over five hundred and ninety cities, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand volunteers are already organized and rendering important service. They are working shoulder to shoulder with the women in industry, in offices, in shops, each one of whom is doing her part in the place where she is employed by helping to keep the wheels of trade in motion. The women of America are serving with their men, and will serve until the victory for which America and her allies are fighting is won.

THE PARIAH

(Concluded from Page 28)

"Brackett was murdered," asserted the coroner stoutly. "And he was murdered by the same man that robbed the bank. The robber's tracks led straight to the body. Then they went on, passing over the trail which Brackett had made, coming back from the mine. There was no sign of Jelson at the cabin. But the papers were made out in Jelson's hand."

"It may be a forgery?" suggested a man.

The coroner went softly into the cabin and questioned Elsie. Yes, she had old letters, written by Jelson to her father. His signature was attached to all of them. The evidence was abundant. The coroner carried the letters out and gave them to old Judge Crawford. The old man compared the handwriting with that of the location notice. "They are identical," he said, and passed them about. Unanimously the men of El Tanko concurred.

"I think Sheriff Lang stated the matter correctly," decided the judge. "The man we killed must have been Jelson. Jelson robbed the bank. On his way home he met his old partner Brackett. They quarreled and Jelson killed Brackett. Then—perhaps in remorse—he made the property over to the dead man, hoping that by so doing he would be making a sort of restitution."

"But if this mine was so rich," persisted a skeptic, "why did Jelson rob the bank and leave his tracks plain in the sand, all the way from El Tanko to the place where he was shot? Why ——"

Old Judge Crawford made a gesture of helpless bewilderment.

"We don't know that," he said, "any more than we know where he buried the stolen gold. The only thing we're sure of," he summed up, "is that Elsie Brackett owns a rich mine in the mouth of San Ramonito Gulch. As for the other matters you mention, no one knows!"

But he was mistaken. There was one who knew. Away over in the dry wilderness of Hell's Pasture, hidden away like a wild animal in its lair, the Pariah sat beside a stingy seepage spring, applying strange healing leaves to his blistered heel, mumbling guttural curses at the shoes which were two sizes too large for him.

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